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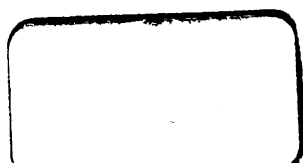
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HISTORY
AND
PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
POCUMTUCK VALLEY
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.
1880—1889.



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VOL. II.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1898.

Checked

MAY 1913

REPORT.

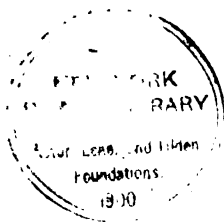
Vol. II. of the History and Proceedings of our Association is herewith presented; it covers a period of ten years—1880-1889. It has been printed under the same authority as Vol. I., with which it is uniform. This volume has been edited by the chairman of the committee, with the assistance of Miss Jane E. Pratt, and to him must be chargeable all its shortcomings.

Vol. I. did not meet with the expected demand and Vol. II. is limited to an edition of 300 copies.

The attention of the Association is called to the fact that we have now on hand nearly or quite material enough for another volume.

Deerfield, February, 1898.

GEORGE SHELDON.



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THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING—1880.

REPORT.*

The members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association are to be congratulated. They are likely to see the full fruition of their hopes. The Old Academy building has changed wonderfully during the past year. The decaying hand of time has been arrested by an embalming process, as it were, and the old structure looks good for a hundred years to come. But this old relic has not lost its identity by the embalming process. Those who knew the Old Academy will recognize its mummy in this receptacle of relics and curiosities. This ancient structure in this ancient town fittingly becomes a cabinet of things pertaining to ancient times. All honor to the brave spirits who conceived the enterprise and the strong wills that knowing no discouragement pushed it to completion.

On Tuesday, February 24th, the occasion being the annual meeting of the Association, the public had a good opportunity to note the change that has been wrought upon the building since the meeting in 1879 when it was determined to make such repairs as might be found necessary to render it a fitting and safe abiding place for the large collection of relics in the hands of the Association. These repairs were entrusted to a committee consisting of George Sheldon, George A. Arms and Nathaniel Hitchcock. The work has been done thoroughly. The brick walls of the structure were raised three feet for the purpose of removing the wooden cornice and giving the third story ample height. This was then covered with a tin roof, as the old one was found to be much the worse for time's corroding touch, even the old roof timbers not having escaped. As is fitting, the outer walls are covered with a coat of red paint after the fashion of ye olden time. Over the door is the inscription "Memorial Hall." On the ground floor the partition walls remain as of yore. There is the hall, from the rear of which frowns the dark visage of the old cannon memorable in local history; the room for Indian relics on the right, where stands the old Indian door hung from the

*The "Reports," as in Vol. I, are mostly extracts from the newspapers of the day. This course has been adopted as showing the spirit of the times and the drift of public sentiment.

very posts which were its support when the Red man tested its fibre with his tomahawk ; and on the left the old kitchen where this progressive age can come and ponder over and wonder at the various utensils used in the domestic economy of 100 years ago. The big fire-place with its mantel-tree that saw service 130 years, its hearth-stone hardly less ancient, and all the various paraphernalia collected around could tell wonderful tales would they but speak. The old settles, too, drawn up before the big fire-place have seen many a romantic episode in their hundred years of existence. But neither this room nor the one for the reception of the Indian relics has within its walls all the curiosities that will be entrusted to it. What they now have merely indicates the uses to which they will be put. On the second floor are three rooms, one of which contains the library of the Association, comprising upwards of 2000 volumes of ancient books besides a great variety of pamphlets and writings in manuscript. This is the West room. The East one will be devoted to the instruments used in ancient times for the transformation of flax into cloth, and kindred implements. The middle room has been selected for the distinguished honor of displaying upon its walls the tablets that may from time to time be contributed, commemorating the names and fate of the first settlers. In the process of repairs all the rooms but one, of the third story have been thrown together so that there is a large and excellent apartment for a miscellaneous display. Already many articles with a wealth of history and romance clustering about them, occupy this upper room. There is a small room on this floor which is designed for an exhibition of the things pertaining to an old-fashioned bed-room. This makes seven exhibition rooms in the building, besides the hall on the lower floor. In the rear of the main structure, separated by a fire-proof wall, is a wing which may be used as a tenement for the janitor; in the upper story of this it is proposed to finish off a hall for the use of the Association at its annual gatherings and business meetings.

The repairs upon the building have not demanded an exorbitant outlay. The treasurer's report showed that during the year the paid expenses foot up to \$946.63, the contributions for repairs to \$120.50 and there is still due for repairs \$469. The estimated value of the property, not including relics, is now \$4500, an advance of about one-third from a year ago. Since the last meeting twelve people have become life members of the Association, namely: Mrs. Mary H. Sawyer of St. Albans, Vermont, J. Wells Champney and Mrs. Belle S. Hawks of Deerfield, Luther J. B. Lincoln and Mrs. Mary F. Lincoln of Hingham, Newell Snow, J. J. Richardson, Frederick Hawks, Wm. H. Hawks, Frank J. Pratt and John Shel-



don of Greenfield and one who withholds his name. The Secretary reported that during the year four members have died—George W. Mark of Greenfield, Henry Hoyt of Boston, David Rice, M. D., of Leverett and Moses Stebbins of Deerfield. There have been large accessions to the library and cabinet. The old Social library contributed some 800 volumes and other parties many more, all of which are being catalogued by Mrs J. W. Champney. Generous contributions of articles pertaining to and illustrating almost every branch of colonial history, have been made by Nathaniel Hitchcock, Jonathan Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. Rice, Geo. Sheldon and many others. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

President—George Sheldon.

Vice-Presidents—Rev. J. P. Watson of Leverett and Rev. P. V. Finch of Greenfield.

Recording Secretary—Nathaniel Hitchcock.

Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford.

Treasurer—Nathaniel Hitchcock.

Councilors—Rev. Edgar Buckingham, William Sheldon, Charles Jones and James W. Champney of Deerfield, Samuel O. Lamb, Newell Snow, Simeon Phillips, Rev. John F. Moors and Mrs. George A. Arms of Greenfield, Rev. George H. Hosmer of Salem, Samuel Carter of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Eunice E. Huntington of Cleveland, O., Walter T. Avery of New York City, Dea. Phineas Field of Charlemont and Cephas G. Crafts of Whately.

The Treasurer was authorized to borrow a sum not exceeding \$500 in the name of the Association to pay the indebtedness incurred in making the repairs. It was also voted to have a formal opening at no distant day and a committee consisting of Geo. Sheldon, Nathaniel Hitchcock, Chas. Jones, Geo. A. Arms and William Sheldon was chosen to make all necessary arrangements. It may well be made the occasion of a grand celebration, for the building will be completed, the relics be in their places, and the unique collection that has not a duplicate in the world will be ready to receive the attention it merits. A jubilee and a time for congratulation is certainly in order.

The business meeting was followed by a call to the town hall, where had been prepared by the ladies a bountiful supper. At 7 o'clock the gathering, which had increased to several hundred, was called to order by President Sheldon and the programme consisting of an address, singing and miscellaneous speaking was commenced. The central features was the address by Rev. Edgar Buckingham, who gave some of his reasons for believing that the morality, learning and piety of modern times were not surpassed by

the learning, morality, and piety of our forefathers. The effort was exceedingly entertaining from beginning to end, as it unfolded to view the public and domestic life of colonial times. It occupied about an hour in delivery and at its close a hearty vote of thanks was returned by the audience. Other speakers were Dea. Field, who convulsed the audience with some of his experiences, Jonathan Johnson, who constructed his family tree, Revs. J. P. Watson, and W. S. Hawks of South Hadley. A poem written by Mrs. Cornelia (Allen) Smith of Philadelphia, in reply to an invitation to be present was read by Rev. J. P. Watson. President Sheldon's contribution to the entertainment was a bit of gossip about the old cannon, which will prove of great interest to all who ever participated in the schemes for its capture or who ever heard it.

MORALITY, LEARNING, AND RELIGION, IN MASSACHUSETTS IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY REV. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

Mr. President, Members of the Association, Neighbors and Friends:

I confess at the beginning, I am not an antiquarian; not destitute, I trust, of reverence for the past, whose child I am, as all of you are. From the labors and sufferings of the past we inherit so much of what we enjoy to-day; from the heroism and piety of the past we inherit so much of what we are to-day, we must necessarily be interested in the past; the various life of our ancestors must ever interest the thoughtful mind, the feeling heart; yet every one has his own peculiar direction of thought. Some wise men, some most reverent minds, dwelling upon all they can learn of earlier days, picturing to themselves and others the life that once was, gathering up records of ancient times; carefully preserving all implements once used by the hands of our fathers, in their fields and homes; some, reverently studying the teachings of the fathers, and cherishing the same forms of faith; some seeking to renew the practices, secular or religious, of olden times as consecrated in thought and imagination; and I might say, he would be dull of heart that could be dead to such considerations; or I may add, a people that does not sufficiently respect its ancestors will be likely to decline

from ancestral virtues and from hallowed truth. Some again live in the present, and these, not by any means persons that live peculiarly or supremely for themselves, but that live to learn for others the arts of life; to make life for others more easy, more comfortable, more elegant; to save from present sickness, to redeem from present oppressions, to extend knowledge for immediate use and enjoyment, and, on the whole, to make the present world what it ought to be. Others, sometimes thought to be dreamers, extend their view to the distant future. They leave out from thought the past which they cannot alter. The present is often in its evil, too powerful for their greatest efforts, and they leave others who have great benevolence and great wisdom to do for the present all that their benevolence and wisdom can effect. But it would not be wise to live for the past or the present, supremely. The eye of faith sees ever improvements to be made in time to come,—a new heaven and a new earth, as the sacred writer calls it,—improvements to be made hereafter, by thought and labor now. We cannot call back to life the millions who have died in war in past ages or in present times. We cannot now stop entirely, the ambitious in their arts and their cruelty, and they will continue to urge men on to embroe their hands in brothers' blood. We cannot yet give land to the landless, a place for every child of man to set his foot on for his own. We cannot yet make capital and labor wholly respectful each to each, showing the rich how to advance the interests of the poor, and showing the poor how much their own interests are involved in those of all the world beside. But these and other blessings the future has in store. I hail the dawn. I feel responsibilities for the future; I imagine the good time coming, and would labor if I had power, to bring it near. I see that the world, that society, a hundred and many hundred years hence, must make advancement; and, as in looking back many centuries, we see so much of ignorance, wickedness and suffering that men speak of those times as "the dark ages,"—who may not imagine that, ages hence, such will be the improvement of the world and men, that our own times may be called "dark ages" in comparison with the knowledge, comfort, virtue and religion that will then prevail? And while we belong to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial

Association, I would like to join, also, the Pocumtuck Valley *Prophetic* Association; whose motto shall be "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

In attempting, therefore, to produce something that shall be worthy of this occasion, and of you, and a worthy succession to the addresses of those who have so richly and so purely instructed us on other days, I feel that I am venturing upon a path too little trod by me; and if I can bring you a little fruit for food, and a few flowers to grace your entertainment with, I shall be thankful that I do not come quite empty-handed; that the fruit is not wholly destitute of savor, and unfit for nourishment, my flowers not wholly withered, still fragrant, still able to recall the lesson for which flowers were ordained.

In looking back upon the past, we often feel that those days were far better than those of our present life. Many sigh for good old times. I have often thought, I wish I could have lived in this village before railroads ran through it or near it; before our Western lands were open to settlers and began to carry our young people away; before it was so easy to go to the city to live, and trade absorbed the talent and vigor due to agriculture, and the young farmer oft felt himself ashamed beside the elegance of his city brother. I often fancy there were, figuratively speaking, "giants in those days," whose lives we read of now mostly in the cemetery. I sometimes think I would like to have lived in those days, when the meeting-houses were all filled on a Sunday; when hospitality was more common in our parlors than now; when all the elders of the village, its wise men, the squire with tall gold-headed cane, the doctor, the minister in bag wig, and many a shrewd and thoughtful farmer, too, were in the habit of meeting in the tavern bar-room, at a good distance round the roaring fire, there to tell the news, there to discuss the movements of the parliament of England, to tell what Hancock or Adams had lately said or what they might be presumed to think about the possible resistance of the American people, and when, too, with awe and apprehension or with gladness of determination, the name of *Independence* was first whispered, first pronounced in conversation, first shouted out from the doorsteps or the piazza;—or I have fancied

I would like to have lived, when at the tavern and the store in the evening, men were full with the last sermon and discussed its doctrines, and quoted text, and repeated arguments, as I never hear that a sermon now-a-days is ever brought up for discussion; and I have thought I would like to see the loom and the spinning wheel in motion, when the pride of life was at so low a point, and men dressed in the wool of their own shearing, and coats of their wives' own making; blessed days, we often think, of innocence, lowliness and romance. And there were then the innocent, the humble and the romantic; but it is a mistake to overlook the innocence, humility and romance also of present times, and not to know that a hundred years hence, these days of ours will be covered with the halo of romantic beauty, and poets then will sigh for the good old times of 1880. For we must know that out of the stores of the infinite righteousness and infinite love, there is a constant influence pouring forth, and the Creator no more leaves the race of man without the pure and the good and the great than he leaves the sun to lose its rays, or flowers their delicacies and their perfume, or the grain its richness to feed the world of men. No, there are no better times than the present, I suppose; there never were, I suppose, better men, better women, better boys and better girls, than there are now. Only the evil of the past being no present annoyance to us, we take no notice of it; but when we are vexed with the follies and wickedness of the present time, we must not let our vexation so fill our hearts that we have no eyes to see present worth, no hearts to admire it, no ambition to imitate and equal it.

In the defence of the present time, which is very much my purpose on the present occasion, we discover in looking back that human nature had much to do in the original settlement of our country. We sometimes think, without reflection, that all were saints and heroes who came here in the early times. Saints and heroes there were that came; and they were in proportion so many, and their heroism, purity and piety were so great, that we overlook other classes of men that came to find their fortunes in the new world, or perhaps came more to escape the punishment of their crimes or to find opportunity for indulgence in their vices. It was impossible it should be otherwise. Wherever an association

is formed, with the intention on the part of the originators that it shall be confined to the honest, pure and religious, the dishonest, impure and irreligious will at once crowd in—some of them for good company's sake, really admiring the good, or weary of companions like themselves,—some of them in ignorance of their own characters and holding themselves as good as anybody, and some through hypocrisy, finding it advantageous to keep up or to create for themselves a good appearance in the world. Besides, it was not always within the power of the noble minded men, who sought this desolate land that they might worship God according to their own ideas without let or hindrance, to exclude whom they would from their company. The Mayflower, the first vessel that landed at Plymouth, was not chartered only by religious men, though many religious men came over in it. It was sent out by a business company in England, on a business speculation. The Pilgrims took advantage of the opportunity, were also, in part, members of the business association; and if there had been as many of them as the vessel could bring, none other than people of like character with their own would have come over in it. But the celebrated compact, which was entered into unanimously by the hundred and one passengers, which bound them all to obey the laws and magistrates of such government as they should establish among themselves, a compact, which has been the wonder and admiration of historians and civilians since their day; that compact was not altogether the spontaneous and voluntary effusion of pure and pious minds. There were rogues in the company. In the long passage of more than three months, in the narrow quarters of that little vessel, the fathers among them had opportunity to learn who they had with them, and very likely had their patience tried by ill-conduct on the part of some, and perhaps their moral sense shocked by it. This compact of government was entered into for the same reason that other civil governments are necessarily formed, to repress the disorderly, for the punishment of evil doers, and to the praise of them that do well. "The first half-year was not ended," a year of such suffering as would naturally have united in sympathy and harmony all members of the little company, by this time reduced nearly or quite one-half by death, before one of the

Pilgrims, John Billington, was guilty of contempt of the authority of the military captain, which was at that time equivalent to an attack on the very existence of the colony and establishment, and he was sentenced by the whole company to punishment,—to have his neck and heels tied together; how he was originally shuffled into the company of these godly, law-abiding men was not known. But such was his character again, that about ten years after the first landing, he committed murder, and was hanged for it. Two other members of this company may be denominated as of the class of "rowdies," Dexter and Lester: They quarrelled, became mad with one another, and in the midst of those early calamities, when there were only twenty men left by death out of all the company that came, and this handful of people were, as it were, in the desert, alone in the world, endeavored here to fight out their passion with deadly weapons. They, too, were punished in a similar manner,—neck and heels tied together, so to lie for twenty-four hours, without meat and drink; but their merciful neighbors took pity on them after an hour's misery, and at their own request, and that of their master, they were released by the governor from their torture. There were discontents and murmurings very early in the settlement. The second vessel that came brought out some wild young men. On the first Christmas day after, the Governor called the people out to work as usual, and these young men refused, on the ground that it was against their consciences to work on that holy day. So he led away the rest, and left these at home to endure the sacred workings of conscience; but on his return, he found these recreants out in the street at bar and ball and such like sports, gaming and revelling; but the governor took away their implements and sent them into the house. Quite near to Plymouth, within a year or two, another colony was begun, not of saints but of sinners. Mr. Weston, who sent them out, says, "I will not deny but there are many of our people rude fellows, . . . yet I presume they will be governed by such as I set over them, and I hope not only to be able to draw them from that profaneness that may scandalize the voyage, but by degrees to draw them to God." Some of these on their arrival, were received at Plymouth for awhile, and made themselves exceeding troublesome guests. They were too

disorderly and wasteful to get their own living, and liked rather to rob the Indians and make war upon them than work to get the means of life. The next arrivals in 1623, brought more disturbing elements, people so bad that the authorities of the colony were obliged to send them back to England, the next year. The company at home were somewhat dissatisfied with the religion professed by the forefathers, dissenters as these last were from the church and independents; and it seems probable that some of the new comers, "idle drones" and "unreasonable men," were purposely sent over in order to subvert the authority of the first comers and change the character of the new plantation. Among these, came a minister, one Lyford, professing to be unusually pious, one of the weeping sort, blessing God for his opportunity to enjoy a conscientious religion in this new world. And after he had been received as a preacher among them, and, out of respect to his sacred profession, had been provided with larger support than others, he plotted against them, set up with others, a separate worship on Sunday, and treacherously sent letters to England, to make complaints of the authorities here of state and church. A man by the name of Oldham was conjoined with him, who insults the governor, refuses military duty, draws his sword against the awful authority of the great Miles Standish, the captain of them all, and calls the leading men rebels and traitors. These letters sent to England were discovered and opened, and when these men were charged to their faces with their treachery, they endeavored to make a mutiny on the spot. They were soon brought to terms, however. Lyford, the preacher, was discovered to have been a disreputable person in England ere ever he came over here, and he was here, upon his character's being made known, deposed from the ministry, and Oldham was expelled with ignominious ceremony.

Next I have to revert to the attempt of Thomas Morton to establish himself and a crew like him, on the point of land in the now town of Quincy; he called the place "Merry-Mount," and introduced shameless license, drunkenness, gambling and dancing, the singing of indecent songs, and licentiousness toward Indian women. His people enticed away the servants of the colonists at Plymouth and so in-

creased his rabble rout. But what made his presence intolerable, and fraught with danger even to the lives of the Plymouth people, and the existence of their settlement, he sold ammunition and fire-arms freely to the natives. When Plymouth remonstrated at the enormity of his conduct, he insulted the messenger and sent him back; a second remonstrance received no better treatment. For a third came Capt. Standish with powder-and-ball and men to use it. "Morton barricaded his house, defied" the attack, and kept up the courage of his associates by giving them liquor. But the assailants were too many, or too powerful to be resisted, and the company was dispersed. Morton was captured, and sent to England, "a shiftless, reckless, graceless rake."

As an illustration of the point that not good and religious men only made their home in this new world, the General Court of Plymouth Colony, as early as 1633, or thereabouts, i. e. about thirteen years after the first landing on these shores, made a law to punish slanderers, libertines, drunkards, and disturbers of the peace, the punishment being fines and whipping. In 1636, the laws of Plymouth recognized eight capital offences, murder, witchcraft, arson, adultery, rape and crimes against nature,—and obliged towns to maintain stocks and cages for the confinement of prisoners, and posts for whipping. In 1638, only 8 years after Boston was begun, the town of Cambridge, whose settlement was of a still later date, was fined 10 s for not having a watch-house, pound and stocks. All of which reminds us that then, as usually when the sons of God came together, Satan also came among them. Certainly, such crimes would not have been mentioned by name, nor such means of punishment required by law, unless experience and observation had taught the fathers that there were base men in the midst of their communities. Tavern-keepers and other householders were made reponsible for the sobriety of their inmates,—16 years after the beginning of Plymouth. And here we may be somewhat amused to find that the same laws made mention of the great abuse in taking of tobacco in a very uncivil manner,—as the words run,—openly in the town streets as also in the fields, and as men were at work in the woods and fields to the neglect of their labors, and to the great reproach of the government. And the next point has some amusement in

it also; a man was to be punished by fine of money or by being publicly whipped, or in both ways, who should court a maiden, and try to get her to consent to marry him, without first getting leave of her parents, or if she were a servant, of her master. There must have been some hard words, also, used in those early days; profane swearers were to be fined 12 pence, which I suppose was as much as a dollar is now,—or were to be set in the stocks, or put in jail. But severer immoralities and those of so bad a kind as not to be mentioned by name, were found to be committed in early years: The relationships of young men and maidens, which now prevail in respectable society in great purity, beauty and even with romantic excellence, are found to have been in various parts of Massachusetts, even a hundred years ago, coarse and base. It seems, at first sight, difficult to understand, how the natural delicacy of the human heart could then have so largely yielded to corruption, and I think it can only be explained on the ground that, besides the attempt of our ancestors to punish actual immoralities, they undertook to denounce and punish innocent pleasures. They came near to resolving that it was a sin to be happy. They denounced and preached against fashions of life and of dress, which were merely matters of taste, but which did not suit the antiquated notions of the elder and graver people as, also, even down to our own day, some old people would continue to dress in fashions long since past, and would denounce the young for any changes. Our fathers, however, scarcely did more in respect to regulations of dress, than introduce into Massachusetts the same kind of laws they had been accustomed to at home. The state enacted a law, in 1651, that only persons possessed of a certain amount of property should wear gold or silver lace, gold or silver buttons, thread lace above a certain value, or silk hoods or scarfs,—under a penalty of 10 shillings for each offence. In 1673, twenty-five married women and young maidens in Springfield and neighboring towns, were presented to the court by the jury, as wearing silk contrary to law. They were not all punished, however. I suppose it was thought too petty a business to punish them. In 1676, when you would suppose this part of the state was scarcely more than an unbroken wilderness, and nobody here either to wear fine clothes to be seen, or anybody to see

them, the wife of Edward Grannis of Hadley was presented for violating the law concerning extravagance in dress, and her silk hood and scarf were brought into court to witness against her. It was admitted by the prosecuting counsel they were "somewhat worn", but she was fined 10 shillings, nevertheless. In March, 1676, sixty-eight persons,—most of them women, of course, older and younger, were presented by the jury, in this part of the state, for wearing silk, and wearing it in a flaunting, saucy manner,—and thirty young men were indicted for wearing long hair, and other extravagancies. What a display of young men out here in the woods, and among the Indians, going to meeting on Sunday in a log meeting-house and sitting on bare slab boards for benches, with their long curls down upon their shoulders! What a display of beautiful young girls, with their silk hoods and scarfs in service time, so that the young men could not attend to the preacher. And what would that same kind of a jury have said about young men, now, in the summer time, with their hair not hanging about their shoulders at all, but cut down so close that their round heads have scarcely more hair on them than a piece of sandpaper has? One young lady at Hadley was particularly inclined to flirt and to browbeat the court, and so when the jury presented her, she actually came into court dressed in her silks, and flaunted them before the eyes of John Pynchon, William Clark, and other grave dignitaries. She was fined, but as usual, the women afterward carried the day. Grave judges, pious divines could not hold their positions against the beauty and wilfulness of women then; witches, as they were in their powers of witchery,—and the witchery of women seems always able to carry the day against public opinion and against the law of the land. And one might ask what do women want to vote for, when they can abolish laws and establish customs, just because by their smiles and their tears, they can make their lovers and husbands do pretty much as they please, only that, men get into the Legislature all by themselves and forget that they have wives and sweethearts, and then make laws as they please, and shamefully oppressive ones for women, too. But not only in matters of dress and personal appearance did older and graver people attempt to regulate the

appearance, manners and conduct of the young and more independent,—there was a very general sentiment, that law of the land was omnipotent, that it was the just and the best way of correcting all evil. Less was known, then, about the folly of attempting to control people's minds, and of the wisdom and justice of persuasion, rather than law. Religious as the elders, and many of the younger people were,—they had not then learned as much as we now know about the power of conscience, about the safety of leaving men under its direction, about its rightful authority, also, beyond all that courts and law can prescribe or forbid; about the duty also, of making the word of God, or what each may reverently believe be to the law of God communicated to himself, supreme over his own conduct. Religion, or rather the forms of religion were then established by human law. We know how people were compelled by law, to attend religious service on Sunday; how they were punished by fine and stocks for traveling on that day; how they were brought up before the minister and the church, for absence from Sunday meeting or the communion service, and were reprimanded and required to give in their excuse, or to make their apology and were otherwise fined and punished. A very strict supervision was kept over people's opinions and over people's conduct. Interference with what was only some one's else business was common. Tattling and talking about other people, and slander seem to have been more common than now,—or if not more common than now,—they were more frequently taken public notice of, and offenders were brought before the church, and punished, also, by the courts. Such offences are apparently diminished in frequency only by moral influence, and not by power of the state. As to the right that any man had to do as he would about his own affairs, if at the same time he made no encroachment on the rights of other persons,—what is to be said about telling a man what he should grow, or what he shouldn't grow in his fields or his garden? Potatoes were introduced into this country about 1718. In Whately, David Graves brought the first potato to town in his saddle-bags from Boston; and when he had grown some, the boys from the neighborhood used to like to go over to his place to do chores, because he would give them a potato for pay, which

they could take home and plant. But the potato, at first, was thought by people to be an unfit article for food, and after it was introduced, many of the older folks would never taste it to the day of their death. And Rev. Jon^s. Hubbard of Sheffield came near being dealt with by the church, for raising twenty bushels of potatoes in one year. All their various attempts to meddle with other people's honest affairs, to divert and control them in innocent amusements, to stigmatize dancing and cards and prevent the use of them, to forbid long hair, to punish the wearing of silk,—this attempt to give to comparatively a few persons the power over the many, and to make the opinions of the few and the old the supreme law of social and personal morals, this general denial of right and independence would all naturally result in waywardness, in the extremes of independence, in dissolute and licentious conduct. Hence, I suppose it must have been, that young people were not as correct in conduct towards one another as they now are, and delicacy was often given up for indulgence. In Hadley, in 1676, now more than 200 years ago, a great riot took place; nine young men,—you must think they were a large proportion of all the young men there, were charged with being actors in it. They insulted the public authorities; they prevent the legal execution of a sentence passed. The punishments inflicted in those days were often bad kinds of punishments, often greatly demoralizing. Edward Grannis for participating in this riot, was adjudged to receive twelve stripes well laid on. No judge could order such a sentence, without becoming more hard hearted than his nature otherwise would have been. No legislators could enact that such punishments should be inflicted, without some degree of self-degradation. No officer could take the instrument of torture and degradation into his hand and look into his neighbor's face, and upon his unclothed person, and strike a blow, without a severer blow to his own personal morals. And what a horrible influence to be exerted upon the young "rowdies," who gathered around to witness the tortures and to hear the groans or shrieks of the victim!—what,—upon the grave and respectable people, who also gathered to the scene, to witness the honor done to the laws of the land! Were there any women ever present in the multitude? Do you think

any young woman could ever be so lost to humanity, as voluntarily to be present, to look upon the scene, to listen to the cries? It is to be trusted there were none such. But what is to be said of the awful hardness of heart, the deep moral corruption, or the fatal mistakes of opinion and of religion, fatal misunderstanding of the meekness and compassion exhibited and taught by Jesus Christ,—when we learn that, for opinion's sake, for foolish but conscientious conduct which deserved the extreme of pity, and no severer infliction than confinement for a season in an insane asylum,—women, young women were in several instances, scourged upon their uncovered persons. Gentle, tender, devout,—extravagant to be sure,—but self-denying, consecrated, willing to be crucified, if need were, for conscientious conduct, there were those who endured such legal inflictions over and over again!

It gives some further light upon the advancement or the tardy development of human nature, in the days of our ancestors, that slaves were not uncommonly held;—yet they were apparently treated for the most part, as human beings, and lived in happy homes as acceptable members of the household. But the punishments inflicted upon them were sometimes horribly cruel beyond those which were assigned to the free and the white. Phillis, a negro slave, was burned alive, at Cambridge, 1675, for a crime, indeed,—a heinous crime—but was there, then, no criminality in the morals of the community that adjudged such a punishment? And this is not the only instance on record.

But I will not pursue further the account of immoralities that darkened the purity, the beauty of our early days. I have remarked upon two classes of them,—first, such as human nature always and everywhere condemns,—coarseness, vulgarity, lawlessness, sensuality,—and another class that was due largely to the spirit of the age,—shown in all other lands,—England, France and elsewhere, even in far worse manifestations than this exhibited here. Our fathers had to contend with more than Indians. They came to worship God, and over with them came, or upon their way there followed them, people enough who never worshipped, or believed. They came to be free, and they were followed by people who were desirous to put them in bondage. They wanted to establish better civil institutions than the old

world ever knew,—and others came at once, who had no heart except to renew in a new world the wornout institutions of the old. I am not led to conclude that the barbarities of the Indians, the secret ambush, the sudden conflagration of their dwellings, the danger of massacre, were really the occasion of the more serious thought, the more anxious forebodings, the more numerous sleepless nights. It was the dangers that assailed their religion and their state. They had crossed the trackless sea; they had made the long-months' voyage over the dark, the wild, the inhospitable ocean; they had landed here in snow and sleet and winter's cold, on homeless shores,—where were no homes of civilized men within thousands of miles,—but only forests, that the foot of white man had never trod, rivers of silent majesty on which the white man's bark had never sailed, mountains of awful brow, whose inaccessible heights the eye of civilized man had never measured. Hungry and weak and sick and dying, they had left all the comforts and the delights of a dear and to many a happy England,—that they might keep truth with their souls and God; to them we owe advancement in thought and the enjoyment of civil liberty, and much of our present prosperity and happiness. Did John Carver, William Bradford, Francis Higginson, or any one of their associates, in the silent night, look in imagination far away into present liberty, present happiness? or struggling by day to save their little bands alive, did they silently see or possibly imagine the great glory that was to come? They had to struggle,—not with cold and storm and fear and hunger and Indian ignorance and barbarity alone, but with man,—for the weak in mind, the unclean in heart, the evil in determination came with them or followed them to blot out their work as fast as they wrote it on these acres, to throw down the stones on which human liberty was to be erected as fast as they were placed.

But I turn now to another point, somewhat more common than these which I have presented, which I never myself had seen with so much clearness as till lately my attention was turned to the intellectual power, and the accurate and elegant scholarship and accomplishments of many of the earlier settlers.

Some instances of conduct on the part of the early fathers

of our country towards those who differed from them, which have been judged of by some as having been errors, and by some as inconsistencies and as injustice of a more flagrant degree, appear very different to one who carefully examines their situation and puts himself in the place of the fathers. They are called persecutors, who had fled from persecution; they were said to be men, who, having denounced religious intolerance, who having demanded that their own conscience should be respected,—then turned round to show disrespect to the consciences of other people. The church of England persecuted them; and they refused admission, when they could prevent it, to the church of England in their borders. They banished Roger Williams. They punished the Quakers in savage ways, and with death. But the principle of religious toleration was not known in their day. The learned and the pious and the good men of their day seldom or never preferred it. If an individual, in rare instances, maintained it, he was thought an extravagant man, a visionary, devoid of common understanding. His devotion had not begun to be one of the commonly admitted truths, as the central position of the sun in the solar system now is; and no other way was recognized among the pious and the learned of the world to settle religious disputes, than to fight them out, with such force of arms or law as might be most readily secured. The pilgrims and the puritans were the minority in England, under the ban of the church and the state, suffering in their possessions, their business, their domestic life, their persons. They had no power of law, to lord it over others with; they had no power of sword to put down others with. Nothing was left to them, but to fly,—to hide,—away from wicked wrath,—to put an ocean not easily passed between themselves and persecution. They felt, when they reached this land that nobody wanted, that nobody had settled, that no one could without difficulty, reach,—that they had a right here, and to their opinions here, and that no one, who had not paid in sacrifice and suffering what they had paid, had any right to come and to crowd them out with other opinions, with forms of religion which, if prevalent, would destroy their own. If they allow those to come here, from whose injustice and cruelty they had fled, what new, what unknown country should they fly to, again, to escape oppres-

sion? What man, when he has built a house and paid for it, by extreme sufferings of his own, can look with complacency upon an intruder who threatens to come in and take possession? When Cromwell caused the King of England to be put to death, he saw very plainly it was kill or be killed. When Napoleon Bonaparte caused one of the Bourbon pioneers to be assassinated, and shocked the world by the murder, he did the deed to strike terror into the royalists, to show that his own blood was not ditchwater, and to save his own life. I do not defend Cromwell, nor Bonaparte, nor the Puritans;—but there is an affectation or an hypocrisy, in those who demand, while their own party are determined to persecute, that their victims writhing under foot in torture, shall not turn and smite the persecutor. Many also of the sentences passed by the Puritans on people of belief different from their own, were passed upon the latter as political disturbers, whose conduct was likely to bring the whole country, so far as it was a country then, into collision with the English government, and so end what degree of civil independence had begun to grow up upon these shores. These dissenters from the views of the Puritans here, were also armed to defend their religion, and were disarmed to prevent civil war among the members of this infant colony. Yet the Quakers it will be replied, were quiet people; no, it will be found, they were not quiet people; though never for their turbulence, deserving the hard fate they met. They were probably usually half-demented fanatics; but innocent at heart,—to be pitied, not punished. They were disorderly. They would go into the meeting-house in time of service and denounce the minister and congregation. Modest, delicate young women of their faith, were so far carried away by fanaticism as to denude themselves of all clothing and go into the streets of great villages as a sign unto the people. Shall we apologize for the Puritans who persecuted them to the death? I reply, we have never yet, in this world, found a community of five or ten thousand people, all of whom were wise, consistent, kindly at heart! Does any one doubt that the most of these Puritan men labored to know God,—and to serve him? Need we hesitate to acknowledge that, in all probability, there were the politic and time-serving,—the proud and immitigable,—the cruel and wicked among them,

who were thought, and thought themselves also to be truly religious,—favorites of God? The better part of them had two of the gospel elements, faith and hope; they failed to understand that charity is the greatest of the three. Is there any denomination in the world at this present time that feels that kindness towards man is, in the sight of God, superior to orthodoxy, or to correct views of religion? Or, suppose we should contrast the persecutions inflicted by the Puritans 250 years ago, with the conduct of the people of the United States toward escaping slaves only twenty-five years since? or to the conduct of the same people towards the Indians all along through the middle and the closing years of this present century? *We* mean well, I trust;—but are inconsistent; God help us to learn from the mistakes of others, that *humanity* is the first, and the all-sufficient attribute of the religion of Jesus Christ.

But I turn now to another point, not, I believe, commonly understood,—of a different character from the portion of the general subject of which I have been treating, but deserving more consideration than our present time allows:—the intellectual power, the accurate and various scholarship, and the elegant accomplishments of many of the earlier settlers of this country. Twenty years after the landing at Plymouth, there were, it is calculated, about 21,000 souls to be numbered as the English population of New England. Among them, were men “who dared to have ideas,—to put them together, and to face the logical results of them; who regarded their own souls more than gold, or life.” “At no time, probably, in England,” says Prof. Tyler, “has there been a greater activity of brain directed to researches into the very root of things;” and out of this activity, especially, came the learned and able men of New England. It is probable, that between 1630 and 1690, there were as many men in New England of the highest degree of education that the world could at that time afford, as there were to be found in any population of a similar size in the mother-country. Such is the testimony of Prof. Tyler. We have ever known something of the religiousness of these learned men, and of the communities in which they planted themselves, or which gathered around them. We know the general love of learning that prevailed, and the interest almost universally felt

in the education of the people in the common school and in higher institutions of learning. Not only theological study, and classical pursuits, knowledge of the bible, the languages in which it was written, and the various authors who illuminated Greece and Rome by their great genius,—science early sought these silent and desolate lands, to make her converts or be worshipped here. The scientists of New England were received to the friendship and confidence, and to the admiration of the scientists of England, and it was scarcely more than a chance that the latter had not, through their interest in the men of learning in this part of the world, removed themselves to these shores, and established here that famous Royal society, which stands perhaps at the head of the learned men of the English speaking people. John Williams, the minister of Deerfield, was a zealous student of nature, and among his writings are papers treating of various scientific subjects, even those requiring the most careful observation and the most accurate and wide-extended mathematical analysis. This new world here, whose birds and beasts, and the fish in whose waters had never been carefully noticed before,—its trees in unbroken forest, over large reaches of the country,—its various flowers, the nodding lilies of its fields, with tender or with fiery hue,—the modest “innocence” whose petals whiten our road sides now in the early year, the rich bloom of the laurel, which, born to blush for centuries unseen, still makes gorgeous the depths of our woods, the tall goldenrod of the autumn which signalizes the close of summer’s warmth and summer’s beauty, and the fringed gentian, which gathers at the last of the flowering year, the blue of the changing sky,—these and such as these were gazed upon with unmixed admiration by these thoughtful and learned men, who knew that the like had never been seen before. And almost 200 years since it is that that great light of western science first dawned upon the world, Benjamin Franklin, of whose greatness, it was said abroad, “America has sent us many good things, gold, silver, sugar and indigo,—but you are the first philosopher and the first great man of letters, for whom we are beholden to her;”—and from France the message was sent to him, “Your name is venerated in this country.”

But on this point of intellectual prominence in scholar-

ship and scientific attainments, I am no longer to dwell;—nor am I to discuss, what would be a question of greatest interest, the power of mind, of thought, of courage, in statesmanship, exhibited by the great men of the early years of our country. My chief interest in this discourse has been to observe the comparative morals of the early days and of the present. None of later days have surpassed the heroes and the saints of the first century of our history. None at any time, it is generally believed, have shown deeper devotion to the cause of righteousness, or the will of God, or have more cultivated a sense of the Divine Presence in all things. But I have attempted to show how in the midst of their efforts to serve God, they were often met by the unprincipled, by the dishonest, the lewd and the violent. And, indeed, I have long felt, and on late examination have been led still to conclude, that the average of the morals of the common people at the present day is far higher than it was a hundred or two hundred years ago. I discover people to be no less honest now,—far more temperate,—less wilful, coarse and violent. Woman is more respected now than then, and her prospects for dignity and happiness never were so great as now. The natural romance which unites the young men and maidens was never so pure,—the ages of chivalry can show nothing so beautiful and admirable as might be found among young people in our own quiet neighborhoods at this present time. If I am right in my conclusions in regard to the improving morals of our New England communities,—notwithstanding the arts of politicians, and the thefts of adulterating manufacturers,—we have great reason for thankfulness and courage, and for hope that we, too, of this day may help make the coming age better than the last.

But how is it with Religion? descended from a pious ancestry as we are,—whose piety is the most remarkable of all the features of their characters and lives,—it may be asked,—have we not fallen on evil times?—our churches largely deserted on the day of public service,—a great change in the doctrines once maintained,—the ministers of religion shorn of the power which once they exercised, and the places once occupied by them as educators of youth, or supervisors of public education, quietly taken away and delivered over to partisan or personal ambition. The teachings of Robert In-

gersoll taking the place of the reading of the Saints' Rest, or Doddridge's Rise and Progress,—the neglect of family devotions and the like,—do these show that religion has greatly declined, and is on its fatal way, in this land? I reply, a man who stays by a tree to see its opening leaves will find the progress so slow that he is quite unable to form a judgment of it,—and staying there through the night, or through the coldness of a storm, perhaps he will think the leaves are shrinking back into buds again, and that the hope of summer is forever at an end. The existence of religion is in the care of God. If it really declines in the community, I, for one, consider it the fault, the unfaithfulness, or the ignorance of the ministers and the church, as much as of the people, and look to the time, when for one I shall know more, or, if I were to live, should learn how to be more full of faith, more full of piety and should believe that as the ministry exceeds in goodness, in kindness, in righteousness all that it has ever attained to before,—the people will follow on,—every good shepherd, by and by, being sure to gather a flock and to lead them to everlasting pastures. But I do not conceive that the existing degree of religion in the community is altogether to be measured by interest in public services. Probably, the people of the country never contributed more of their *substance* than now,—the much loved, the necessary money of their own support, for the support of religious institutions. Religious patriotism was never more apparent than in our own heroic times, when 15 and 20 years ago young men, with religious fear, consecrated their lives, their love and their blessed hopes in life for this world to the good of their country. Never, though we lament still so much the cold charities of the world, have the poor, the lame, the blind, the deranged in intellect, been so well cared for. Never a time when a young woman could find the means so easily of independent support,—or when, through private compassion, so easily a widow's heart could be made to sing for joy. By their deeds, ye shall know them. Men are gathering grapes,—it cannot be thorns on which they grow; and figs in sweetness abound, it cannot be thistles, from which men gather them. Yet, for one I lament the condition of the church, though I believe religion in a transition state is still advancing. But while the spirit lives, the body should be

cared for ; and the water of the spirit often cannot be found if the vessels are shattered. We venerate the past. We venerate the piety of early New England, as much as its heroism, we remember that it was single-minded piety that brought the pilgrims to these shores. We inherit vast advantages from the characters they made for themselves. Shall we neglect, or despise, the highest of their attainments?—or think it well to collect the implements of their husbandry,—the furniture of their homes,—the books they perused, dilapidated, and unsightly, yet of precious value, to be looked upon with reverence,—and call on people to be at vast expense to save from sacrilegious hands the meeting-house in which they offered their prayers and renewed their vows, and ourselves refuse to enter to make our prayer, and renew our vows,—and leave the church to echo in its almost empty walls to the voice of devotion? Posterity has a claim upon us. But I cannot doubt that the time will come, when a pure service of religion will attract again its multitudes, and a true religion be as much a vital element in the community, as in the days of our fathers, or in those of the apostles themselves.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE POCUMTUCK GUN.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

The old Deerfield cannon has at length reached a quiet haven within the walls of Memorial Hall. It stands, a grim sentinel, guarding its portal, welcoming every antiquary, but answering none of his questions. As its appointed guardian, it seems proper for me to devote a few moments to giving some points in its history, premising that the cloud which surrounds its early days will not be parted. Could the old gun be induced to speak to us—its voice toned down to a reasonable pitch—and relate its stirring adventures, a tale would be heard of deep interest to every Deerfield born listener. Every generation of boys for a century past would be represented in its experiences, and its milder voice would doubtless stir our boys as much as its tones of thunder did the boys in days of yore. This cannon may never have joined in any carnival of blood on a great battlefield where the possession of a kingdom was the stake, but it certainly

has been on the skirmish line and seen bloody noses and broken heads when the stake was its own possession. Marvelous stories it could tell of adventures by fire, flood and field; how the obnoxious rat-tail file, driven home by some spiteful hand, was *compelled* from its vent while glowing in a fiery furnace of hickory cord wood; how on an emergency it was plunged down into the water to lie and rust ingloriously until wanted for some new occasion; how in silence and darkness it has lain for years at a time in the bosom of mother earth in spite of prying eyes and probing spades and prodding crowbars; how it has assisted in breaking the day on many a morning of the "glorious Fourth,"—usually awakening Aurora at untimely hours—appearing to feel the spirit of the day. Its utterances were always patriotic and always sound. No one, however, who has not heard its voice at a Cheapside victory celebration can realize its power. Breathing forth indignation, defiance and triumph a hundred times across north meadows at early dawn, it sent confusion and dismay into the camp of the enemy, and roused the enthusiasm of friends to the highest pitch.

But sharper and more defiant was its tone responding to the following toast at the celebration dinner: "The 8000 acre line, though invisible and intangible, may it be as enduring as if it were a solid wall whose foundations rested upon the everlasting granite below and whose top pierced the blue above." The climax, however, was reached when "Dr. Charles" volunteered,—*"The Old Cannon, many is the time and oft, that she has spoken in a voice of thunder to our ancestors, saying, 'Stand to your rights!'*" Her lungs are still strong. She has this day spoken to the sons of Pocumtuck in a voice not to be misunderstood, *'Never, never give up your birth-right!'*" Every fibre and atom of the old gun seemed nerved with conscious pride, and she spoke as never before, with a power that shook the earth, and would have shortened the nap of Rip Van Winkle had this valley been the scene of his repose.

With great pains and care I have analyzed all known traditions concerning the advent of this cannon in Deerfield. I have examined thousands of pages of manuscript records at the State House, but not a clue has been found. Whence and when it came no man can certainly tell. You know it

has been a long time with us. Your grandfathers and *their* grandfathers knew it well. The saintly John Williams may have rested his hand upon it while directing the workmen in preparing the foundations of the new meeting house which he was never to occupy. His son Elijah certainly furnished from the old corner store sulphurous food for its consumption, not many years later. The most probable tradition which has come to my notice is the one which tells us that this gun is one of a pair presented the town by Gov. Jonathan Belcher. If this be true, we can easily assign a time for its arrival. On the 25th of August, 1735, Gov. Belcher, with ten members of his Council and a large delegation from the House of Representatives, arrived to keep an appointment with the Caghnawagas, the Housatonics and other Indian tribes to meet here at grand council fire for the negotiation of treaties. As a matter of state-craft a show of power on the part of the colonists was usually made on occasions like this. The impression always made upon the simple minded native by the showy uniforms of the Governor and Staff, the stately parade and imposing ceremonial, would be largely increased by such an addition as these two field pieces would make. It is very likely that they did come in the train of the Governor at this time.

The council fire was built on the lot lately owned by the heirs of Henry Stebbins, then the residence of my great-great-grandfather, landlord Jonathan Hoyt. In 1704, when a lad of 16, Jonathan was taken captive from this same spot. He lived with the Caghnawagas, learned their language, and may have acted as their interpreter on this occasion. About a week was spent in conference and treaty-making with the tribes. On the following Sunday, August 31st, John Sergeant was ordained missionary to the Housatonic Indians under the auspices of Gov. Belcher, who was agent for either the London or Edinburg "society for propagating the gospel among the heathen." Eighteen days were spent by the party from Boston in this service, and each member of the council received 13*£* 10 s. for attendance. The total expense of the whole affair exceeded 3000 pounds. We may suppose part of this outlay was for transporting our old cannon from Boston to Deerfield. The conference was a successful one and several treaties were made.

Gen. Hoyt, our eminent historian, had no knowledge of this interesting event in the history of the town and cannon. In his "Antiquarian Researches" he speaks of the treaty made this year with the Caghnawagas, but locates it elsewhere. The results of the meeting we know, but history is silent as to details. Tradition has preserved a single word spoken on that occasion, which Miss Harriet Hitchcock learned from her father, Dea. Charles Hitchcock, "Norwottuck," meaning more rum, so often repeated as to be remembered.

From accounts of similar meetings one may easily picture some of the prominent features of this. The Governor and other officials in cocked hats, scarlet coats laced with gold, wearing swords, seated according to rank on rude benches, in a semi-circle; the dusky warriors crowned with eagle plumes, wearing buckskin leggings and moccasins, and red blankets, seated by tribes on the ground opposite, completing the circle; the council fire blazing in the centre; the soldiers under arms on one side, the inhabitants, curious spectators, grouped on the other; the formal speeches by the Governor, as formally answered, point by point, by the Indian orator, Ontosoga, a chief of the Caghnawagas; the exchange of presents—blankets, shirts, knives and rum on one side, wampum and beaver on the other; the pipe of peace, from which each takes a whiff, passing slowly round the circle; the formal drinking the health of King George, and of each other; the platoon of musketry and the roar of artillery at the close of each day's conference.

Has our imagination led us astray? Who but the old cannon can tell?*

Two years later Ontosoga, with delegates from other tribes, came to Fort Dummer asking for another council. The Governor appointed as commissioners to meet them John Stoddard of Northampton. Eleazor Porter of Hadley, Thomas Wells of Deerfield and Joseph Kellogg, the commander at the fort. Israel Williams of Hatfield was present, probably as commander of the military escort. The parties met October 6, 1737. Speeches and presents were exchanged at the

*Since the above was written, a speech has been discovered which was delivered by Ontosoga on this occasion. It had been written by the Governor of Canada, and committed to memory by his tool. It can be found in the *History of Deerfield*, Vol. I, p. 523. For much other matter relating to the Old Cannon, see Vol. II, p. 871.

council fire, the covenant chain brightened, and the treaty of Deerfield renewed. Our old cannon, or as is more likely its mate, doubtless assisted at this conference and took up its abode at the place. A few years later, during the old French war, there was a "Great Gun" at Fort Dummer. This post was the northern frontier on the west of the Connecticut River, and peculiarly exposed to Indian inroad. Scouts were constantly kept out from this point ranging the woods to the north and west. If marauders were discovered, or "signs" of them, the "Great Gun" was fired to give warning to the settlers. It was also fired as a signal of distress to summon help from Fort Hinsdale and Northfield.

This great gun probably remained at Dummer until the conquest of Canada, when it was taken down the river to Hatfield by Col. Israel Williams, then commanding the northern Hampshire regiment of militia; but this is mere conjecture.

March 3, 1777, the town voted "not to dispose of the two pieces of cannon." It is probable that application had been made for their transfer to the Continental army. By the action of the town, July 12, 1812, it is certain that one of these pieces was loaned to Hatfield. The piece loaned to Hatfield was never returned. After long possession that town claimed its ownership. Some 75 years ago Deerfield made an official demand for its return, and on the refusal or neglect of Hatfield to comply, an agent was chosen to prosecute the town for its recovery. No record of any suit at law has been found. In time, Hadley also put in a claim for its possession, and many a sharp conflict was had for its use on festive occasions. It often crossed the river between the towns by stealth and in darkness. The towns quarreled like thieves over the stolen property, and the fate of the gun was identical with that of the unfortunate Miss Jane McCrea. The strife ended with its destruction. About 40 years ago, after firing it in an insulting manner towards Hatfield from the "high banks," the gun was loaded to the muzzle by the Hadley vandals and burst into fragments. Dr. Bonner of Hadley, from whom I first learned the fate of the gun, describes it as being in every respect the very counterpart of ours. Mr. Almon C. Williams, who was on the ground shortly after the sacrifice, corroborates Dr. Bonner in every particular.

The fact of this loan to Hatfield seems to have been lost sight of, but there has been a constant tradition that our cannon once had a mate. When the old "fort well" was discovered, about 50 years ago, after the burial of a century, the old may remember the common talk was that the missing gun, according to a tradition, had been sunk in a well, and that it would probably now be found. Men with iron rods probed the well, and soon declared they had struck solid iron. Preparations were at once made to remove the earth with which the well was nearly filled, and excitement ran high as the work proceeded. Great was the disgust when the bottom was reached and no cannon. A few relics were found, but what they were and their subsequent history is now unknown. We had no Memorial Hall in those days. Another tradition was that, at a time and for a reason not specified, it had been sunk in Broughton's pond.

Previous to its being mounted on the carriage, where I first knew it, the cannon used to lie on the common near the meeting-house. Here, on summer evenings, the young men of the village gathered to discuss affairs of state and test their muscles on the old gun. Some could lift the muzzle, a few could raise the breech, but according to tradition but two men ever raised the entire mass of metal. Gen. Epaphras Hoyt, standing astride with a strap around the gun and over his shoulder, accomplished the feat. It is said that Joseph Barnard (born 1769) did the same. Its weight is nearly eleven hundred pounds.

In my early boyhood days the old gun was the playfellow of the youngsters who went to the brick schoolhouse on the common. Mounted on a regular gun carriage, it stood the year round on the common, exposed alike to the attacks of school boys, the winter snow and summer rain, the attractive centre of our play ground. It was a proud day and one to make a note of by the small boy when he first mustered courage and got astride the cannon, and with his feet on the trunions for stirrups, fancied it his charger, while rows of big boys taking hold of hands, drew him along by the crooked lynch pins on either side. At a more advanced stage of urchindom a favorite sport was running in a ring up the incline of the carriage to the breech, along the top of the piece and jumping off the muzzle. This was productive of bumped

heads and bruised shins. The hero was the one who first fell off the gun, or the one who held out the longest. If any of you took the prize you may remember which. The old veteran seemed to enjoy the sport with the boys, and it never complained, when, after being jammed full of stones and earth, it was ignominiously tipped muzzle down by the big boys to get out this foul charge.

Some morning, about the last of June in each year, we usually found the cannon missing. By the hands of either friends or foes it had been taken into retirement in anticipation of the national holiday. Few knew of its whereabouts until its voice was heard on the eventful morning. If, as was sometimes the case, it announced itself in the hands of an enemy, all was wrath and mustering in hot haste here for its rescue, and gathering of forces for resistance. Cool heads became hot, and hot heads were broken. Victory sometimes perched on the banners of the Pocumtucks, but sometimes, alas, on those of the Pocommegons.

I am not writing the "Adventures of the Old Cannon,"—one evening would not be enough for their rehearsal, but I will relate a single incident, illustrating one point to which allusion has been made. It was a tame affair, no tragedy, the comic element dominating, although the actors did not see where the fun came in, and some Bible words were used in an unlawful manner. I was a youngster, a mere camp follower, and do not to this day know the end of my story: The Fourth was at hand, and the gun must be secured. In the days when the meadows were held as a common field and fenced by the proprietors, large quantities of posts and rails were collected at convenient points for repairs. Near the "pound," in Hitchcock lane, was a large pile of this stock. On the night in question, with care and silence that no noise might betray the workers, this pile was all removed and a shallow grave dug on the site. The gun carriage at this time may have gone to decay, and Secretary Hitchcock's oxen and cart wheels were employed in transporting the gun to the spot. Here it was quietly put into the ground and covered up, the pile of rails carefully replaced, and all was safe for this year. Not quite! As the party was about dispersing, one pair of keen eyes, which belonged to Alexander Williams, discovered a figure skulking away from an adjoining fence.

With a hue and cry the whole crowd gave chase. The interloper was captured and proved to be a spy from Greenfield. The Pocommegons had rightly guessed we should hide the cannon, and thought their best chance to get it was after our watch had ceased, and their plan failed but by a narrow chance. "Slowly and sadly," but not silently, the rails were moved a third time, and the cannon resurrected and taken back to the common, where it announced to the Greenfield boys the failure of their plot. At this point the small boys went home and my story ends. All I can add is that the cannon did not go to Greenfield that year.

The old relic has at length found an abiding place with us, as permanent, we trust, as the brick walls which enclose it. The fathers of the town, feeling that the endurance of the gun had been put to many a dangerous trial in the past, and that further faith in its strength had now become a weakness, have sought for it a shelter, where, under the special charge of the guardians of old time relics, generations yet unborn may gaze upon it with satisfaction and veneration. According to all scientific calculations this piece of ordnance should have returned to its original elements long ago. It must have been made of the staunchest materials to have so long survived its bad treatment. Our faith in it has not been in vain. It has never gone back upon its friends. Neglect and abuse, however, have told upon it—corroded by rust inside and out, never a bit of paint, never a drop of oil. Its most tender care has been a bed on the bottom of some damp cellar. Wise heads have long held its use to be dangerous, but each new generation have risked their lives with impunity.

POEM BY MRS. CORNELIA ALLEN SMITH.

Long ago—it was the season
Of the winter's cold and snow—
In the lovely Deerfield valley
Was a scene of blood and woe ;
Here, where happy homes were builded,
Here, where firesides were aglow,
Came the baleful red marauder
Near two hundred years ago.

* * * * *

Here the cruel savage conquered
 On the hill and by the stream,
 Waking with his horrid war-cry
 Childhood from a pleasant dream,
 Mothers from their happy slumbers,
 Fathers from their quiet rest,
 Filling all the pleasant valley
 With the clamor of unrest.

So that deed of darkness gaining
 Dreadful tempest as it fled
 Left red wounds upon the dying,
 Left white faces on the dead ;
 While a fusillade of terror
 Rang like drumbeat through the town,
 And the fires their foes had kindled
 Leapt and tore each dwelling down.

And though years have followed years
 Since that dreadful winter night,
 And from shore to shore the river
 Now runs laughing in the light,
 Yet I cannot but remember
 All that mournful night and day
 When the very winds went sorrowing
 For those lost ones on its way !

Faith and hope and glad impulses
 Stilled in calm of frozen death,
 Eyelids closed to coming sunshine,
 Gave to God each loving breath ;
 While from earth and air uprising
 Tragedies that scarce have name,
 Sorrows countless, woes unnumbered
 Still, to-day, our pity claim !

* * * * *

When you meet in joyful numbers
 In your own "Memorial Hall,"
 When a thousand recollections
 With emphatic voices call,
 Give one sacred, silent moment
 To these memories, dear to all,
 And let words of love enduring
 Echo back from wall to wall.

* * * * *

In old "Indian Ground" lie buried
 Some who kindred are to me;
 Dear is every grass-blade growing
 There, and dear each leafless tree,

Dear the sunshine there that falleth,
Dear the shadows in the rain,
Dear the mantling snow that on their
Last low resting place hath lain !

Dear each bird that o'er them flyeth,
With a song of sweet intent,
Dear each echo that replieth,
Dear each day whose life is spent
On those humble graves of kindred
Whose blood flows in veins of mine,
And when centuries are numbered
I would have their names entwine

With *my* name in glad remembrance,
Carved on fair memorial stone ; *
May they tell to generations
Yet unborn, that not alone
They have suffered; for their sorrows
In my heart have overflown,
And for each brave deed they ventured
Seed of courage has been sown!

Other lips will tell the story
Better far than I have told;
Other fingers lift the pages
By the century unrolled;
But no voice can be more tender,
No heart be more leal to-night,
No memorial be more loving
Then these Allen fingers write.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1880.

*The memorial tablet to John Allen, who was killed by Indians at the Bars, was erected by Mrs. Smith.—[EDITOR.]

FIELD MEETING—1880.

DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL.

REPORT.

Wednesday, September 8th, was the day finally chosen for the dedication of Memorial Hall. One can now enter its walls with the feeling that they are sacred to antiquity, for on that day a goodly array of pilgrims went to Old Deerfield, that Mecca of this region, and solemnly set apart the Old Academy building to the duty of guarding treasures gathered from all the region round about, and there were notable men, too, in the company that made this pilgrimage. Here were men distinguished in the field of letters, men in the front rank of journalism, men skilled in classic lore, men eminent in the pulpit and men whose voices charm with magic power. Here, too, were the spirits who conceived the enterprise and whose perseverance has brought a fruition of their hopes. The Hall is certainly a rare cabinet of curiosities of y^e olden days and is one of those landmarks from which we can reckon the progress of the age. From hand-made cloth, all the implements for the manufacture of which are here gathered, to the factory fabric, is certainly a long stride, and it can be best realized by taking the object lesson afforded by a visit within these walls. Many who have an interest in the Association but have not before visited the scenes of its labor were present and expressed themselves as gratified with Memorial Hall. Going from room to room, exclamations of surprise would fall from their lips at the extent of the collection. Few have realized that for years a few earnest spirits have been searching with all the skill of the trained detective into every nook and corner for embellishments for this temple of antiquity ; yet such was the case, as even a casual visit eloquently tells. Deerfield people generally have taken a deep interest in the Association and its object, as the many public occasions they have made in its honor abundantly testify. Dinners have been served generously and bountifully, as if the patriarchs had only to express their wish to find ready hands to accomplish it. It thus happened that after a social season on the forenoon of the dedication day, guests were invited to take seats at daintily laid tables un-

der the elms and partake of the viands. After dinner, as the chill of the air admonished to seek shelter, the company was invited to the town hall, and in the hall were the literary exercises of the day.

President George Sheldon was the first to speak, and he modestly and fittingly told the history of the Association as follows :—

On the 9th of May, 1870, Gov. Claflin approved an act of the Massachusetts Legislature which gave the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association a legal right to be. On the 26th of the same month the association was organized and officers chosen. Two of the five named in the act of incorporation, and six of the twenty-two who were members at the close of the first meeting, have ceased from their labors and are at rest. We would call to mind those who have fallen from our ranks, while we this day dedicate a mile-stone to mark the progress of our march. Wanting their aid, our burthens have been heavier ; but no backward step has been taken. Cheered by the sympathy and aid of interested friends, we have labored constantly, hopefully, and successfully. The fruit we now bring as the result of the first decade of our existence, far surpasses our most sanguine dreams. It is evident that our association has not only proved its right to be, but that it is an organization of the public sentiment of the times. To this fact our success is owing ; lacking that, the most earnest work would have availed comparatively little.

We this day meet to dedicate this grand old building to public use as a Memorial Hall,—itself a venerable relic, battered and scarred by the assaults of four-score years, and many generations of boys, which, when it fell into the hands of the association, was fast returning to the elements. Decay has now been arrested,—its youth renewed. It stands to-day as firm as the hills, securely infolding within its ample bosom our gathered treasures. As a representative of the association I congratulate you on the occasion which calls us together. To this renovated edifice, its rich and varied store of relics, I welcome you all. I welcome you to this old historic town, to the stirring memories always evoked on spots hallowed by heroic deeds or heroic suffering. The blood of Lathrop and the “Flower of Essex,” of Turner and the hardy yeomen of the valley, of the victims of the fearful tragedy of Feb. 29th, shall have moistened our soil in vain, unless we be nobler for the sacrifice. The traditions of the valiant daring of Mosely, of Treat and Savage ; of Holyoke, of Lyman and Wait ; of Barnard, Catlin and Childs in the field ; of the indomitable energy, the unflinching will of Sheldon, Wells, Allen, Hawks and Taylor on their missions of mercy ; shall be as far-off myths, unless such examples animate us to a higher sentiment of patriotism, and a spirit of more generous self-sacrifice. To

stand as guardians to the fame of such men, and foster this better spirit as far as may be, is one mission of our association.

Mr. Sheldon then introduced Rev. P. V. Finch of Greenfield, one of the vice-presidents of the association, as president of the day, who made a brief address extolling the hard and homely virtues of the ancients, pointing out the noble traits in their character and urging that they be emulated. A poem by Mrs. Smith of Philadelphia was read. Rev. J. F. Moors of Greenfield made the dedicatory address. Robert R. Bishop, president of the Massachusetts senate, was introduced, and for a few moments traced the progress of the principles brought over in the Mayflower. He believed in communing with the past, as great virtues in the fathers inspire to great virtues in the sons. The graves of the fathers teach the lesson of faithfulness and the spot where sleeps the dust of Rev. John Williams inspires every beholder to deeper patriotism.—The dedicatory prayer by Rev. Dr. Crawford was a fervent appeal for the Divine blessing upon the efforts of the Association.—Charles Dudley Warner was presented as one who had won a name in this and other lands and he made a characteristic address, flashing now and then with delicate humor and ever crisp and spicy. He announced that he was born in Plainfield, a town that in spite of its sparse population has more piety to the square foot than any other portion of the globe. He was proud that he was born in Massachusetts and thought it a great mistake to be born anywhere else. He then proceeded to show that town sentiment is the basis of New England life and that it may be engendered by just such an institution as the P. V. M. Association is building up.—Following Mr. Warner's address the President began to hint about reforms and a reformer and ended by calling for George William Curtis. This address, too, was characteristic, for the eloquent speaker very easily dropped from the consideration of the Indians in this valley long time ago to the Indian question that is now agitating the land, and having touched upon it, the well-known spirit of the man was revealed in his plea that the remnants of the Indian tribes may be given that fair treatment due from man to man. Prior to the plea for reform in the treatment of the Red men the speaker showed the different methods adopted by the fathers of New York and the fathers of Massachusetts in dealing with the Indian tribes. New York never had a great Indian war, yet the confederacy of the Five Nations had an Empire there. They were dealt with fairly and honestly and outbreaks were almost unknown. The Dutch alliance with this confederacy was succeeded by the English and when the French claimed Ohio by the right of discovery the English claimed it by right of

conquest by the Five Nations. They were allies in the war and ever responded to fair treatment with friendship. This was taken as an illustration of what conduct, honesty and fidelity on the part of the whites in keeping treaties would inspire from the Indian race. The wisest policy as well as the noblest to adopt is to regard treaties made with Indian tribes as sacred as if faith had been plighted to the most splendid empire on the globe.—Charles Eliot Norton spoke eloquently concerning Old Deerfield and her patriarchs whose deeds give to the town that supreme distinction by which the imagination is touched—a distinction which only a few towns of the Commonwealth possess. Yet Deerfield is not enbalméd in poetry and literature. Deerfield awaits her Hawthorne, and he will surely appear. The material awaits his genius.—Elias S. Woodman of Adams, N. Y., a descendant of Deerfield stock and the graduate of a log school-house in Michigan, spoke pleasantly of his regard for the town of his ancestors. Other speakers who responded briefly to the call of the President were Rev. Dr. Hiram P. Arms of Norwich, Ct., Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown, Dea. Phinehas Field of Charlemont, Rev. William F. Arms of Sunderland, and Austin Dewolf, Esq., of Greenfield.

Interspersed among the speeches was singing by the choir and the reading of poetical productions. George B. Bartlett, a son of Old Concord, made brief allusions to his veneration and love for the old town of Deerfield, and then read the following ode:—

Rest here, to-day, remorseless Time, upon your restless wings,
And save from havoc and decay these old and sacred things—
These relics of the distant past, of men so brave and free,
Who fought and died, that we might live in peace and liberty.

In the old building, where our sires in early days were taught,
We hang with pride the weapons tried, with which their fathers fought
When roused at night by savage yell they met the dreadful foe
And taught them that the knowing hand could strike the fiercest blow.

All honor to our faithful friends, who with such tender care
Have kept these ancient records safe from daily waste and wear;
May hosts of loving friends, for you, rise up on every hand,
And like its mountain namesake, may your union ever stand.

And when into this lovely vale some future race may stray,
And gaze in wonder at the things in common use to-day,
May they recall your noble lives, in simple duties passed,
And hail this age in which you live as worthy of the last.

It is worth while to note that during the day, one life member (Mrs. John Sheldon of Greenfield) was added to the Association and Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown, gave notice of his intention to

join very soon.—There were present from Connecticut besides Dr. Arms of Norwich and Charles Dudley Warner and Stephen A. Hubbard of Hartford, Dr Alfred R. Goodrich of Vernon, Mrs. Mary Wright Davis and Miss Isham of Somers. Mrs. Davis made Mr. Sheldon happy by presenting to the Association an ancient English oaken chest, which survived the burning and plunder when the town was burned by the Indians. The chest has been handed down in the Wright family to which Mrs. Davis belonged. Letters regretting their absence were received from W. W. Wright, Geneva, N. Y.; Henry Childs, Buffalo, N. Y.; Walter T. Avery, New York City; Charles Deane and Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts Historical Society; Wm. B. Trask of Dorchester; Bishop John Williams of Connecticut; Rev. Robert Collyer, New York City; T. M. Lamb, Worcester; S. P. Allen, Geneseo, N. Y.; Henry W. Taft, Pittsfield; James K. Hosmer, St. Louis; Rev. P. W. Lyman, Belchertown; John Albee, Newcastle, N. H.; Henry F. Waters, Salem; Daniel Denison Slade, Chestnut Hill.

POEM BY MRS. CORNELIA ALLEN SMITH OF PHILADELPHIA.

Old houses, whose walls are downfallen,
Whose hearth-stones are crumbling away,
We gather your time-honored relics—
Memorials—round us to-day!—
The old houses under the elm trees,
So silent in sun and in shade,
Along whose faint covered pathway
The children once merrily played!

I see the quaint windows wide open,
Doors wide thrown to welcome the sun,
But the faces of all the dear children
Are no longer there; one by one
They grew up from boyhood and girlhood,
Like flowers 'mid the shocks and the sheaves,
But now they are quietly sleeping
Beneath the bright Autumn-hued leaves.

The birds sing amid the wide branches,
And sweet is their bonny, blithe tone;
But the voices of Deerfield's young children
Re-echo in dreamland alone!
A century gone since their faces—
Smiled bright as your own smile to-day,
While we gather these time-honored relics
From homes near and homes far away.

The old clock shall stand in its corner,
Its fingers still point out the time,
Tho' the eyes that once watched it have opened
In Eternity's goldener clime!
The table and chairs offer welcome
To all who come in at the door,
Tho' the feet that used once to approach it
May never come back any more!

On these shelves are the books o'er whose pages
Our grandsires once poured in delight;
Here's the wheel where grandmother sat spinning
In the hush of the tender twilight:
The books are shut close, and those fingers
Will open their pages no more;
Nevermore the dear grand-dame sit spinning
Beside the old wide-open door.

But we treasure those relics with gladness,
Tho' we ponder their meaning with pain,
And we wonder perhaps, if a century
Hence there will gather again
Men and women, to talk of our doings
And treasure the words that we said,
Tho' we shall sleep under the daisies
In the quaint village-yard of the dead!

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

BY REV. JOHN F. MOORS, D. D.

It is the fashion in our day to disparage the past, to think and speak of it in terms of contempt, as though it had nothing worthy of respect and honor. The symbolic figure of the present age is a youth just escaped from the tutorage of home and school, with an eager and excited look, with hurrying feet pressing on as in a race to reach some distant future goal. He wants to forget the past, the early home that sheltered him, the rude country ways of his parents; he looks forward with unhesitating hope and confidence to the future. The discoveries, the inventions, the improvements of the present age have intoxicated and bewildered us. We think life could not have been worth living before railroads and cooking stoves, telegraphs and friction matches. How dull life must have been, we say, when there was not a piano in town, nor a daily paper, and the house was lighted with a tallow candle or a pine knot! How slow when oxen drew the load, and the mail came but once a week, and the women

spun the wool from the flocks the men had reared for their own garments and those of the household. We are glad we did not live in those dull, slow times. We are glad to forget those days. I speak not of the remote past "when Adam delved and Eve spun," when man contended single handed with the elements and won a hard existence by the sweat of his face, but I speak of the past only so remote as the early settlement of our country, the period previous to the National Independence. Our "Old times" ended then.

Mr. Sheldon ought to look with well deserved contempt on anything later than July 4th, 1776. Only that of a date earlier than this should have an honored place in Memorial Hall. The society has done well to chose its president on this basis.

The new age for us dates from the fourth of July, 1776.

We are accustomed to think that life must have been very hard and rough in those "old times." We are glad to have escaped it. We say joyfully "Let the dead past bury its dead." It is gone, good riddance to it. Until within a very few years we were all impatient to be rid of all memorials of the life of our fathers. Their houses must be torn down or rebuilt to make way for modern improvements, and in reconstructing we must get as far as possible from their pattern. In contrast to their big chimneys constructed to use as much material as possible, we built our chimneys as small as we could and have them stand. For their broad and generous fire-place made to devour the forest but furnishing heat and light and shedding a healthful and cheerful glow to all who entered the house, we substituted that abomination of modern times, the air-tight stove, which saved fuel but multiplied funerals. Our women have substituted silks for woolens but have sacrificed not a little of that simplicity which is woman's best adornment. We hear the sound of the piano where our grandparents heard the spinning-wheel, but the spinning-wheel was not without its music to the ear of the bashful swain approaching the house with thoughts divided between love and thrift, and as he listened to the industrious hum within, love and thrift united to say "that is the girl for me." The modern farmer goes out proudly in the morning to his field, seated in his comfortable chair, while his well fed horses drag his mowing machine through

the rich clover and timothy, and after awhile without any occasion to wipe the sweat from his brow, or to spur his exhausted energies with a glass of grog, he mounts another machine, which is a cross of spiders' legs and grasshoppers' and spreads his new mown grass; then, after a long rest, while the sun makes his hay, in the afternoon he mounts another machine and the faithful horse rakes it into wind-rows, loads it upon the wain and lifts it to the mow in the barn. It is all very convenient and easy and improved. But it is not half so poetical as the vision that rises before my mind, when seven men, led by my father, the champion among mowers,—I don't care how you spell it,—struck out with their scythes glistening like the dew, into the broad fields with a measured and uniform swing which was music to the eye, as the whetting of the scythe was to the ear. The modern reaper, the pride of our improved age, is a great, clumsy, dirty monster, wasting the field, compared with the sight I recall when I helped to carry drink, and pretty strong drink it was, to the thirsty men who bent their backs in my father's rye field, with the old fashioned sickles. There was poetry in those old times!

But I have got them a little mixed; I said they were the times before the revolution and am describing them as the times of my boyhood. But no matter. It would only make me 120 years old, a score or two years younger than your venerable president.

I say there was poetry in the old times before modern improvements had come into existence. Poetry under the hard shell of pioneer life. Yes, and there was fun in it, too. There was youth and hope and jollity then as now. The sports of those days partook of the rude and practical nature of the times. If there was not the German and the dizzy waltz, which could be abolished to-day, without any loss to morals, there was the husking bee, not to be despised, when all the people in the neighborhood came together in the early afternoon and gathered round the great heaps of gathered golden corn. Of course age and natural affinities determined where each should sit, and who should sit by his side and what part of the pile he should assail. Of course the young people found it necessary that they should make the attack from the same point, and with a united effort. How

pleasantly the afternoon passed with the old people at one side of the heap, as they discussed the news of the neighborhood, the births and deaths, the crops and flocks, and possibly listened to some rumor of Indian outrage or rehearsed the story of what they had seen or suffered from their dark and treacherous neighbors. The parson's last Sunday sermon came in for discussion and was pronounced sound doctrine, and there was no complaint that its two hours length was too long. They did not even sustain the thought that the service ought to be omitted through August and that it was quite excusable to absent themselves through July and September as well, by reason of the heat. Solemn discourse was held on predestination and election, disturbed only by the peals of laughter that came from the other side of the heap, when the blushing maiden had found an ear as red as her own healthy cheek, and must pay the forfeit of a kiss from all the smart young beaus present. And then the supper at early twilight, not served on decorated china, but on substantial pewter plates. The viands solid, bountiful and hearty as were the appetites of the partakers, and the dance after the supper on the cleanly swept barn floor. All rude and rustic it would be to our eyes and ears, but it was hearty and genuine. The dragged and jaded devotee of fashion at Saratoga and Long Branch might well envy the naturalness and simplicity of the occasion. The quilting bees were occasions for boisterous fun and frolic. The raisings were a social entertainment to the men and boys. The training, the muster, gratified the love of excitement and the ambition for martial glory.

Human nature was the same then as now and found expression in essentially the same modes. Youth was as joyful and hopeful, age as calm and serene.

The girls did not read many novels, nor study fashion plates, but they read and studied the Bible, till its sacred pages were indelibly impressed on their memory. The men were not versed in the chicanery of modern politics, but they kept their wits sharp with ponderous discussions of free will and foreordination. If the current of life did not flow in as broad channels as now it was quite as deep. Life then as now was real and earnest.

I will not say that the former days were better than these,

I do not believe they were better. This year of grace, 1880, is the best year our planet has seen. It is the fruit or flower of all past years. All the good the past hath had remains to make our own time glad. It is no honor to the present to disparage the past; nor to overpraise it. It is not a sign that one has become wise, but that he is growing old, when he begins to croak over the degeneracy of the present age and see only signs of decay and ruin as compared with the good times of the past. But we cannot, we ought not to overlook nor forget the past. The fruit ripening in yonder orchard should not dishonor the roots that support the tree which have made the fruit possible.

In this busy, driving present, we are learning on every side our obligation to the past and are gathering new treasures from the vast store houses of antiquity. Explorations have been made in the Islands and on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, which are revealing secrets of the olden time which delight the hearts of modern scholars, and are throwing new light upon and investing with new interest ancient and classical literature and art. We are learning more about the Bible, and the Bible lands,—the environments of the people of Bible history, than it was possible for men to know half a century ago, and so we are investing the Bible with new interest and value. We are getting better acquainted with the antiquities of our own country, those of Central America for instance, than ever before. There is a revival of interest in the past and this Memorial Hall and this Association are among its signs and results. The old revolt against the past has gone. We no longer want to hide it out of sight. We recognize its beauty and venerate its sanctity. We have come to love that which is old. The old clocks, the old andirons, the old pots and kettles, are all the rage now. The garrets are ransacked for the adornment of the parlor. Happy the family that has a few pewter plates among its possessions.

Thirty-one years ago we tore down in this village the most historic house in this region. We made an effort to save it. We needed \$2600. We sent out an urgent appeal. We received promises of what we needed up to within \$2575, that is we had promises of \$25 towards saving it and then allowed it to be torn down. If it was standing to-day the whole country would unite to save it.

There is, I say, a noticeable reaction from the old neglect of and contempt for the past. Our Association has for its object to gather in and preserve all possible memorials of the days gone by. Everything that will shed light upon the ways of life which our fathers lived. Everything that will make their life real and present to us. Everything that will teach us to venerate their brave and heroic lives. It is due to them that we thus perpetuate the memory of their deeds. They sowed and we are reaping the harvest. They labored; we have entered into their labors. Theirs were lives of heroic endurance and sacrifice; ours of comparative ease and enjoyment. It is due them that we recall their sufferings and sacrifices, and we are enriched as we pause in the hurrying race and contemplate their lives of faith and trust, of patience and noble devotion to God and duty.

No place could be found more fit for the headquarters of such an Association as this than this venerable town of Old Deerfield, as we fondly and appropriately call her. The mother of towns, her children rise up and call her blessed. The very air we breathe is redolent of the past. Venerable associations gather round every hill and knoll and grassy plot. We can readily recall the time, especially if under the leadership of the President or Vice-president of this Association, when here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter—but I will not rob the boy in the Dickinson High School of his inalienable right to Charles Sprague's Declamation. We can, too, here readily recall the privations which our fathers endured when they made their home in this remote frontier settlement and their trials and sufferings. Certainly there is no village in all this region where this Association would be so much at home, so in accord with the spirit of the place as here in Old Deerfield; and no place here so appropriate for its purpose as a memorial building as this of the Old Deerfield Academy. It is old in itself, dating back to the last century, and strong, fittingly symbolizing those who built it.

It has witnessed many changes and seen and heard many things it would delight us to see and hear again. It has heard many words of counsel, help and guidance from the lips of wise and prudent teachers. It has echoed with many a mer-

ry peal of laughter and many a song of joy, as troops of merry school boys and girls have crowded its portals and halls. I am glad it was not torn down, as I once advised that its brick walls might be worked over into its modern successor. I am glad it is used for this memorial purpose. Perhaps it was with an eye to the fitness of things that your president asked me as a jack-at-a-pinch in case President Bishop did not come to say something to-day. For in spite of some recent experiences I am one of the trustees still of Deerfield Academy, long the oldest trustee, not having served ever since the building was built in 1797, as some of you may think, but only since August, 1846.

Friends of the Association, I congratulate you on the achievement of your long cherished plan to secure a local habitation. I congratulate you on the large measure of success you have already attained; on the best library of old books in the region; on the large collection of articles of interest not merely as relics but as material of history. I trust that the beginning you have made is but an augury of future success.

The exercises were concluded with a

SONG BY REV. JOHN B. GREEN.

Should ancient customs be forgot,
Your father's deeds and mine?
Should blank oblivion be the lot
Of those who lived lang syne?

CHORUS:

Who lived lang syne, and here,
Who lived lang syne—
We'll cherish dear their memory yet
For auld lang-syne.

With manly hearts they fought with fate,
And comforts had but few;
And built in faith, with souls elate,
Much better than they knew.

The early days, old-fashioned ways,
And things they had lang syne,
We treasure here above all praise,
And count them most divine.

Then rescue from the dust of years,
And from the tooth of Time,
The deeds they wrought, in toil and tears,
Who labored here lang syne.

Let others boast their wealth of gold,
Their acres broad and fine,
We boast of mothers, good and true,
Who lived and loved lang syne.

Then to ourselves, and them, be true,
Who trusted Love Divine;
And faithful fight the battle through,
As they did here lang syne.

ANNUAL MEETING—1881.

REPORT.

The annual meeting was held, Tuesday, February 22. First came the business meeting. George Sheldon as Cabinet-keeper reported that the number of contributions for the year had been large; 563 bound volumes, 137 pamphlets with hundreds of newspapers, old manuscripts, etc., having been added to the Library, and 501 articles to the miscellaneous collection. The whole collection came from 418 persons, hailing from 11 States and 71 cities and towns. During the year there were 1,113 visitors to the institution who registered, and many more who failed to leave their names. The tenement in the rear of the exhibition building has been fitted up at an expense of \$189.64; shelving and improvements in the Hall during the year have cost \$53.71. The total expenditure on the building to date has been \$1,709.48. The report of the Secretary showed that Henry Childs of Buffalo, Mrs. E. W. Stebbins of Deerfield, Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, had become life Councilors; Jonathan Johnson had been voted to a similar position by the Association as a testimonial of its appreciation of his contribution towards a fine collection of Indian relics. In all there were 131 members of the Association. The Treasurer's report showed that the total expenditures during the year were \$613.52, mostly paid out for repairs, and the total receipts \$635.06, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$21.54.

After the reports, which were all accepted and placed on file, officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, George Sheldon; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Henry Childs of Buffalo, N. Y.; Secretary and Treasurer, Nathl. Hitchcock; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford; Councilors, Henry W. Taft of Pittsfield, Rev. P. V. Finch, Chauncey Bryant, Francis M. Thompson, Frank J. Pratt, John Sheldon of Greenfield, James Smith of Whately, Rev. W. S. Hawkes of South Hadley Falls, Elisha Wells, Robt. Childs, Chas. Jones, Dr. R. N. Porter, Albert Stebbins of Deerfield and Josiah D. Canning of Gill.

At the evening meeting after refreshments President Sheldon called the assembly to order and announced a selection from the choir. Singing is always a feature of these anniversary meetings and the vocalists have come to know pretty well what is required of

them. The old fashioned songs are sung with the vim of other days. The President gave a brief sketch of the Wright family, and said that years ago Westwood Cook Wright emigrated from Deerfield to western New York. One of his descendants, Hon. William Westwood Wright of Geneva, N. Y., was present and would address the audience. Josiah D. Canning of Gill read an original poem.

Following the poem Miss C. Alice Baker, a lady not unknown to a Deerfield audience and always welcomed, was introduced. She began by saying that she had been announced to give an historical sketch of Gov. Endicot, Roger Conant and "Admiral" John Smith, but she could not hope in one evening to be just to them all, nor was she prepared to say aught of any of them. She hoped, however, in the future to have something to present concerning them. What she had brought for this evening was a package of old love letters. Two hundred years have passed since the flame that inspired them burned and the speaker said she felt no guilt in making them public. The letters were in the collection of books and manuscripts of Rev. Thomas Prince bequeathed to the Old South Church and stored in the loft of the building at the time the British used it for a riding park for their dragoons. Somehow these letters escaped destruction. They were written by Rev. Richard Bourne of Sandwich to Mrs. Ruth Winslow. They began when the flame burned low and continued as it increased. None of her letters were read, but from his it was evident that she was somewhat coy and he very earnest. Finally he won his suit, the widow consenting to become his. The audience seemed quite taken up with the Reverend lover's recital of his devotion and cheered loudly when his success became evident. After these letters, Rev. J. P. Watson read a poem of some two hundred lines written in hexameter, on certain reminiscences of Cape Cod, and President Sheldon announced the exercises completed.

NEW ENGLAND SETTLERS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

BY HON. WILLIAM WESTWOOD WRIGHT.

At just about the commencement of the present century the population of this valley would seem to have been greatly influenced with the spirit of emigration and a sudden determination to go West. The surviving soldiers of the Revolution, to which all families here and hereabouts had contributed about every member liable to military duty, had returned. Many of these soldiers had participated in the campaign of Schuyler and Gates in resisting and finally over-

throwing the British power in New York, which had attempted to concentrate its armies from New York city on the south and Canada on the north, at the confluence of the Hudson and Mohawk, and to reduce the cities, villages, hamlets and sturdy yeomanry, which had populated these regions for a century or more, and to crush out the spirit of independence which prevailed almost universally. This population, together with the people entertaining the same political views inhabiting the lower countries of the Hudson and Long Island, then constituted all there was of the colony of New York.

The Revolutionary struggle had thoroughly fused the singular variety of nationalities thrown together north and west of Albany, as well as in the lower counties. There were Hollanders, whose ancestors, under the New Netherland Government, had originally settled and for many years held dominion in the colony. There were Germans everywhere, there were English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh—in short, there was no civilized country on the globe not represented, and the natives of New England were to be found in every nook and corner of the settlements. In certain towns, cities and counties each of these nationalities preponderated at times, but there was always a leaven of the Yankee element, whoever held sway. The country seemed to have a peculiar charm for the New England soldiers, and such of them as survived and returned to their old homes, after peace was declared and the republic was permanently established, did so with a romantic desire to eventually get back to this land of promise. Many of these soldiers had seen service in the bitter partisan warfare of the Mohawk valley where there was a considerable element, and formidable tribes of hostile Indians, and not a few of them had marched to the fortifications at Fort Schuyler (now Utica), Fort Stanwix (now Rome) and thence to Oswego and Niagara. These soldiers had enjoyed an experience which made them all heroes at home and almost as great objects of curiosity as Dr. Livingston or Stanley would have been at this day if they had come among us, after their travels in Africa. They could add to the stories of their bloody fights with the British and their allies, the Tories and Indians, their vivid description of the wonderful country, stretching away for hundreds of miles

beyond the settlements which existed at the close of the Revolution. They found their listeners intensely interested, and many of them determined to cast their lot with those who were availing themselves of the manifest advantages offered by this new and fertile State. With the immense reduction in time, expense and hardships of a journey "to the West," with which this generation has become familiar, it is difficult to have a due appreciation of what such a journey meant at the close of the last century and for many years afterwards. Let me for one moment speak of the completion of water communication between the Hudson and the western lakes and the river St. Lawrence now—quite half a century ago. This achievement of Clinton brought most men to the conclusion that nothing further in the way of reducing the cost of transportation or accomplishing "rapid transit" was likely to occur in their day, if indeed it was safe or desirable. But our wonderful railway system followed close upon the heels of improvements upon the water, and each year demonstrates such remarkable progress in the economy of the movements of caravans of men, and the transportation of produce and merchandise and live stock over the Rocky Mountains, through the vast prairies of the West and the valleys of our great rivers, that it is hardly safe for us to predict that those who are to come after us in the next half century will not see as great changes as we have witnessed.

At the period of which we are now speaking, the pilgrims of Deerfield and the valley of the Connecticut above Springfield found that a journey beyond the Hudson, with the incumbrance of a family and those household utensils which could hardly be procured (if at all) at an expense suited to their means in the new country, was a most formidable undertaking, involving great hardships and suffering, many days' time and no inconsiderable expenditure of money.

In fact few of the emigrants who moved westward before the beginning of the present century fixed their destination farther than Herkimer and the neighboring stations, which during the Revolution and for some years thereafter were the "border settlements."

The few white men to be found in the region beyond Fort Stanwix from 1785 to '90 had made little progress in cutting away the primitive forests and developing those features

of wealth and beauty for which that country has long been celebrated. Nearly the whole of central western New York was then inhabited by the most powerful and warlike tribes of Indians ever existing on this continent, and many of them had joined the British and Tories during the Revolution and subjected the devoted colonists of New York and the border counties of Pennsylvania to all the horrible atrocities of Indian warfare. Those who were born and bred at Deerfield knew much of the Indians and their mode of warfare, though they seldom or never met the remnants of the once powerful New England tribes, in their day. But the remarkable experience and suffering from Indian wars of their native town had come to their knowledge from tradition, even before they could read it in history. They were disinclined to settle among such neighbors until peaceful relations with them could be assured. It will be remembered that during all the years of the Revolution these New York tribes were still troublesome, and until the general Government sent the famous Sullivan expedition into the heart of the Indian country, inflicting a terrible vengeance upon them, with slight regard to age or sex. They were, in fact, almost exterminated, or met with a worse fate through the destruction of their habitations and crops. And yet it was about twenty years after this event before the tide of emigration from New England to central and western New York fairly set in, for these people had inherited a settled distrust of Indian professions of friendship. They meant to be certain that the red man had not the power to do them harm. When emigration had commenced the people of this valley were found in the vanguard. Whole families of Deerfield, including two and three generations, joined the masses which were moving towards the setting sun. They crossed the Hudson at Albany (there was no Troy then; it was Vanderheyden's Ferry, consisting of one frame house), and passed up the valley of the Mohawk. At Utica or Whitestown they spread out in three grand divisions, the center moving directly west, the southern seeking the waters of the Susquehanna and the Alleghany, and the northern wing making for the tributaries of lake Ontario and the river St. Lawrence. It would seem that for some reason, which can hardly be divined now, the Deerfield people generally chose the north-

ern direction. They largely preponderated in the first settlements of the southern towns of Jefferson county, particularly in the fertile valley of the great Sandy Creek. At a later period these emigrants were reinforced by Yankees from all the New England States and not a few from the "district of Maine." For we must not forget that in the time of which I speak the State of Maine, now so distinguished in the business and political world, was only a district of Massachusetts. A considerable number of German families came from the Mohawk, and hence some of our men from Deerfield soon found themselves in possession of wives of that race, as the names of Doxtater and Hess will attest. Of course as the country became populated and hamlets grew into villages and villages into cities, the accession of that variety of nationalities which had characterized the earlier settlements of the colony of New York changed this people and it lost to some extent its distinctive New England character. But these Deerfield people did not forget to bring with them their religion nor their politics nor any of the cardinal virtues which had distinguished their race in past generations. All these they thoroughly impressed upon the population of the region of New York which they had chosen for their new homes. These emigrants were not generally liberally educated people. Few of them belonged to the learned professions, yet none of them lacked what was termed a fair business education, sufficient for the avocations of farmers or mechanics and merchants, and all of them were industrious and thoughtful readers of the current events of the day. Nothing escaped their notice in the religious world, nor in politics nor in business. They had the inbred Puritan sentiment in favor of universal education, and the fact that they had enjoyed but limited facilities in the schools of their boyhood only redoubled their zeal to provide more liberally for their children. If there were any exceptions among them in this view of the importance of schools and education, it was found with those who had themselves been liberally educated, but had been unsuccessful in accumulating wealth. Such people would often deplore having attained a knowledge of books, while they had failed to learn what many of their illiterate neighbors possessed, *viz.*, the ability to get a good living. In the family circle, in the con-

stant intercourse of neighbors, and in all social and business gatherings, the one never-forgotten and never-failing theme of conversation and discussion was the history, the laws, the religion, the character and sometimes the politics of the people they had left behind.

The sentiment was one of universal profound admiration and reverence for this people and all which related to them ; and yet, having been weaned from the land of their nativity, and having recovered from inevitable homesickness, they had too much of genuine Yankee pluck to express any desire to retrace their steps, even if it lingered in their breasts. Their primary object seems to have been to transplant in this New England the institutions on which they placed so high a value, while they hoped at the same time to acquire property by their industry and frugality—characteristic of their race—and in the appreciation in values sure to follow in this beautiful and fertile land. And if they should amass wealth it was their leading idea to use it liberally in establishing and nourishing those institutions of learning whose benefits had come to few of them in their early days. Unlike their forefathers, they did not emigrate to secure civil and religious liberties. These they had at home ; but they hoped to perpetuate this priceless boon in their western homes, while advancing their pecuniary interests and, as they expressed it, “while growing up with the country.” The remarkable mingling of races in the early settlement of New York was substantially repeated in peopling the newer regions west of the Mohawk valley. While many counties were largely settled from New England originally, they received constant accessions from the eastern portions of the State, and from all the countries of Europe, whose people came simultaneously with recruits from New England and thus assimilated the population very nearly to that of the original counties.

But what an experience have these men had in that seventy or eighty years ! Then it was a ten days’ journey to their new homes ; now they can accomplish the distance between breakfast and tea. Then there was no agricultural implement capable of cutting the grain of their broad acres more rapidly or cheaply than the sickle ; now a pair of horses with one machine will perform the service of more than twenty-

five of those human reapers and binders. Then it was the work of a long winter to thresh the grain which now a little steam engine will dispose of in a day. Then it took the mail a week or more to carry tidings to the friends left behind, and another week to get a response; now they can send and receive messages containing the most important events in business and family matters, substituting minutes for days. It is pleasant to remember that many of our forefathers and their contemporaries lived to witness much of these wonderful changes in time and travel and transportation and the economy of production. Scarcely inferior to these are the improvements in mechanical and labor saving machinery, including the power loom. When these pilgrims left their native valley they knew only of the homespun woollens for winter wear and the linens and tow cloths for summer, and they took along with them the hand looms by which these cloths were woven, and in their new homes they built and operated carding machines, fulling mills, coloring establishments and the departments necessary to finish these goods for use. One skillful artisan who had thoroughly learned this trade in western New York was afterwards called to the Presidency of the United States, and his name ranks high among the statesmen who have held that position in recent years. But Massachusetts led off in establishing those enormous factories whose marvellous productions were destined to teach her own citizens, as well as those she had supplied in other States, that they could no longer afford to produce these cloths of inferior quality by the old and laborious process.

When railroads came into use, the barley, the dairy products, the splendid horses and fine cattle of Jefferson county found a ready market in the East, and the labor spent in producing them got a much richer return than in the slow and tedious production of homespun cloths; and hence an industry which once was found in every farmer's house and log cabin, from Massachusetts to the western prairies, has ceased to exist. Following in the footsteps of the mother state, the citizens of northern New York embarked in manufacturing at a very early day. They utilized the rapids of the Black River, a stream scarcely inferior to the Merrimac, and supplied that then isolated region with woollen and cotton fab-

rics. At a little later period the Genesee Falls at Rochester, the numerous waterfalls in the outlets of that beautiful chain of internal lakes in New York, draining a territory equal to more than half the area of Massachusetts, and forming the Oswego River, were likewise utilized for manufacturing these fabrics, as well as making flour from the generous yield of wheat in western New York, for export to the large cities of the East and to the manufacturing districts of New England. While manufacturing in this new region did not prove such a decided success as to supersede other industries, as in New England, it frequently paid stockholders fairly, and there is still a good deal of capital profitably invested in this business in the larger towns of that country. But the only formidable competition in the manufacture of woolen and cotton fabrics for the market of the world New England has encountered in New York, may be found in the thriving city of Cohoes, where the entire Mohawk River, near its confluence with the Hudson, and with a fall of more than a hundred feet, furnishes the power; and in several populous villages built up on the other tributaries of the Hudson on either bank down to a point within sixty miles of New York city, and at a more recent period in several mammoth establishments propelled by steam in the larger cities of interior New York. It is, however, a fact which can be easily accounted for, that in almost every case the successful managers of these great interests acquired their trade or education in New England.

Of the pioneers who cut away the primitive forests and built up the towns in western New York, a majority came originally from New England, but often immediately from such counties, as Rensselaer, Columbia, Albany and Saratoga, and the settled portions of the Mohawk valley. Yankee emigrants bound west seldom go to the objective point at once, but generally manage to find a sort of half-way house, where they stop over for a few years, and then push on to their final destination. Only about fifteen years ago "Pike's Peak" and other of the Rocky Mountain regions were full of people born in Massachusetts and other eastern states, but a large portion of them had gained a residence in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, and came last from these western states. It was much the same in earlier days. Emigra-

tion first went from Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts to portions of Vermont, and to the border counties of New York, but never became settled and permanent till it had reached the more fertile regions of the interior of that great State.

POEM BY J. D. CANNING.

None may the future read correctly. True,
A chosen few whom Heaven endows with sight
Beyond their fellows,—a prescience rare,—
May, peering through the veil that drops before,
Discern in part that which the years will bring.
But few, indeed, are these; and even they
See as one sees in visions of the night,
By vague, uncertain, half-revealing light,
And more like dreaming does their vision seem.

Such were the prophets and the bards of old.
Such

“He, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon’s doom pronounced by God’s command.”
Such is the real statesman, seen but once
Amongst a generation’s mighty hosts,
Who, from the ship of state can look ahead
And note the dangers that beset her course,
And lift the warning voice, and point the way
To peaceful seas through danger’s wrecking shoals.
And such, in part, are those whose judgment clear
Anticipates the future by their acts
And calmly bide Time’s day to ratify.

But we the Present have; and we the Past
May seize upon and hold, if we are wise.
If, in our private lives we may have stepped
To the oblique from rectitude’s straight march,
It but remains for us to compensate
By better course of conduct; but we may,
By action which inspires Pocumtuck’s sons,
In a broad sense the shrouded Past restore,
And give ourselves and public life to come
Proofs tangible, and undisputed facts
Of matters, manners, men and things that were,
And which Oblivion would surely hide.
From his deep grave no resurrection springs.

So, customs of our own, our implements,
Our civil rules, our business methods,—all
That makes and moves the living man to-day,
A hundred decades hence may be to those
Then on the fields which we now occupy,

Objects of interest great, and wonder, too.

Then may the Future say: Those people had
Some knowledge of the way things should be done;
Their search for learning of the hidden powers,
Cloistered in Nature's store-house, did them good,
And in their life's economy did aid,
Till they their antecedents far outrun.

Then may our arts, and all our fine machines,
That show intelligence, almost, in work;
Our various uses of expansive steam;
And of the subtle lightnings we've evoked
And tamed for use;—our wondrous telephone;
Voices of music, speeches, sermons canned
And stored away, as thrifty housewives do
Their choice confections; these, and like thereto,
Which are our scientific pride and boast,
May to the future man seem tame compared
With his superior skill and methods new.

May be some other relics from our day:—
Ascension robes from Miller's pattern cut ;
The deft contrivance that up-conjures ghosts,—
Things of that ilk, too numerous to name,
May waken interest and elicit smiles.

Then may discoursings of our friends to-day
Be read and heard with double interest;
(If that were possible),—a brilliant page
In records running back a thousand years.
Perhaps a lock of our Grand Master's beard,
Saved in a shell of most translucent pearl,
May be a shrine of gratefulest regard
Of one whose aim and spring of action were
To fix the Present and restore the Past,
And whose devotion and most thoughtful care
Filled up for them the lamp of by-gone days.

Are we mistaken? Has our fond regard
For human progress warped our mental view
Of the great Future? Can it come to pass
That when a few more wonders of our time,
Marvels of science and of art, are found,
Till we become as gods in knowledges,—
A mighty, jealous power shall supervene,
Revulsion, revolution dire occur;
Forgetfulness, impenetrable gloom,
Blotting the brilliant science of the age,
Shall fall on man and cast his status back
To Babel's lost, disintegrated base?
Forbid it, Power Supreme! Amen. Amen.

ANNUAL MEETING—1882.

REPORT.

The meeting of February 28th was called to order by President George Sheldon and the room was nearly filled with disciples in the cause. The President as Curator of the institution made a report showing the prosperous condition of the Association and telling what is proposed to be done in the future. In the centre room, second story, it is designed to place memorial tablets, devoted to the memories of the slain at the sack of the old town in 1704. Indeed, preparations have already been made for this work. The tablets are to be of marble, a large one occupying the central position and giving a brief account of the sacking of the town. As for the other tablets descendants of the slain will be invited to contribute them for the collection. Some have already offered to do so and it will not be long before there will be borne upon that northern wall the impressive story of a memorable night in February, 1704. The report of the Treasurer showed that the liabilities of the Association are \$278 and the cash in hand \$82.94, while there is due from the New Haven and Northampton R. R. Company, according to the award, \$400. George A. Arms and Charles Jones were made a committee with power to convey the land taken by this company and it is expected that a settlement will be effected at once. Among the receipts of the year was \$100 given by George A. Arms, in consideration of which he was voted a life councilor, making the fifth bearing this honor. There are also 34 life members who have paid \$25 each and 134 members who have paid the regular fee of \$3 each. Four have died during the year—Seneca Arms of Troy, N. Y., John J. Richardson of Greenfield, Mrs. Susan Stearns Sheldon and William Sheldon of Deerfield. The following is a list of the officers chosen for the ensuing year: George Sheldon, President; Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown and Henry Childs of Buffalo, N. Y., Vice-Presidents; Nathaniel Hitchcock, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Corresponding Secretary; Rev. Robert Crawford, Charles E. Williams, Charles Jones, Zeri Smith, Philo Munn and Robert Childs, Deerfield, Rev. P. V. Finch, George A. Arms, Mrs. Sarah C. Rice and Samuel O. Lamb, Greenfield, Silas G. Hubbard, Hatfield, Mrs. Julia N. Ryerson, New York, James S. Reed,

Marion, O., Otis Arms, Bellows Falls, Vt., and Col. Roger H. Leavitt, Charlemont, Councilors.

The evening programme was quite a long and interesting one. The chief paper was by Rev. John Stebbins Lee, D. D., of Canton, N. Y., the subject being "Colonel John Hawks." The writer was unable to be present and the sketch was read by Miss Nellie Hawks of Greenfield, a descendant of the valiant Colonel.

F. M. Thompson, Esq., of Greenfield read a short account of the "Dorrellites," a sect that flourished in Leyden hard on to a hundred years ago. Another paper was read by Rev. W. S. Hawks of South Hadley upon "Heredity as illustrated in the History of the Connecticut Valley Churches." A most agreeable part of the programme was the reading by Miss C. Alice Baker of a number of old letters, some of them written by Gov. Winthrop to his wife 200 years ago. Miss Baker characterized them as models and they certainly breathed a spirit of pure devotion and love. Other speakers were Dea. Phineas Field, Jonathan Johnson and Jesse L. Delano. The latter presented the Association a mail bag used when the mails came to Greenfield by way of Amherst—a valuable old relic in very good condition. Mr. Field also sang a portion of a poem written by his father, and was loudly applauded. An ode written by George B. Bartlett of Concord, was read by Miss C. Alice Baker; and Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels, now in Texas, contributed a poem which was read by Rev. Mr. Buckingham.

SKETCH OF COL. JOHN HAWKES* OF DEERFIELD, MASS., 1707-1784.

BY JOHN STEBBINS LEE, D. D.

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N. Y.

In treating of the life and character of John Hawkes, it becomes necessary to speak briefly of the times in which he lived. He was a conspicuous figure in the French and Indian wars of the 18th century. He did not hesitate to do his duty fully and faithfully as a citizen and a soldier when circumstances made that duty plain.

He was not simply the product of his age. If an Arab or a Celt had occupied his place, he would not have accomplished what Col. Hawkes did. He had foresight, energy, grit, brav-

*Col. Hawks did not use an e in his name, nor do his descendants. [EDITOR.]

ery, which would have made him a man of note anywhere. Under no conditions would his life have been listless or feeble. While moulded somewhat by the stirring scenes that "tried men's souls," he carved out his own destiny and earned for himself an honorable name which his descendants proudly cherish. Individuality was a characteristic of the men of his time, and by this was he specially distinguished. Self-reliance, as defined by Emerson, was a prime quality of his nature, and the troublous times in which he lived tended only to develop more fully this quality.

John Hawkes was born in Deerfield, Dec. 5, 1707, and died in the same town June 24, 1784. He was the youngest of the seven children of Eleazer and Judith (Smead) Hawkes. Eleazer was the son of John Hawkes, who migrated from Lynn or Dorchester, Mass., to Windsor, Conn., a short time before the year 1640, and in 1659, on account of a dissension between Rev. Mr. Russell, the pastor of the church, and a portion of his congregation, he moved to Hadley, Mass., where he died in 1662. Eleazer and his brother John were Indian fighters, having been in the Falls fight under Turner and at Hatfield when the Indians made an attack upon it in 1675. Eleazer was born in Windsor, Dec. 20, 1655, and with his brother John moved to Deerfield, where he married, April 30, 1689, and became the father of ten children.

I can find no evidence that John, the grandfather of Col. Hawkes, was the son of Adam Hawkes, who came from England and settled in Lynn, Mass., in 1629, and took up 1000 acres of land there. The chronological records show that he could not have been his son. The records of Lynn were burned, and it is impossible now to ascertain what relationship, if any, existed between them. It is possible, yea, probable, that the elder John was a brother of Adam Hawkes. Adam had five sons, the second of whom bore the name of John, and this fact may have occasioned the mistake, he having been identified in name with the grandfather of Col. Hawkes. The frame of the house in which he spent his early days was erected in 1712, in Deerfield village. It is now owned by Christopher Stebbins.

There is no reliable evidence to connect the Hawkes family of this country with the celebrated Admiral Hawkes of the English navy, though the Admiral himself thought they

were connected. He was born in 1715 and died in 1781. He attained great distinction in the French and English wars of the 18th century. He was dismissed from service for disobedience of orders in the naval battle of Toulon in 1742, though he thereby captured the only vessel of the enemy which was taken in the fight, the Spanish Padre. But he was immediately restored to his command by the king, George II., who ever afterwards called him his "own Admiral." When the Admiral, in the line of his official duty was with his fleet lying at anchor in Boston harbor, (the year I cannot give) he sent to Deerfield requesting Col. Hawkes to come and see him, claiming him as his blood relation. Col. Hawkes did not go, but he ever afterwards regretted it, as he might have thereby gained some important information.

We have little knowledge of the early years of John Hawkes. He was brought up like the other children of that period. At the time of his birth Deerfield was a border town, having been settled in 1670—37 years before. Three years before he was born (1704) it had been taken and burned by the French and Indians, only one house* left standing, and many of the inhabitants, including an uncle and other relatives of his, having been killed or carried into captivity. The settlers felt that they were constantly in danger of being attacked by the ruthless savages. Hence they put themselves ever on the defensive. Necessity made every man a soldier and every woman a help-meet. With musket in hand the men went forth to their daily labors in the field and the shop, and on Sundays they carried their arms to the church, sometimes left them outside and sometimes piled them up in the middle aisle, while they worshiped God. They feared nothing but the Indian and the devil, and both of these they determined to keep at bay.

Few were the amusements of those days. The land was not over fertile except along the river-beds. It was hard to cultivate. The farming implements were awkward; the danger from the wild savages was great, and most of the farmer's time was needed to raise even the necessities of life. As Elliott in his *History of New England* says: "The

*Modern research proves this statement to be an error. See *Hist. of Deerfield*, Vol. I, p. 304. [EDITOR.]

meadow lands which lie along the New England rivers tempted the settlers away from Boston and Plymouth, where the ground is not fertile but sterile, and there through a century they cultivated their (Indian) corn, with hoe in one hand and musket in the other. Now and then the war-whoop startled them and a life was lost; but was not even this better than helpless poverty and spiritual starvation in England? So at least the Puritans thought." [Vol. I, 466.] They had little time to waste in idleness or in holidays. "God helps those who help themselves," was a doctrine practiced in New England; and however they prayed, they always worked. Through eight months in a year, no man or woman had time for amusements. Habits were thus fixed, and when the winter came, they were content to rest.

But the young would have some kind of amusement, even though it partook of the nature of work. As Dr. Bushnell says, their play was the hardest kind of work. They had not dances, theatres or midnight revelries, but they had their "raisings," their "spinning-bees" and their "husking bees," their "tea-parties," (generally, however, without the tea) at which gatherings gossip was very freely let loose, the characters of neighbors criticised, their foibles magnified, and probably some of their virtues extolled.

But everything was held in subordination to religion. The minister was the ruling power. All must bow to his behest. He held "the keys of heaven and hell." All must attend church as often as the Sabbath came around, or endanger their eternal salvation. The sacred day must be quietly and sternly kept. No person must be permitted to read a secular book, or a newspaper, to write a letter to a friend, make a call upon a neighbor, or do any work except what was absolutely indispensable, from Saturday sundown till the stars began to appear on Sunday eve. At home and in the church every one must appear to be religious whether in heart and life he really was so or not. While the church and home altar were not neglected, the school must be maintained, and every child must be kept in it long enough to obtain, at least, the rudiments of knowledge. But few, except those destined for the professions, could pursue their studies very far. Other interests were too pressing.

Such were the scenes upon which our young hero entered

at the beginning of the 18th century. His was a life of toil, hardship and privation. It was fitted to make brave, sturdy, heroic men, and such were the early settlers on the frontier lands during this period. John Hawkes was wanting in no one quality that characterized the people generally. He grew up to manhood, not knowing what was to be his special sphere of action, but prepared for any sphere which Providence might see fit to assign him.

Tradition represents him to have been a man of six feet and one inch in stature, muscular, yet of spare form, robust, full of vigor, with swarthy complexion, and large eyebrows, which turned up like a scroll, and when he was aroused, gave forth a fierce expression. He doubtless did his part in preparing the soil, putting in the seed, hoeing the corn, cutting the grass, reaping the grain and gathering in the autumnal crops that were to support his father's large family. Though the youngest of the family, he was not exempt from labor while growing up to manhood, but took the place of the older ones who married and left the paternal roof. We hear little of him until called into service and sent to the border towns to defend them from the murderous assaults of the savage foe. Certain incidents illustrating his early prowess in Indian warfare have come down to us, with how much credence I know not. I will relate one given me by a living descendant:

Hawkes was one of a party sent out to cut grass on the west side of Green River. A man was selected to go as a scout over the plain which extended to a high bluff. This man began to show signs of timidity. Hawkes said to him: "If you fear to go, I will take your place and you may remain behind and mow for me." The man readily assented. Hawkes mounted his spotted horse and ascended the bluff. The strange actions of his horse convinced him that Indians were near. Nothing daunted, he seized the reins with his left hand, took hold of the gun lock with his right hand, raised himself up to his full height, and thus rode all day, and saw no signs of the savage foe. One day, while a prisoner in Canada, an Indian came to him and told him that on that occasion he was concealed between two logs when Hawkes was riding by, and he did not shoot because he feared if he missed fire, that such a bold man as Hawkes

seemed to be, would certainly kill him, and he added, "Injun don't love to die any more than the white man!"

Hawkes's mother died when he was eleven years old, and his father when he was twenty. He married Elizabeth Nims, daughter of John Nims of Deerfield, December 10, 1730, when he had just passed his twenty-third year.

During the French and Indian war of 1744-49, he appears to be valiantly engaged in active service as a soldier and an officer. We hear of him as a sergeant, stationed at Fort Massachusetts, in the northwest part of the State, in the year 1746. On the 9th of May, he, being on a scout, jumped on a horse behind a mounted soldier, named Mills, for the purpose of crossing Hoosac River, near the fort, and when across, he put his hand upon Mills's shoulder to dismount, swinging Mills to the left and himself to the right. At that instant two Indians fired at them. Had it not been for this movement of Hawkes both would have been killed. A ball, however, hit Hawkes's elbow, which caused him to faint and fall. Mills rode in haste to the fort and reported him as dead. Hawkes, coming to his senses, discovered a strong Indian with uplifted tomahawk approaching him. He seized his gun, rested it on the wounded arm and pointed it at the Indian, who fled at once. He saw another Indian behind a tree attempting to load his gun. He pointed his gun at him also, and compelled him to drop the powder and dodge back into safer quarters. He went through the same manœuvre with the other Indian who had hid behind the bank. This was kept up for three-quarters of an hour, when Hawkes resolved to shoot one Indian and again quickly load his gun by putting a ball into his mouth, that after pouring in the powder he might more quickly drop it into the barrel. He changed his position to get a fair sight of one Indian, when he saw them both running away at full speed in opposite directions. He afterwards learned that when he was watching them behind their coverts, they asked for quarter. But he did not understand their language, and thus missed capturing them.

CAPTURE OF FORT MASSACHUSETTS.

In the following August occurred the great military exploit of his life, which earned for him the title given him by the historians—"the hero of Fort Massachusetts." Various accounts of this siege have come down to us, somewhat con-

flicting. We have the French as well as the English report, but that is so completely exaggerated that it can afford us little aid. From the different statements I will endeavor to sift out the truth, if possible.

This fort was built beyond the frontier lines of settlement in 1741, in order to guard against the passage of the enemy from Canada along Lake Champlain and across the country watered by the Hoosac and Deerfield rivers. After their passage had been blocked up by the forts at No. 4, (Charlestown) Brattleboro and others along the Connecticut river, the French and Indians sought to make their way from the northwest to the frontier settlements, and this, in turn, had been obstructed by the forts at Colrain, Heath and Hoosac. Fort Massachusetts was the extreme fortification on the west. The site of the fort is midway between Williamstown and North Adams. It was on a hill, marked by an elm tree, set out in 1857 by some students of Williams College to indicate the site. In 1746, it was in charge of Captain, afterwards Colonel Williams, who was the founder of Williams College. It was invested Aug. 20, 1746, by Gen. Rigaud de Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, with a force of 500 French and 300 Indians. Capt. Williams had left it in charge of Sergeant Hawkes, in order that he might join a projected expedition to Canada. A few days before, the garrison had been still further depleted by Dr. Thomas Williams and fourteen men being sent to Deerfield for ammunition and stores, so that only twenty-two men were left to defend the fort, and half of these were sick with "the bloody flux," as Chaplain Norton in his diary calls it. There were also in the fort three women and five children, making only thirty human beings in all.

The enemy gathered on the north side of the fort and summoned the commander to surrender. He declined, and prepared at once valiantly to "hold the fort." The enemy deployed and surrounded the fort, and rushed towards it for the purpose of taking it by assault. Hawkes gave orders to reserve fire until they had approached within twenty rods of the palisades, when, each soldier in the fort being a sharpshooter, brought down his man. Many of the enemy fell and their commander was wounded. They hastily retreated and sought refuge behind hillocks, trees, logs and bushes.

But whenever one appeared, he was sure to draw the fire of a sturdy marksman within the fort. Some were brought down at the distance of sixty rods. A bullet grazed Sergeant Hawkes's neck. At his request, one of the best marksmen rushes to the attic, kills the Indian who fired the bullet, and when he jumps down, he escapes amid a shower of bullets fired at him.

Night came on, and the enemy provided themselves with torches to set fire to the fort. But the activity and vigilance of the besieged thwarted their plans. Twenty-four hours passed away and the fort was not taken. At length the ammunition grew fearfully short and no hope of speedy succor remained. Capture by assault meant torture and death. Accordingly Hawkes entertained proposals for the surrender of the fort and obtained good terms, on paper. The French general promised the garrison "good quarter" if they would deliver up the fort. Hawkes took two hours to consider the matter. Thomas Knowlton had been fatally wounded while in the "watch box" in the corner of the fort. Only three or four rounds of powder and the same quantity of lead remained. Still the commander thought he could have held it even against this overwhelming force, if his men had all been in good health and he had had sufficient ammunition. For the space of twenty-eight hours he had kept the enemy at a distance and had killed or seriously wounded forty-seven of them. But stern necessity compelled the brave soldier to surrender. The terms, as given in Norton's "Redeemed Captive," were the following:

1. "That we should all be prisoners of war to the French, the general promising that the savages should have nothing to do with any of us.

- 2d. That the children should all live with their parents during the time of their captivity.

- 3d. That we should all have the privilege of being exchanged the first opportunity that presented."

Besides these particulars the general promised "that all the prisoners should have Christian care and charity exercised towards them; that those who were weak and unable to travel should be carried on their journey; that we should all be allowed to keep our clothing, and that we might leave a few lines to inform our friends what had become of us."

Surely these terms were fair and honorable, and reflected great credit on the humanity as well as the shrewdness of the brave commander of the little garrison. Upon these terms the gates were opened and the French general and a few of his officers entered the fort and set up their standard. But the Indians were incensed. They tore out the foundation wall of the fort, crawled into it, and opened the gates to their friends, like the forty Greeks, in the famous siege of Troy, who came into the city shut up in the body of the wooden horse, and thus captured it.

On seeing the blood of the slain soldier, they shouted and rushed towards the body, but they were for a brief time restrained by the French. Yet soon breaking through all restraint, they dragged the body out of the sentry-box beyond the limits of the fort, scalped it and cut off the arms and head. A young French soldier roasted one of the arms and tauntingly offered it to a prisoner. Another dressed the skin of the arm and made a tobacco pouch of it.

After plundering the fort and setting it on fire, the enemy started with their prisoners, on their long and toilsome journey through the dense forest, who were full of apprehension as to their future treatment and ultimate fate. Very soon after the capture, the general tried to induce the prisoners to consent to his delivering over a portion of them to the Indians; but they, knowing the horrors of Indian warfare, refused to change the terms of capture. But the Indians expressed their dissatisfaction so decidedly and threateningly that the French yielded and delivered half of the prisoners up to them. It is doubtful whether, as reported, any were murdered. They carried on stretchers the sick, the wounded and the children, and provided fresh food for all. Norton expresses his fear that Josiah Reed was murdered; but Drake says: "It is made clear after the return of the captives that he died of the malady. No captives were probably ever better treated under similar circumstances." He farther says: "The captives, even those with the Indians, acknowledged that they were generally kindly treated," "according to their manner," that is, the Indian mode of treatment. How far this kind treatment was due to the efforts of Sergeant Hawkes, we cannot now say, but there is reason for believing that he did much to alleviate the suffer-

ings of the prisoners during their long and painful march.

I need not follow in detail this captive band of men, women and children through the forest, down the lake and river to the St. Lawrence and across to Montreal, thence down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. It was more than a month before they all arrived at this city, where they were left as prisoners of war for nearly a year. With the bare ground for their bed at night, marching along rough paths by day, sick, wounded, women and children together, attended by soldiers and savages who had no regard for the amenities of civilized life, it is marvelous that so many escaped with their lives. Some of them reached Montreal, Sept. 10, and in two days they set sail for Quebec, where they arrived Sept. 15. Twenty-three of them are reported as having entered the prison, where a remnant of them remained till July 27, 1747. Most of these found their way back to New England, some through the wilderness, some by way of the West Indies, and some by way of France. The remaining portion, including Sergeant Hawkes, having been redeemed, embarked in a ship, *Vierge de Grace*, which the Governor sent to Boston with a flag of truce, where it arrived with the survivors, Aug. 16, 1747. Half the soldiers and some of the women and children died before the forlorn and depleted band reached their homes. Sergeant Hawkes, in a sworn statement, gave the names and residences of the soldiers and their fate, as far as they could be ascertained. These names are, for the most part, identical with those of families now existing, as Smead, Scott, Warren, Reed, Hitchcock, Shepard, Perry, Bridgman, Simmons, Norton, Aldrich, Forbush. They came from different parts of Massachusetts.

Rev. John Norton, chaplain of the line of western forts, went to Fort Massachusetts five days before it was attacked, was captured with the garrison and carried to Quebec. He kept a journal of the events connected with the capture of the fort, the journey to Canada and the life in prison, which was published. In this we find many interesting details of the expedition, but in too many cases of what would be of interest to us, he has left our imagination to fill out the picture.

The French account sheds some light upon it. It puts the number of the force at 400 French and 300 Indians, while

other accounts make the whole force 800 or 900. When it states the French loss to be only one man killed and twelve wounded, it evidently designs to misrepresent, though this possibly excludes the Indian loss. It acknowledges that Vaudreuil was wounded. I do not know whether the traditional story about Hawkes's ducking the Indian in the pond while the latter was drinking, and afterwards being threatened by him and fleeing to his Indian master for protection, who was delighted with this mark of confidence bestowed upon him, is reliable or not. Other incidents are related of him, all of which serve to illustrate his boldness and daring.

JOURNEY TO CANADA.

After his return from captivity, Sergeant Hawkes was not permitted long to remain idle. He was soon put in command of the fort in Northfield. The following winter he received a commission from Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts to proceed to Canada for the exchange of prisoners. On the 8th of February, 1748, accompanied by Matthew Clesson and John Taylor, he started with Lieut. Pierre Raimbout,* a young French soldier, who had been taken prisoner on the lower Ashuelot river the preceding autumn, and who agreed to secure the liberation of two New England men in exchange for himself. The ground was covered with snow, the weather was cold, and a journey of 300 miles through an unbroken forest on snow-shoes, would seem to us appalling. But nothing daunted him, specially when he remembered that he was going on an errand of humanity. Each man was furnished with 60 pounds of provisions, which consisted chiefly of stewed peas, thickened with flour and dried. Their camp at night was made by clearing away the snow, throwing in spruce or hemlock boughs, spreading their army blankets on the boughs, and covering themselves with another blanket. Their fire was lighted by steel, flint and punk. Their route extended up the Connecticut river to No. 4, or Charlestown, thence across the State of Vermont by the way of the Black river, over the Green Mountains, down the Otter creek to Lake Champlain, on the ice of the lake and the river Sorel to Montreal. A small party from the fort at Charlestown accom-

*Now ascertained to be Pierre Raimbault St. Blein. [EDITOR.]

panied them on their first day's march across Connecticut river. Among these was John Stark, a youth of 18, who afterwards became the celebrated Gen. Stark. That night they encamped on the side of the mountain, which was from this circumstance called Hawks Mountain, a name it still bears. Along most of the route they had no road, only an Indian path, and no guide but the rivers and pocket compasses.

At Montreal Lieut. Raimbout was delivered to the French commander, and young Allen was sought in exchange. He had been taken in a skirmish at "the Bars" in Deerfield, August 26, 1746, and placed among the Indians, with whom he had imbibed an ardent love for their mode of life. Hoyt says: "When brought into the presence of Col. Hawks, he, with reluctance, acknowledged that he recognized him, though he was his uncle, [and had been in captivity only 18 months] and had been well known to him in Deerfield, nor would he converse in English. Various means were used to dissuade him from his strange predilection, but all without effect; and his obstinacy was conquered only by threats and force. Nor did his Indian attachments cease in his old age, and he often declared that the Indian mode of life was the most happy."—*Antiquarian Researches.*

But Hawkes had a still severer task in securing the exchange of Nathan Blake, who had been taken in the attack on Keene, (Upper Ashuelot) April 23, 1746, and carried to Canada as a prisoner of war. On his way to Quebec with young Raimbout, the party stopped at the house of the elder Raimbout, and restored to him his long-lost son. The father, a wealthy old gentleman, resided on the bank of the St. Lawrence, near Quebec. He had heard from the Indians that his son was wounded and left for dead. He was overwhelmed with joy when his son, long given up as dead, stood before him. Hawkes's business was so urgent that he, under promise of return, proceeded speedily to Quebec and made application to the Governor for the exchange of Blake according to the terms promised by Raimbout. The Governor repudiated the agreement, declaring that Raimbout had no authority to make it. Hawkes reasoned with him and urged the release of Blake as a right, but all to no purpose. He left and the second time called upon the Governor. Though unused to public speaking, he resorted to the arts of

the orator. He pleaded with him most eloquently, urged the claim as a matter of justice, appealed to the feelings of the Governor as a man, depicted the terrible disappointment of Blake's wife if Hawkes was compelled to return to her home without her husband. Still the Governor was unmoved. Hawkes offered another inducement. He had not informed the Governor that Mrs. Blake had placed in his hands a sum of money to be used as a last resort to pay for her husband's ransom, if all other means should fail. So he declared that he could not return without her husband, and asked him how much money would be necessary to secure his release. The Governor's manhood here came to the rescue. Deliberating a few moments he exclaimed: "Take him and keep your money!" Hawkes here played a new role, and won, as he usually did. Thanking the Governor, he rushed to the prison to carry the glad tidings to Blake, who, on receiving the intelligence, was filled with ineffable joy.

Previous to this, Blake had resided for some months with the Indians. He was compelled by them to run the gauntlet, and with more shrewdness than his companion, Warren, he endured with patience the blows of the savages, and came off without serious injury. He was a man of great muscular strength. He was able to surpass all competitors in running. This pleased the wild sons of the forest. On the death of the chief of the tribe they arrayed Blake in the Indian costume and duly installed him as chief in the place of him who died, and husband of his widow. He declined, however, to accept the latter position, and afterwards had some difficulty with the would-be wife.

Blake was anxious to return to his family. The tribe offered to let him return to Quebec if he would build them a house like those which the English had. He accordingly procured such tools as he was able, split the boards out of the logs, and after incredible difficulty and labor, he completed the task to the satisfaction of his employers, who then sent him to Quebec, as they had promised.

After securing Allen and Blake, Hawkes and his companions returned to the house of the elder Raimbout, where they were all sumptuously entertained. A great feast was prepared, the neighbors were invited in and dancing was kept up all night. Wine was used as freely as water, and

most of the party became intoxicated. Tradition has it that Hawkes avoided the sad consequences of excessive drinking by taking the wine into his mouth, as etiquette demanded, but spitting it out upon his handkerchief and wringing out the contents under the table! The others were soon too far gone to notice this. "To the rough and sedate Englishmen, who had seldom been out of the woods, the whole scene was novel and excited emotions to which they had not been accustomed."

Fearing the pursuit of hostile Indians, who were unreconciled to the return of young Allen and had formed a plan for recapturing him, they prevailed upon Raimbault to accompany them several days, far into the interior of Vermont. From the St. Lawrence, they took the usual route pursued by parties going to Montreal; but by advice of their guides they went back on their trail a portion of the day, and leaving it one by one, they came together again at some appointed place in order to puzzle the Indians, who, they suspected, were following them. A fragment of the journal which Hawkes had kept on his journey, and which was found among the Massachusetts Historical Collections,* reveals some glimpses of the difficulties and trials attending their return. After coming down Black river to its mouth, thence as far as Bellows Falls, they made rafts upon which they glided down the Connecticut river to Fort Dummer, in Brattleboro, whence Blake went to Keene to rejoin his family. On their way to Northfield [from Northfield to Deerfield] they met Col. Williams with twenty of his friends, who heard of his return and went out to greet him. They arrived at Deerfield, May 4, 1747, [April 30, 1748] when Hawkes had the pleasure of restoring to Mrs. Allen her long-lost son.

After this we get occasional glimpses of Hawkes. He was in command of Morrison's fort in Colrain in 1754, and perhaps earlier, where he repelled an attack of the Indians. He wrote a letter dated from this fort, August 21, 1756, in relation to a fight which Zebulon [Zebediah] Stebbins and Reuben Wright had with the Indians at Northfield. He was appointed 2d Lieutenant in 1755, Lieutenant in 1757, Captain in 1758 and Major in 1759, and Lieut. Colonel in 1760, for his

*In the Massachusetts Archives,—discovered and identified by the editor.

bravery and faithfulness in the service. In 1758 he was present at an attack on Ticonderoga; June 15, 1759, he was on a Court Martial at Fort Edward; he was appointed to try a deserter, and in October following he was at the camp near Crown Point, whence he set out with John Stark and others to cut a road towards No. 4, on Connecticut river in order to meet a party who started at Wentworth's Ferry on the river for the same purpose, and worked towards the west.

He was a public-spirited man and a patriot, active in both military and civil interests. He brought from Canada a gun which was 6 feet, 1½ inches long, the barrel 4 feet, 9 inches, and the farther end "ribbed." The sword which he carried in the French and Indian wars was also preserved. Both are now in the hands of some of his descendants. Col. Hawkes wrote in the portion of the journal which has been handed down to us: "Many of the gentlemen in Montreal advised us to bring guns with us and not set out unarmed. The Governor gave us liberty to purchase some guns, and said it was not safe to come without them." A pocket compass which he carried on his Canada journey is still in existence, or was a few years since. Tradition tells us that Lieut. Raimbout's father presented Hawkes a beautifully ornamented pipe and tobacco pouch as a testimonial of his gratitude to him for bringing back his son.

In 1753, or a short time before, Col. Hawkes purchased a large tract of land west of Deerfield river, some 400 acres, a portion of it meadow land, and enough to make three large farms in Shelburne, and erected a house on the Deerfield tract, but did not remove into it until the close of the war, 1760. Here he lived in peace during the remainder of his earthly life. This house was ever a home for the stranger and the needy. It stood till 1835, when his grandson, John Hawkes, replaced it by a large, two-story house which was kept in the possession of the Hawkes family until recently. It is not true that Col. Hawkes received this land from the government as a reward for military services. It became private property before he was born, and the colony had not the power to give it away. It is said that the town granted him a township in the State of New York, but he never took possession of it or claimed it as his property. He was allowed by the General Court for his journey to Canada thirty

pounds, and for wounds and loss of gun, ten pounds and eleven shillings; and each of his companions, Clesson and Taylor, was allowed twelve pounds and ten shillings for his services.

"Bold, hardy and enterprising, he acquired the confidence and esteem of his superior officers, and was entrusted with important commands. He was no less valued by the inhabitants of Deerfield, his native town, for his civil qualities." So writes the historian concerning this noble-minded, generous-hearted, faithful man. He richly deserves the encomium.

In the old burial ground west of the village of Deerfield, is still seen a plain marble slab, which marks his last earthly resting-place. It bears this inscription: "In memory of Col. John Hawkes, who died June 24, 1784, in his 77th year. To be pious without superstition, faithful to our trust, pleasant in our circle, and friendly to the poor, is to imitate his example."

His wife lies buried by his side and her tombstone bears the inscription: "In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Col. John Hawkes, who died Feb. 28, 1779, aged 66. 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.'"

It is sometimes thought that tombstone inscriptions are exaggerated and highly colored, if not absolutely false; but we have no reason to question the truthfulness of the words inscribed on Col. Hawkes's tomb. His active virtues, as shown in a long and useful life, are a full and fitting vindication of their accuracy.

In reviewing his life in the light of the events that distinguished his career we are struck with several qualities that entered into his character and largely contributed to his success in life.

1. *He was an energetic man.* Everything which he undertook indicated this. As a bold pioneer he pushed out into the wilderness and battled with the hardships and privations of a life in the frontier settlements. He leveled the forests, cleared up the land and erected houses. He converted the wilderness into a fruitful field. He shrank not from any undertaking that promised good results, whether it inured to his benefit or that of others. He educated and brought up in the style suited to the time a family of seven children.

His activity was unbounded and tireless. His expedition to Canada in the depth of winter to exchange prisoners, was a journey to perform which required an amount of energy and daring which few, if any, of his descendants possess. Scarcely any one even at that period would have been willing to undertake it, even though it was a mission of mercy. All his military exploits indicate a superabundance of energy. From his farm he goes into the forests, out on a scouting expedition, takes command of border forts, vigilant day and night in pursuit of the enemy and the defense of his men or the property entrusted to him. He is now at Fort Massachusetts, now a prisoner in Quebec, now in Boston on his return homeward, now trudging on his way over the snow back to Canada to exchange prisoners, and soon after his return in command of a fort where he repels an attack of the savage foe; now at a Court Martial, and anon cutting a military road through the forest from "Old Ti" to Connecticut river and encamping on mountain slopes and along the river banks. After the war is over he still retains his military spirit, and though too old to serve in the Revolutionary War, yet does what he can to serve his country and promote the secular and religious interests of his fellowmen.

2. *He was a brave and valiant soldier.* His whole military life proves this. His scouting expedition and encounter with the two Indians on Hoosac river, show a coolness and daring in time of danger which mark the hero. Though severely wounded, he kept the Indians at bay, and like Gen. Zachary Taylor, though beaten, did not know how to surrender. And his defence of Fort Massachusetts with only a dozen or less effective men against a force of 700 or 800, holding the fort for twenty-eight hours, and finally yielding only when the ammunition was nearly all gone, and getting honorable terms from the enemy, indicates a bravery equal to that of the little handful of Greeks against the hosts of Xerxes on the plain of Marathon.

Elliott, in his "History of New England," says concerning this siege: "Hawkes thought he could have held the fort if he had only had plenty of powder—33 men to 900! It seems strange to us that the settlers should have pushed out so far into the dangerous border, and that they should have attempted to station such weak forts so far from succor; dan-

ger, however, makes people fearless of danger, and men come to value excitement more than life; some do now." Vol. II, 90. He might have added, the bravery of those frontier men made them fearless. Yea, they knew no fear.

Hoyt says: "Hawkes believed it possible to hold out until he should be succored, and had it been amply supplied with ammunition, it is not improbable he would have defended the place against all the efforts of the enemy." No wonder with such facts before him that the historian should have judged Sergt. Hawkes, though he finally surrendered, worthy to be called a "hero," and that this title should have been handed down to posterity as a precious legacy of a brave soldier.

3. *Col. Hawkes was a man of genuine humor.* He was usually serious. The circumstances of his life made him so. Few instances of his wit have come down to us. But when the opportunity offered itself, he exhibited it. Let me relate a notable example which comes to us through his relatives, well authenticated. As he was one day riding with a man by the name of Fuller, the latter, among other witty remarks, asked "What is the difference between a hawk and an owl?" The Colonel promptly replied: "The owl is fuller in the head, fuller in the breast, in short, he is fuller all over!" Mr. Fuller was offended at the directness and personality of the reply, and the remainder of the journey was passed in moody and respectful silence.

We can imagine how this plain, blunt man would occasionally indulge in dry New England humor, breaking out as in this instance, in all its grim and cutting power. But the dangers in the midst of which the people of this age daily lived were too near, their theology too appalling, the future too dark and threatening to permit them freely and frequently to indulge in mirth. Hence the absence of this unseemly element from their homes, their labors, their social gatherings, their literature and their religion.

4. *Col. Hawkes was a genuinely religious man.* His religion in its form and spirit partook largely of the characteristics of the age. His faith in an overruling power was implicit and unwavering; in the future world, real; in the necessity of practical religion, unquestionable. He carried his religion into all the concerns and departments of life. It was not

mere formalism. How significant that expression found in the letter which is dated from Crown Point, Sept. 21, 1759. "Whether we eat or drink or go to war, we may do all to the glory of God!" This is practical religion, such as Jesus, John and James teach us, which requires us to honor God by doing good to His children, fighting His battles and providing for our households. In this regard, his life justifies the inscription on his tomb; he was "pious without superstition." He refers all things to God. Notice another expression in the letter from which we have quoted: "God hath done great things for us in the wilderness. We did nothing, only landed and marched forward, and God struck them (His enemies) with fear and they left their strong holds," and "God pursued them there. Blessed be God for His mercies!" Here is faith genuine, fervent and abiding. Concerning the preliminary operations pertaining to the surrender of Fort Massachusetts, his Chaplain Norton writes: "After prayers unto God for wisdom and direction, we considered our case, whether there was any probability of our being able to withstand the enemy or not." He and his garrison recognized God in perils, and was thus sustained by Him. He was religious in the domestic and social circle, in the distribution of charities, and in the ordinary business relations of life. He was cheerful and pleasant in his family and among friends, and he was generous to the poor. His house was noted for its generous hospitality. And all these things were a part of his religion. As he loved God, so he loved his followers. But I do not propose to eulogize Col. Hawkes. His life is his eulogy. His deeds are freighted with glorious results. We, of to-day, dwelling in this favored region where he lived, and labored, and died, are parts of his life. Its richest fruits are seen in these broad meadows teeming with fertility, these bounteous productions of the soil, these stately farm-houses and picturesque cottages, the abodes of peace, luxury and plenty, these schoolhouses where our children are instructed in that which adorns and refines civilized life, these churches where multitudes come to worship the God who protected our fathers in their toils and their perils, and these villages instinct with life and prosperous industry.

While we reverence the memory of our fathers, it is our duty and our privilege to show our gratitude to them for

their strivings and sufferings in our behalf, by exhibiting in our lives something of the spirit, sturdy and brave, that seemed to them victory and renown, and handing down to our children the glorious inheritance still further improved and adorned, which they bequeathed to us. And the life, character and memory of Col. John Hawkes are a portion of this inheritance which is so precious to us.

ODE BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

The present age its grasping hand extends on every side;
In eager search of something new, it stretches far and wide;
While peacefully we calmly wait, to catch the tender tone
Soft whispered by the distant past, in memory's telephone.

And echoing down the shadowy aisle, in solemn awe we hear
Records of many a noble life, "without reproach or fear,"
Spent in a simple sacrifice to quiet, homely duty,
By courage and devotion, graced with rare and radiant beauty.

All honor to the ancient days, and to their noble men,
And to the friends who honor them with glowing word and pen.
Thrice honored be the sainted few who, by close imitation,
Shall save the glory of the past, and of the present nation.

THE DORRELLITES.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

We, who people the "wooded and templed hills" of this beautiful Connecticut Valley, would be loth to admit that the tone of morality in those who have preceded us here was low, or that their general intelligence was below that of the average people of other portions of our land; and yet, these same hills and valleys have been the birthplace or homes of some who have achieved an unenviable notoriety in the world's history, as the authors of the most iniquitous and stupendous religious frauds which have disgraced modern civilization.

Within thirty miles of this spot was born and reared to manhood, Brigham Young, that most wonderful man, whose name is a household word in every land, and who "being dead, yet speaketh" in such tones of command as to tax to the utmost the wisdom and energies of a mighty government, to devise ways and means to cope with his unparalleled cunning and leadership.

The great Empire State of New York has only recently been able to control and bring under subjection to the civil law the lascivious followers of the "Perfectionist" Noyes, who for many years had his headquarters at Putney, Vt., and who, at one time, had in that vicinity more than one thousand devoted and faithful followers. Noyes for some years conducted a weekly newspaper called "The Witness," wherein his people were taught that when they repented and believed the doctrines which he promulgated, they would become perfect and beyond the influence of sin. But the practical use of these doctrines brought some of his company into conflict with the laws of Vermont, which, unfortunately for them, had not been made to apply to a perfect race of men, and the imperfect and uninspired judges and courts, deciding that the practices of the sect were "rauk and smelled to heaven," Noyes and his faithful ones were compelled to seek "other fields and pastures green," and he finally became the controlling spirit of the Oneida Community.

In our own neighborhood, within the last century have occurred instances of the springing up of sects promulgating peculiar beliefs, and for a time conducting themselves within the bounds of reason and decency, but finally by their acts, outraging all sense of propriety, and disregarding the laws of God and man, they have by the strength of returning reason and the strong common sense of the community been dispelled and dispersed.

I remember of frequently hearing my grandfather tell of a sect which sprang up in his neighborhood, in the town of Colrain, about seventy years ago, called the "Hutchinsonites." The founder of this so-called "Branch of Zion" claimed to have been a Presbyterian minister in the State of New York, and began by preaching doctrines similar to those since promulgated by Noyes and by Miller and claimed to possess the power of healing by the laying on of hands. Moderate success attended his efforts, he became bolder and his doctrines broadened until he declared that in one of his adherents, Annie Morton by name, he had discovered a "prophetess of the Lord." Thenceforth this sect was governed almost entirely by revelations received by this prophetess, who was attended by angels and instructed by visions

for the guidance of the chosen people of the Lord." Under her directions a gang of men were for some time employed in the endeavor to reach a mass of gold hidden especially for these "peculiar people" in the bowels of a mountain in Zoar. At one time the "household of the faithful" were greatly concerned because Hutchinson declared that their supply of meal had been poisoned. Hutchinson ordered the house cleared of all but himself and Annie, the door being carefully left slightly ajar, so that the angel might enter and communicate with Annie Morton. As the meal came from my grandfather's mill, he felt some interest in the result, which was soon announced by Hutchinson in these words, "The meal is not poisoned, but there has been poison very near to it. Verily, there is a fault among us." Public opinion became so strong against these people, and one after another of his followers leaving him, Hutchinson, Annie and a few of the faithful ones removed to the new west, and the sect died out in Colrain. One old man became convinced of his folly by reason of a dream, and getting up at midnight hastened to my grandfather's to tell him of his resolution to abandon his faith and thank him for trying to convince him of his error. One person who had been prominent in the matter returned to Colrain in after years, and upon being questioned in regard to it, seemed inclined not to answer, but being urged, said, "All I have to say about it is, it makes me think of an old song, the chorus of which was, 'Loddy massy, then how shamed I was.'"

Since my remembrance a man named Strong preached in Colrain doctrines too abominable to give name to, and with unblushing blasphemy declared himself to be Jesus Christ. The only tangible proof of the truth of his assertion he could offer was, that all his clothing was plainly marked with that holy name, but his daily walk and conversation was far from being Christlike. The principal ceremony in the initiation to his communion was what he called "going through the sepulcher" or "being buried with Christ." The convicted sinner must be confined for three days and three nights, without food in a dark room, to which no person was to be admitted save himself. Even this man found followers, and as it is said that the female mind is more susceptible to religious influences than the male, so in

this case many of his converts were of the gentle sex. Naturally the preaching of such doctrines soon raised a tempest, as the stupid, unbelieving husbands of some converted women objected to the ceremonials. It is hard to conjecture to what height of knowledge the world might have arrived had not this man's career been cut short by some unruly young men.

Old Major Willis was chairman of the board of Selectmen, and upon being asked what the town officials would do about it if Strong should suddenly disappear from the vicinity, exclaimed, "Tut, tut, young man, I have nothing to say about it; but there's tar in my wagon house and feathers in my garret." I suppose that there is a sober looking gray-haired man now listening to the sound of my voice, who could, if he chose, give you the reason why that "*Strong*" doctrine did not spread further in Colrain.

But the chief place among those who have for the time being been "leaders of men" in false religions, in these parts belongs to one William Dorrell. He was a soldier in the army of Burgoyne, and is said to have been the son of an English farmer, was born in Yorkshire, England, March 15, 1752; so at the time of his being surrendered at Saratoga he was not far from 25 years of age. He, like many others of his companions, fell out on the march of the conquered army across the country, or while the prisoners were in camp in Rutland, and for a time he was a resident of Petersham, where he married one Polly Chase. He dwelt for a season in Warwick, and finally removed to Leyden about 1794. He is described as a man having a vigorous frame, exceeding six feet in height, of ruddy complexion, fluent in speech, of good native talent, but uneducated and unable to read or write; of strong and retentive memory, being able to repeat a large portion of the bible from hearing it read by his wife. As a speaker, he was said to be very happy in his appeals to the plain people whom he addressed, and in the comparisons and arguments which he used. Such was the man, who, inculcating among his followers the strictest principles of honesty and equitable dealing with the world's people, was for years the "apostle, prophet, seer, revelator and translator" of the sect to which he gave his name, "The Dorrellites."

His first success as a preacher was about 1794, and gaining

a few followers the strange doctrines soon spread from neighborhood to neighborhood, and quite a number of respectable people were attracted by them and cast in their lot with their humanitarian leader; for the doctrine as first declared was founded upon the principle that man should not eat of flesh, and should not cause the death of a living creature. The doctrine was carried to that extent that no member might wear shoes, or use harnesses made of leather or use the skins of animals for any domestic purpose. Consequently the faithful wore shoes made of wood and of cloth, used rope harnesses, and even the blacksmith's bellows were made of cloth, thoroughly painted to prevent the escape of wind. With his success in obtaining followers, his inspiration increased, and he was led to preach that every generation of men had its Messiah; that he was the Messiah of *his* generation; that no arm of flesh could hurt him; that there was no resurrection from the dead; that when "resurrection" was spoken of in the Bible, its meaning was a resurrection from a state of sin to spiritual life; that Jesus Christ was a spirit; that he took a body; that he died, but that he never was raised from the dead; that all who are raised from a state of sin to this spiritual life become perfect; that they then can do no sin, and are no more responsible to the civil law, and are beyond all "principalities and powers." There was no future judgment, no knowledge after death of what passed in this world; that God had no power over man to control his actions, therefore there was no need of prayer. He had no hope for the future, but he had abundant assurance that all was well. *He* was perfect, his body being in perfect obedience to the spirit, and his followers were comparatively perfect, as the members of the body are perfect when compared with the head; that all former covenants made by God with man were ended, and he was the head of a new covenant; that neither Moses nor Christ wrought miracles, and that *he* stood precisely the same as Jesus Christ, and that while no person might worship his human body, yet he might be worshipped as Christ was worshipped, as God united to human flesh. This is the substance of a "confession of faith," if it might be so-called, obtained from the lips of Dorrell by the Rev. John Taylor of Deerfield in 1798, the interview being had for that purpose. As the freedom from

sin, arrived at by the followers of this new seer, had led them into the commission of acts condemned by the majority of people as grossly immoral, Dorrell was very cautious, the Rev. Mr. Taylor says, about committing himself fully in relation to those subjects, but upon the subject of marriage he declared that when a husband or wife became perfect, by being raised to spiritual life, the other party was not holden by the old covenant or the civil law; and if both were raised, still the parties were not holden to each other and had perfect right to promiscuous intercourse.

The sect had no meetings for worship, as they considered all days alike, one day as holy as another, and according to report, their later meetings were scenes of most outrageous and beastly conduct, interspersed with the singing of bacchanalian songs and lascivious addresses, one person informing Mr. Taylor that he saw Dorrell, his wife and young woman of respectable family rolling upon the floor together at one of the meetings. Several of the followers of Dorrell were influential men, residing in Leyden, Bernardston, Colrain and Guilford, Vt. The sect had a common treasury, and the office was filled by a shrewd business man, and it is common report that the Dorrellite treasure was the foundation of the fortune of one of the wealthiest and most influential families of this portion of the county, but whether there is more truth in the story than the fact that the founder of one of our most highly respected families was the treasurer of the sect I know not.

Many anecdotes were formerly told concerning Dorrell and his followers. Dr. Samuel Stearns, late of Greenfield, used to tell of his mother's trials, caused by his father's adherence to the Dorrellite doctrine. He was charmed with the meetings of the sect, and after much persuasion induced his wife to attend one, that she might enjoy the "good times," as he called them. So mounting the family horse, she riding the pillion, they went to the place of meeting at Beaver Meadows, where the horse was securely fastened in a grove near by, and soon after entering the house the exercises commenced; but she soon discovered that her own and her husband's idea of what constituted a "good time" were totally different, and flying to the grove she unloosed the horse, and mounting into the saddle she rode home, leaving her infatuated lord to

return as best he could. But she at last won back her husband "from his idols" by using a little stratagem. As the faithful could not eat flesh, neither could they, except in the most necessary cases, work their cattle. So Mr. Stearns, as was the custom of the sect, was engaged in spading up a piece of land for seeding. He worked hard and sorely felt the need of a more invigorating diet than his dry bread, mush and milk and vegetable food afforded. His faithful wife tempted him each day by good savory meat dinners, which were partaken of by the remainder of the family, but still he held out. One day, becoming thoroughly disgusted with the foolishness of her husband, she, with the help of the boys, yoked up the cattle, and taking hold of the plow, went through and through the field where he was at work, until he exclaimed, "I believe this devilish religion will kill me if I don't quit it!" and threw down his shovel, rushed into the house and laid into the cold victuals like a half starved trooper, forswearing his religion forever. This is the family tradition, but I presume our worthy president will not incorporate it into his forthcoming history as well established fact.

The sect was at the height of its prosperity about 1798, but Dorrell having become addicted to habits of intemperance, his influence with the more respectable portion of his followers began to wane, while he more vigorously proclaimed his possession of superior powers and his immunity from all bodily weaknesses and harm, to the disgust of the better portion of the community, who believed that he was the representative of the evil spirit rather than the good.

The final meeting of the sect is described by Thompson in his Gazetteer of Vermont in the following language: "At length at one of their meetings, a goodly number having assembled, Dorrell opened with music and began to deliver a discourse. Among the spectators was one Capt. Ezekiel Foster, a man of good sense, of a giant frame, having a countenance which bespoke authority. When Dorrell in the course of his remarks uttered the words, 'No arm of flesh can harm me,' Foster arose, indignant at the blasphemy and boasting of Dorrell, and stretching forth his brawny arm, knocked him down with his fist. Affrighted and almost senseless, Dorrell attempted to rise, when he received a second blow, at which he cried for mercy. Foster promised to forbear on

condition that he would renounce his doctrine, yet continued to beat him. A short parley ensued, when Dorrell yielded and renounced his doctrines in the hearing of all his astonished followers. He declared that his object had been to see what fools he could make of mankind. His followers, chagrined and ashamed at being made the dupes of such a base fellow, departed in peace to their homes. Dorrell promised, upon the penalty of his life, never to impose upon the people more. It is a remarkable fact that no person who had ever been a member of the sect was ever known to form a connection, after its dispersion, with any other religious society."

Dorrell continued to live in Leyden for nearly fifty years, but by reason of his intemperate habits his infirmities rapidly increased and he was for many years maintained by the town. He died Aug. 28, 1846, aged 94 years, 5 months and 13 days, having literally starved himself to death by refusing food, declaring that he had lived long enough, and never would die if he continued to eat. He has descendants who are respectable citizens of Leyden, Greenfield and Brattleboro. I remember seeing him once, in my youth, a decrepit and bowed down old man, giving force to the Psalmist's words, "And if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

NOTE.—Mr. Thompson has handed me a letter which he received after the above was written, dated El Paso, Ill., Mar. 8th, 1882, from which I make the following extracts:—

[EDITOR.]

My grandfather, Dr. Benj. Morgan, lived in Leyden a near neighbor of William Dorrell and was his Physician or rather his family, for he (Dorrell) was never sick. My mother, Anna Morgan, was born in 1793, but distinctly remembered hearing her father and mother talk of a project on foot among the Dorrellites. It was this: The followers of Dorrell both men and women were to walk naked from Leyden to Greenfield. The day was set, but in that little hilly town were men who said this thing had gone far enough. And when my grandfather came home from a meeting of some of the citizens, grandmother with pale face and trembling voice said, "Dr. are they going?" His reply was, "Mother don't be frightened. I know of twenty men with as many rawhides, and if the Dorrellites attempt anything of the kind there will be no mercy shown them." The Dorrellites took the alarm and disbanded. "Capt. Foster" was one of those twenty men. . . . I saw Dorrell forty-five years ago. He was bent nearly double, full of hard cider and was a terror to little children. . . . He hated the Methodists. My Uncle Morgan was the one exception. Dorrell always styled him "that gude mon."

The "blacksmith" of Dorrell fame was Amos Burrows and the "cloth bel-lows" belonged to him. He made his fortune out of those deluded people. "Mr. Stearns's" faith was somewhat weakened by a fall from the great beam in his barn consequent upon wearing wooden shoes.

HEREDITY

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY
CHURCHES.

BY REV. W. S. HAWKS.

The periodicity of certain events, such as murders, suicides, explosions and railway accidents, has been often noted and commented upon. Such occurrences often come in groups, as though there was an epidemic of them. The principle of heredity is also curiously illustrated in many such matters. In studying the ecclesiastical history of our Valley many curious facts have come to light which show how religious peculiarities may be transmitted from generation to generation as those of feature and temperament are in individuals. It seems as though a certain and very prominent strain of blood was bred into the religious life of this region when the First Church was organized at Hadley, about 1659. This body was composed of those who had seceded from the Wethersfield church, and were, the writer thinks, the major part of that body, and included the minister, Rev. John Russell, that strong-minded man who for so many years dared to, and successfully did, harbor the two regicides, Goffe and Whalley. The rock of offence had been the "half-way covenant," which claimed that those who possessed a good moral character should be admitted to a partial church membership, so as to have their children baptized, and to themselves partake of the communion without being required to give evidence of conversion or regeneration. Those who held to that view left Connecticut and settled in Hadley. About eighty years afterwards the Rev. Chester Williams, pastor of that church, was the leader of that part of the celebrated Northampton Council (which dismissed Jonathan Edwards) which represented that loose view and practice. Thus, as early as 1659, the secessionist and divisive element entered the ecclesiastical life of the Connecticut Valley. It is doubtful whether another instance can be found inside, or even outside of New England where so many examples can be shown of divisions of churches and the organizing of opposition bodies, and frequently of the same denomination, strung along in a row in contiguous localities. If we make out a list it will be thus: Commencing at the Northern Massachusetts line we

find on either side of the Connecticut, divisions over doctrinal matters, which resulted in Unitarian and Trinitarian churches in both Northfield and Bernardston. Coming south we find the same true of Old Deerfield, Montague and Whately. The divisions hardly come within the scope of the idea here broached, while yet they point in the same general direction ; for it is the belief of many that these divisions, separations or growths are largely the fruits of the half-way covenant sentiments which were planted with the first church of Hadley, as in each of these already named places there was blood descended from those "covenanters" from Connecticut.

But proceeding south we next come to one of the many instances which are so marked and which seem to show a peculiar hereditary trait of character. At South Deerfield we find that from 1848 for about 20 years there were rival Orthodox churches. The writer has not had at hand the data from which to state exactly what the cause of the separation was, but he has understood that it was political. The secessionist body was known as the Monument Church, because its meeting-house stood near the monument which commemorates the Bloody Brook massacre. The division has been happily healed several years. The next place in order, coming south, is Old Hadley itself, where the independent and unyielding spirit showed itself in 1841, when a majority of the parish voted to move the meeting-house a quarter of a mile ; the minority seceded and organized the Russell church, so named for the leader of the original band that came from Wethersfield ; their meeting-house stands where Mr. Russell's house stood ; and when excavating for it the grave of the regicide Whalley was found built in from Rev. Mr. Russell's cellar. This unhappy division still exists. A few miles eastward is Amherst, where a difference of opinion about the settlement of Rev. David Parsons, D. D., as the successor of his father, also named David (as his father also was), led to a division which resulted in the organization of what is now the Second, or East Street Church.

These examples are all north of the red sandstone ridge of Holyoke. An even ranker growth from the old seed and from descendants of the original settlers will be found south of that jagged mountain range. If one stands upon it and looks southeastward his eye falls on Belchertown, which is

on the western slopes of the eastern hills, and in which place a division of the Congregational church occurred which lasted nine years. Not so far east and nearer the Connecticut is Granby. This was originally the Second Parish of South Hadley, and was organized as the result of a quarrel as to where a new meeting-house should be located in that town. After thirteen years struggle, over fifty precinct and district meetings, a solemn casting of lots and a council of ministers, the parish divided. The First Parish put their house where it was originally voted to put it and about where the South Hadley Church now stands, near the present Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. The Second Parish was organized in 1762, and built a meeting-house where they wanted one. Six years afterward it became the town of Granby. In 1820, fifty-eight years after their location quarrel, it became necessary for them to rebuild, and another party desired a location still further east, and another division took place, which continued sixteen years. In the bounds of the same original town of South Hadley, at what is now the large manufacturing village of South Hadley Falls, a division took place in the Congregational church, owing to family differences, in 1860, which lasted till 1878, when it was hopefully ended by a reunion.

A little farther stretch of vision will include West Springfield, where, on the question of removing the First Church meeting-house some ten years ago, there was a division, and the Park Church was organized, and a meeting-house was built within a short half mile of the "old church." From the Prospect House piazza on Mount Holyoke one can trace the course of the Connecticut from far to the north to a long distance south. The glistening water farthest seen to the southward is about 23 to 25 miles away, and is opposite Enfield, Conn., and in that town we reach the southernmost of this row of dividing churches. It must have been some thirty years ago that a bitter doctrinal division occurred there, some of the embers of which still smoke, although the secessionist Congregational church ended its existence some years since, a remnant being organized into a Catholic Apostolic, or Irvingite, Church, which retains the meeting-house. Two other examples of divisions may also properly come into this list, as they are within the territory under inspection.

These are Easthampton, where differences, at least, led to a separation from the First Church and the organization of the Payson church ; and Springfield, where a notable issue in the First Church in 1815 led to the organization of a Unitarian body.

Here are sixteen divisions; six of them, Bernardston, Northfield, Montague, Old Deerfield, Whately and Springfield, were a part of the New England Unitarian and Orthodox controversy, and would not be included in this review and summary if they did not stand in a row, and a not inconsiderable part of the members of five of them were not descendants of those Connecticut seceders who came to Old Hadley. Of the remaining ten, seven had more or less members who were descendants of that notable band. Of these sixteen, two stand at the head at the north on opposite sides of the Connecticut, bordering the New Hampshire and Vermont lines, and the other fourteen are between there and Enfield, Conn., the first town over the Southern Massachusetts line, and all but one of them were originally included in towns that bordered the Connecticut river, while the distance between the extremes is about sixty miles ; or if we leave out the five Unitarian divisions in the northerly part of the Valley, the other eleven were not over forty miles apart ; or if seven of these latter are taken whose membership certainly included blood from the Hadley colony, they will be found within a limit of twenty miles north and south. In ten instances both bodies after the divisions remained of the same denomination as before ; of these only one resulted from differences concerning the settlement of a minister ; four, Old Hadley, South Hadley, Granby and West Springfield, divided over the location of meeting-houses ; and three occurred within the original territorial limits of South Hadley.

Two towns contiguous to those here mentioned are each notable in an opposite direction. Westhampton and Hatfield never had but one church organization within their bounds, and have enjoyed substantially uninterrupted peace ; and the original settlers of Hatfield were nearly all out of the Connecticut separatists ; therefore these are exceptions to the rule.

Furthermore, within the district under review there have

been many harmonious divisions to colonize new churches, which are not included in this survey; while the incorporation of West Springfield is peculiarly notable, it "being done at the request of the First Parish of Springfield, against the wishes of the incorporated, and the remonstrance of the town itself," there being six different parishes at that time in the whole town of Springfield, but only two of them within the limits of that territory which was made into the town of West Springfield. The other three were the Third, now Longmeadow; the Fourth, now Wilbraham; and the Fifth, now Chicopee. The Sixth, which was in West Springfield, was what is now the Feeding Hills Parish, and the present town of Agawam, then one parish. Are not these curious facts?

POEM SENT FROM TEXAS BY MRS. LUCRETIA W. EELS.

My thoughts are with you friends, to-night;
I see the gathering throng,
And listen to the ancient tales,
And hear the olden song.

Your hearts with kindled fervor thrill,
And deepened love and pride,
In that heritage of beauty, where
Heroic sires have died.

Well may you call it holy ground—
The place where they have trod,
And hold in sacred reverence
The consecrated sod.

From bleak New England's rock-bound coast
To Rio Grande's flood,
For human rights unflinchingly
Have brave defenders stood.

And well may this "lone Southern Star"
The same proud birth-right claim.
And send her greeting to your hills
From San Jacinto's plain.

And from the walls of Alamo
The battle-cry arose,
That thinned the ranks on Bunker's height
Of your invading foes.

O'er San Antonio's vine-wreathed homes
Has war's black banner curled;
From Gonzales a shot was heard,
Like Concord's, round the world.

The holocaust at Goliad
A shuddering horror sent;
Her slaughtered, like your Essex flower,
"In one red burial blent."

And wheresoe'er our country's flag
In starry beauty waves;
Its folds of freedom float above
The patriot-martyrs' graves.

As the adoring Moslem turns,
With reverential brow,
To where his prophet's incense burns,
We turn with reverence now,

To the Mecca of our hallowed past,
From whose receding shores,
Borne on the tide of flowing years,
We are drifting evermore.

But that most precious heritage
Nor time nor tide shall tear
From the record of historic page,
Nor the loyal hearts we bear.

And these memorial days are links
In the chain that anchors fast
The thoughts and deeds of fleeting years
To the rock of the changeless past.

ANNUAL MEETING—1883.

REPORT.

The crowning event of the year at Memorial Hall, Deerfield, was the placing of the Mural Tablets, inscribed with the names of those slain or captured in the memorable sacking of the old town, in the room set apart for their reception. It was for a memorial that should perpetuate these names that the Association was formed, and now that the work has been consummated its projectors and executors have cause for rejoicing; and at their annual meeting on Tuesday, February 27th, a visible feeling of satisfaction and rejoicing pervaded the assembly. Nearly all of The Faithful residing in this immediate vicinity were present and some from distant places. The business meeting was held in the afternoon, the work before the Association being action upon the reports of committees and officers, and the choice of officers for the ensuing year. From the Treasurer's report it appeared that the total receipts of the year were \$415.21 and the disbursements \$387.46, of which over \$200 was on account of the tablets. The Society owes on notes \$278, has cash in Treasurer's hands \$27.75 and a claim of \$400 for land damages against the N. H. & N. R. R. During the past year two members have died—James Smith of Whately, to whose memory the Secretary paid a fitting tribute, and John Munn of New York. There are now 137 members of the Association. Three have become Life Members by the payment of \$25, and one a member. Mrs. Mary A. Sawyer and Hon. Geo. Sheldon having each contributed \$100 to the Association, were voted in Life Councilors, at the Tuesday meeting.

The Curator, George Sheldon, made his annual report, from which we extract the following:—

"The Curator is glad to be able to make favorable showing as to the collections committed to his keeping. Contributions to every department are on the increase. People seeking a proper disposition of their antiquarian treasures are turning more and more towards our hall as a fitting place for their security and exhibition.

The hall has been opened on the same plan and conditions as last year. Mrs. Childs, our acting janitor, I believe gives universal satisfaction, and the present arrangement will still continue. The

number of visitors registering this year is 1382—several hundred more than any previous year; and the cash contributions found in the box are larger, amounting to \$64.72. To the library has been added 133 volumes of books, 147 pamphlets, 170 manuscripts and many newspapers and broadsides. Notably two rare papers hanging in frames before us, from Albert C. Hoyt, a Deerfield boy, now of New York. The collection of Indian relics has been very largely increased by the gift of our lamented friend, James Smith of Whately. The day before his death he expressed his desire that his whole collection should be deposited here, and his wishes were faithfully carried out by those interested. About 600 arrow-points picked up by himself, may be seen on the east side of the Indian room, tastefully arranged in cases of his own manufacture. It is to be hoped that his portrait will soon be hanging in the midst of these works. Considerable improvement has been made in the arrangement of the curiosities, and much more has been planned, to be carried out when we get rich enough to employ a person constantly in the work. One show case has been added at an expense of \$21, and a second at the expense of our generous townsman, Henry Childs of Buffalo.

Since writing the above we have received a volume which no library in the land can match. It is from Rodney Burt Field of Guilford, Vt., and contains the result of many years labor, in collecting a genealogy of the descendants of Zechariah Field, who came to the Connecticut Valley in 1639. Zechariah was the founder of the Field family which has been so prominent here and in New York. This volume is a thick quarto, elegantly bound, and contains the record of the birth of more than 3000 members of the family, all in his peculiarly neat handwriting.

It is presented on the condition that it 'is not to be taken upon any consideration from Memorial Hall. No one shall be allowed to copy from it without permission of myself, the president, or secretary of the Association, under such regulations as they may or shall make, reserving to myself the right to take the work from the Hall for the purpose of making additions and then to return it to the Hall. Should this work be the means of stimulating some one to collect and publish a more full history and genealogy of the family, they are permitted to make such use of the whole, as may be necessary for them to use, under the foregoing regulations.'"

The volume is a monument of painstaking labor. Though in manuscript, it is as legible as print, and a century hence will be one of the wonders of this present age. An appropriate resolution of appreciation was adopted by the Association.

The Committee on Grounds and Buildings, George Sheldon chairman, made a report, in which, after alluding to certain repairs, the following occurs:—

“The great work of the year has been placing tablets in memory of the sufferers of February 29, 1704, in Memorial Room. We take great satisfaction in the completion of this design. We can now properly call this building a Memorial Hall. This Association was born, named and brought up to our present estate, on the idea of perpetuating the remembrance of the events of that fatal day.

In the inception, the plan was a simple shaft on the spot where Mrs. Eunice Williams fell, with an inscription telling the story of her cruel murder by her savage captor. The legitimate fruit of this thought was a desire for a monument in the old burying ground, where all the others of the slain were buried in one common grave. It next took the form of a building with mural tablets, bearing the names of these unfortunate ones. The organization and incorporation of an association for that work followed; then the purchase of this old building, so eminently fitted for our object. Now the idea has been converted into solid brick and marble, and we have indeed a Memorial Hall.

We need not particularly describe these tablets. You have all seen them. The marble work was done under a contract with A. A. Rankin of Greenfield, and we are entirely satisfied with the execution. How much we are indebted to the loving care, critical eye and skillful hand of his assistant, Mr. Monnier, we leave the twain to decide. The eighteen smaller slabs, on either side of that bearing the general inscription, are each devoted to a single family or appropriate group. These bear in all the names of 145 killed or captured, victims of the terrible onslaught.”

The whole expense of this crowning act of the Association has been \$299. The committee have received towards paying the general expense, from Henry Childs of Buffalo, \$45; Wm. C. Taylor of Bedford, Ohio, \$4; and for particular tablets as follows:

ALLEN—Mrs. Cornelia Allen Smith of Philadelphia, \$22.50.

CATLIN—Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge \$12; Miss Carrie S. Catlin of Washington, \$12.

CARTER—Samuel Carter of Brooklyn, N. Y., \$20.

HAWKS—Collected by Frederick Hawks of Greenfield: From E. A. Hawks, D. A. Hawks, A. J. Hawks, J. A. Hawks, Francis Hawks, Susan Hawks Everett of Deerfield; L. T. Hawks, C. A. Hawks of Springfield; Albert E. Hawks, L. B. Hawks, Frederick Hawks, F. E. Hawks, W. H. Hawks, Nellie Hawks of Greenfield; Alva Hawks, Wm. E. Hawks of Bennington, Vt.; Rev. T. H. Hawks of Altona,

Ill.; Rev. John Hawks, Miss Emily Hawks, Rockville, Ind.; Mrs. Isabel H. Fiske and Henry Wells of Shelburne, \$17.50.

HOYT—Collected by Nath'l Hitchcock: Arthur W. Hoyt, Mrs. Isabella H. Bryant of Templeton; Nath'l Hitchcock; Mrs. E. H. Childs of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. E. H. Huntington of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. E. H. Terry of Amherst; Henry Wells of Shelburne; A. C. Hoyt of New York City, \$19.75.

SHELDON—George Sheldon, \$7.05; John Sheldon of Greenfield, \$5; Henry Wells of Shelburne, \$5.

STEBBINS AND FRARY—Albert Stebbins of Deerfield and others, \$20.

STEPENS "Y^e INDIAN,"—George Fuller of Deerfield, \$5.

WILLIAMS—Mrs. L. W. Champney of Deerfield, \$2; Mrs. Carrie W. Putnam of Grand Haven, Mich., \$5; Bishop John Williams, Middletown, Ct., \$5.

BENJ. WAIT—Jennie M. Arms of Greenfield, \$5; Another descendant, \$5.

WELLS—Henry Wells of Shelburne, \$8.50.

Family tablets yet to be provided for are Alexander, Brooks, Corse, Field, French, Hinsdale, Hurst, Kellogg, Mattoon, Nims, Pomroy, Warner, and in part, Williams. In some of these families no living descendants are known, and the name may have become extinct, so far as this region is concerned. In others collateral descendants only remain.

The next business was the choice of officers and the following were elected: President, George Sheldon; Vice-Presidents, Samuel Carter of New York, John M. Smith of Sunderland; Treasurer and Recording Secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Edgar Buckingham; Councilors, from Deerfield, Rev. Dr. Crawford, C. B. Tilton, Charles Hager, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Albert Stebbins; Greenfield, Samuel O. Lamb, Francis M. Thompson, Simeon Phillips, Putnam Field; Buffalo, Henry Childs; Springfield, Henry M. Phillips; Pittsfield, Henry W. Taft; Geneva, N. Y., William W. Wright; Boston, Emma L. Coleman; Shelburne, Henry Wells.

Another item of business was the selection of Rev. Dr. Allen Hazen to prepare a sketch of the life of Rev. John Williams for the next annual meeting. Several contributions were brought in during the day, among which were valuable relics by Phinehas Field of Charlemont, one of the venerated members of the Association. After the business an informal talk sprung up in regard to the identity of certain streams which bore Indian names, and in regard to certain geological phenomena. At 5.30 o'clock the old academy

bell was struck, the signal for a migration to the Town Hall, where a collation had been prepared and where the evening exercises were to take place.

An excellent supper, served by attentive and pretty waiters, having been disposed of, President Sheldon took the platform and announced that Phinehas Field would begin the talking, which he did, indulging in brief reminiscences of the Field family and bygone days. John A. Aiken of Greenfield was next introduced, and came forward and discoursed for half an hour upon "One Phase of Colonial Morals." That "phase" had reference to the drinking habit, and the scope of address was to show that the fathers of 200 years ago grappled with the problem and sought by various enactments to wipe out the evil. He showed that as long ago as John Winthrop's time, both the Plymouth Colony and the Massachusetts Bay Colony enacted prohibitory laws, then license laws, then laws fixing the price, and various other measures of restraint. Many instances were given from the records of the court showing the heavy fines imposed. But notwithstanding all these enactments, said the speaker, the evil was not subdued and the riddle of the Sphinx is still before us.

Miss Nellie Hawks of Greenfield was introduced and read Joel Barlow's once famous poem on "Hasty Pudding," prefacing it with a brief account of the birth of his school of poetry.

Rev. P. Voorhes Finch of Greenfield was next introduced, and spoke brief words of congratulation over the achievement of the Association in the past year—the setting up of the memorial tablets. The following letter was next read by Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, who was warmly greeted as she appeared on the platform:—

197 SIXTH AVENUE, BROOKLYN, FEB. 23, 1883.

Hon. George Sheldon, Pres. P. V. M. Ass'n, Deerfield, Mass.:

My Dear Sir,—Your kind favor of 15th inst. inviting me to attend the Annual Meeting of the P. V. M. Association was duly received. Many thanks for your courteous invitation. It would afford me much pleasure to be with you if it were possible, but pressing engagements prevent. I want very much to see the new hall and I shall improve the first opportunity I may have for that purpose. I feel quite curious to see the collection of Indian and other relics in detail. Above all I want to see those tablets. Ah, yes, the tablets! What a happy thought it was to erect those durable memorials of the pioneers. What precious morsels of Historical and Genealogical knowledge are truly inscribed upon them. It is not improbable that hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of families directly descended from, or united by marriage with, the posterity of those sturdy pioneers, could profitably make a pilgrimage to Deerfield in search of missing links in family history, and they would

find them, too. It is quite safe to predict that more than one genealogical record will be set on foot through an impulse given by the tablets in Memorial Hall. I would like very much to see how you all look in your pleasant Memorial Home, and to learn from you something more concerning those early times and the people whose memory Memorial Hall will now perpetuate as long as anything remains to be told to latest posterity of the times which tried men's souls.

I have been interested this winter in endeavoring to trace on the map, with the aid of Mr. Williams's diary and that of his son Stephen, the route of the captives from Deerfield to Canada and their daily stopping places. It is not difficult to frame conjectures, but to give any theory a degree of plausibility one needs to go over the route and study it attentively. It would be a very agreeable work for a vacation in summer. Why cannot this be done by some of the interested and intelligent gentlemen who are devoted to the interests of the Association? If it were done before the warm weather, say in June, when the roses are in blossom, and if some of the spirited ladies of the Association would give it countenance and even take part in it, what a useful and profitable undertaking it would prove to be!

My dear friend, I commend you and your associates for the wholesome public example you have set of tenacity in clinging to a noble purpose, until it is seen to take on form and, finally to stand forth a finished work. If I could be present at your meeting I would say stand by your grand work, dear friends, and never forsake it; encourage and sustain it always by your presence and your counsels, as well as by your material support, and endeavor to make some provisions for it that will secure that the good work shall still go on when you, yourselves, may be no more here to participate in it. With much regard I am, dear friend,

Faithfully yours,

SAMUEL CARTER.

Concluding the reading of the letter Miss Baker spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Friends:—I did not mean to say a word on this occasion, but as it has been announced that I am to speak for the tablets, I gladly add my congratulations to you, and to this association, that we are at last able to put these memorials of the faith and fortitude of our ancestors in durable form.

"The institutions of Massachusetts," says a celebrated English historian, "are not simply the institutions of Massachusetts. They are part of the general institutions of the English people, as those are again part of the general institutions of the Teutonic race; and those are again part of the general institutions of the whole Aryan family. . . . In short the history of a Massachusetts township . . . becomes part

of the general history of the world." You, Mr. President, on this occasion can well afford to smile at the somewhat condescending tone with which he adds that "Even the researches of the dullest local antiquary have their use."

In thus showing our veneration for our ancestry, by the erection of these tablets, we are only perpetuating one of the "general" institutions of the old Aryan stock from which we are sprung. In the good old days of the early Roman Republic the house of the humblest Roman farmer consisted of three rooms; a great entrance hall, a smaller and more private inner room, and beyond these a walled garden. The *atrium*, (or fore-room, as our New England ancestors would have called it), was the living room as well as chief bedroom of the household, where the meals were cooked at the family hearth, the children and the slaves took their meals with the father and mother of the house at the common table, and the women sat and spun their wool.

Beyond the *atrium* was the *tablinum*. Mark the word—for whether we derive it from *tabellæ* or from *tabulæ*, it is still the tablet room: the place where the family papers were preserved, where all the documents relating to the history and genealogy were carefully kept. We have plenty of evidence from the remains of Pompeii that the Roman in the days of his later magnificence still held to this order of building. The *atrium* was still the chief room of his city house, as well as of his country villa. Separated from it by a low balustrade, with curtains that could be closed at pleasure, was the *tablinum*, often with its elegant mosaic floor and frescoes. It seems to have been a sacred and innermost recess, where the master sat most often and where he kept things of most value to his family. Slaves and other domestics were not allowed to pass through the *tablinum*. Here the family records and ancestral archives were kept in cases. Here were grouped the pictures and statues of his progenitors, and from niches in the walls looked out the grim, waxen masks, blackened by time, of those who in bygone years had held offices of honor and trust in the commonwealth.

On funeral occasions mourners were hired to walk in the procession, wearing these masks, and dressed in the carefully preserved robes which each had worn in his lifetime.

It was as if the honored founders of the family arose from their graves "to escort their descendants to the tomb." The spirits of the departed were believed never to perish, but living a shadowy life and haunting their own tombs, they depended for their eternal happiness on the honors which they received from their descendants. To neglect the rites due to one's ancestors was the greatest impiety, for this was supposed to bring them misery in the unseen world.

In our modern dwellings we look in vain for the common family living room. Many apartments, cluttered with tawdry ornament, unstable furniture and useless *bric a brac*, have taken the place of the grand forerom or *atrium*, of the ancients; and we have no longer even a hint of the old Roman *tablinum* in any of our homes. Even in our farm houses the old-time silhouettes of grandfathers and grandmothers have been torn from the walls to make room for the chromo. Fortunate are we, Mr. President, "*beati, terque beati*," who through your efforts and the cordial co-operation of this association, may now hope to avert from posterity the penalty due to those who neglect the rites due to their ancestors. Happy are we that we now have in yonder hall a common *tablinum*, on the walls of which we have, carved in marble, the names and deeds of our fathers. "Numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known."

For one, I breathe freer, and hold my head more proudly, now that I can read there the names of my remote kindred, who in the settlement and defense of this town, planted and tended here one of the "germs of our State and National life." And I am especially thankful to read for once in my life, on memorial tablets, the names of women recorded in some other way than as "relicts" of the men, whose toils and burdens and lives and fortunes they shared equally. I like to read the name of my venerated foremother, Isabella Catlin, as having been with her husband John, and her son "Mr. John," one of the first settlers of Wethersfield and Branford in Connecticut, of Newark in New Jersey and of Deerfield in Massachusetts. In this degenerate age, if a man goes out to make a home in a frontier settlement, he commonly leaves his wife behind till affairs improve; but in good old colony days, when we lived under the King, the women went with the men, willingly sharing the privations

and perils of a frontier life. Indeed, if the truth must be told, a married man found living long in a town without his wife, was dealt with by the magistrates as a disreputable member of society and sent back where he belonged.

Friends, to use the words of one of our honored Governors, "I believe in our towns, in their proud lineage and history. I know that our fathers who founded them and put their hopes into the institutions and character of these towns, did not mean that they should decay ; that they should be abandoned ; that any native born in them should turn his back upon them, or be prouder of a home elsewhere than in them." "What do you think endures?" says another writer. "Do you think the greatest city endures? The greatest city is where thrift is in its place and prudence is in its place ; where behavior is the finest of the fine arts ; where the citizen is always the head and ideal ; where women are made equal to men." "The greatest city is that which has the greatest men and women. If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city," for character alone endures.

After brief addresses by John P. Watson of Wellfleet and Rev. Dr. Hazen, the meeting was adjourned.

ANNUAL MEETING—1884.

REPORT.

At the meeting of the Association, Tuesday, February 26th, the treasurer, Deacon Hitchcock, reported that its liabilities are \$62.67, but it has coming in the immediate future as land-damage from the New Haven and Northampton railroad company about \$400, which will wipe out the present liability, make some needed additions in the way of cases and leave a surplus. The receipts of last year, which were derived mostly from membership tax, contributions and fees, amounted to \$248.79 and the disbursements to \$221.06. Since the organization of the Association 164 names have been added to the rolls of membership. Of these members, 29 have died, three during the past year—William Pierce of Charlestown, George M. Wells and Dr. Ransom N. Porter of Deerfield. Mrs. Eliza B. Fithian of St. Louis has become a life member the past year by the payment of \$25.

The report of Curator Sheldon was highly pleasing to the friends of the Association, as it shows an increasing public interest in the work it is doing, and a constant stream of relics flowing toward Memorial Hall. The past year's contributions have included 150 volumes of books, 250 pamphlets, 75 specimens to the archæological department and 150 other articles of various kinds. Among the most prized is a volume containing a transcript of the original records of Fall Town, now Bernardston, made and given by George Wells of that place.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected : President, George Sheldon ; Vice-Presidents, Samuel Carter of Brooklyn, Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield ; Treasurer and Recording Secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock ; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Edgar Buckingham ; Councilors, Dr. Robert Crawford, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Charles E. Williams of Deerfield ; Henry Childs of Buffalo, N. Y. ; Rev. George H. Hosmer of Salem ; Otis Arms of Bel lows Falls, Vt. ; John Sheldon, Putnam Field, Frank J. Pratt, Chauncey Bryant and Newell Snow of Greenfield ; Henry Hitchcock of Galesburg, Ill. ; Elihu Smead of Newtonville ; and Chester G. Crafts of Whately. After the election of officers, Jonathan Johnson brought up an important item of business, and on his motion it was voted to

hold a Field Meeting on the 220th anniversary of the birth of Mrs. John Williams, near the spot where she was slain by the Indians on the memorable march from Deerfield to Canada after the sacking of the town in 1704. This anniversary occurs on the 1st of August, New Style, and the 12th, Old Style. Francis M. Thompson, Joseph H. Hollister, Frederick Hawks, Mrs. Levi W. Rice, Newell Snow, Joseph P. Felton and John Sheldon were appointed a committee to ascertain the proper spot for a monument to mark the place where she was sacrificed, raise money for the same and put the memorial in position.

James M. Crafts of Whately showed a volume of manuscript upon which he has been at work for thirteen years, but which is not yet ready for the press. Completed it will be a history of Whately. He told how he was constantly getting hold of facts in the earlier history of the town, and made an earnest plea that all his antiquarian brothers should be diligent in searching for and careful in treasuring up the little scraps of local history. Deacon Phinehas Field, as usual, brought in a load of relics and turned them over to the curator, among them a framed portrait of Susan (Howe) Fowler, daughter of Squire Howe, the Indian captive. She died last month at Orange, N. J., aged 90.

After the adjournment of the meeting the company repaired to the town hall, where an abundant and excellent supper was served. Thus fortified, the exercises of the evening began by the singing of an old-time song by a select choir under the leadership of B. Z. Stebbins. During the evening the singers responded to several calls and revived strains seldom heard by this generation.

The veteran and unwearied antiquary, George Sheldon, presided and happily introduced the speakers. He referred with regret to the absence of their "Queen," referring to Miss C. Alice Baker, the gifted lady who has so often favored the Association with the contributions of her pen. He introduced Rev. Allen Hazen, D. D., who gave an address upon Rev. John Williams, the first minister of Deerfield. Dr. Hazen's wife, recently deceased, was a lineal descendant of this pastor of the frontier.

Samuel Carter, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., Deerfield descended, traced, by means of "The Redeemed Captive" and the journal of Stephen Williams, the trail of the French and Indians to Canada with their captives after the burning of Deerfield in 1704.

Another speaker was Dea. Phinehas Field, who, from a full store related many incidents of an historical character, among them the story told Mrs. C. A. Field of Leominster by her grandmother, who was a granddaughter of Parson Doolittle. It relates how a party

of Indians were prowling around the parson's house in the night, but concluded not to make an attack, as the crying of a baby within made it evident that the family could not be surprised. The tread of the moccasined feet was heard by the parson and he patiently waited with cocked rifle for the attack to begin.

Two poems, written by friends unable to be present, were read by Mr. Cutting, Principal of Dickinson Academy.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JOHN WILLIAMS, FIRST PASTOR OF DEERFIELD.

BY REV. ALLEN HAZEN, D. D.

The immigrant ancestor of the Williams family, in America, was Robert. He came to this country probably in 1637. He became a freeman of Roxbury in March, 1638. His wife's name was Elizabeth Stratton [or Stalham].

It is related as a family tradition of the Williamses, that when Robert desired to come to this country, his wife, though a truly religious woman, dreaded the undertaking, and shrank back from the hardships to be encountered. While the subject was under consideration, she had a dream, or a vision of some sort, in which it was said to her that there would be many pious and learned preachers of the gospel among her descendants. She then told her husband that she was willing to come to this country. The prediction, whatever was its origin, was fulfilled, but not in her day. She died without the sight. Her death occurred in 1674.

This valley of the Connecticut has had several ministers of the name who answered well to the description "pious and learned." Other parts of the country, notably the state of Connecticut, have been favored in like manner, and some of her descendants have gone to other lands, to carry the light of the gospel to those in the darkness of heathenism.

Robert, the immigrant ancestor, had a son Samuel, born in England in 1633. He came to this country with his parents. He married Theoda, daughter of Deacon William Park. John Williams was the son of Samuel and Theoda. He was born Dec. 10, 1664. Of him we read that he "early directed his attention to study." By the aid of his grandfather, Deacon William Park, he pursued his studies at Harvard College, and was graduated there in 1683, before he was 19 years

of age. There were three men in that class, one of whom was a cousin of John Williams,—William Williams, who was settled as minister in Hatfield in the winter of 1685-6, and who preached there more than a half-century. The other member of the class was Samuel Danforth, Jr., son of the minister of Roxbury.

We get little trace of the two years of Mr. Williams's life after his graduation. He is called in one place "The Dorchester Schoolmaster." He doubtless prosecuted the study of theology at his home in Roxbury, and at his college home in Cambridge. In May, 1686, when he was twenty-one years and six months old, he came to Deerfield and began his ministry.

The minister of religion was considered a necessity, in the early communities of this country. In the days of trial and hardship, the teacher was found ever ready to bear his share of privations. He was ready to go with his people wherever they sought to secure for themselves homes. So, in the early days of Deerfield, before it was destroyed in King Philip's war, the Rev. Samuel Mather was preacher here for two years. There was no church organization here then, nor for two and a half years after Mr. Williams began his work. On the breaking up of the town in consequence of the Indian war, this Mr. Mather retired to Connecticut.

As the people began to gain confidence and to return to their desolated homes and fields, they also began to look for another minister to come and live among them. A church building was soon erected. The providing for the public worship of God, and the proper administration of the Sacraments—these "Privileges of the Sanctuary"—was thought to be a matter of first necessity by those God-fearing men and women. Early in 1686, a committee of the town opened negotiations with Mr. Williams, with reference to his settling here in the ministry.

It has been suggested that among the attractions which led John into this then wilderness, so far away from his home and friends, may have been the acquaintance of a certain young lady then living at Northampton. It seems much more probable to me that he formed the acquaintance of the young lady after coming to this place.

The negotiations with the youthful minister were success-

ful, so that he came here to live in May, 1686. Not long after [July 21, 1687] he was married to Eunice Mather of Northampton. She was the daughter of a former minister of Northampton, who died a few years after he began his work there. His widow, Esther Warham, the mother of Eunice, afterward was married to his successor in the pulpit there, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard. Eunice was born Aug. 2, 1664, as is recorded on her tombstone in our ancient burying ground. She was therefore about four months older than her husband.

In October, 1686, Mr. Williams was at Boston and Cambridge. Judge Sewall in his diary, under date Oct. 13, speaks of dining with "Mr. Williams of Deerfield," at the Deputy Governor's. This dinner may have been the beginning of a long acquaintance and friendship, as the judge makes frequent mention of Mr. Williams after this; it is probable that Mr. Williams was not married till after this visit to Boston.

The reasons why a church was not earlier organized in the town, can be imagined, though there is no record of those reasons. The unsettled state of the country,—the difficulty of gathering a proper council of churches from the sparsely settled towns of the valley, and of the state generally, are probable reasons for the delay. We have no reason to conclude that there was any unwillingness to settle here on Mr. Williams's part.

Judge Sewall's diary is the authority for the date of the organization of this church. Under date Oct. 17, 1688, Wednesday, he says, "This day a church is to be gathered, and Mr. Williams to be ordained at Dearfield;" what churches were on the council we are not informed. Doubtless Mr. Williams of Hatfield, and Mr. Stoddard of Northampton were among the ministers present.

It is no hasty step that is taken. The minister and people have had time to become well acquainted. The churches on the council do not act unadvisedly. To them the prospect of a permanent church here is good. They expect that this will prove a work that shall endure. It is the border church. Not one exists to the north of it—none to the west until Albany is reached. It is a light shining in a dark place, a beacon light in the midst of darkness. Mr. Williams is no "candidate" coming to preach a few trial sermons, and then to receive and consider a "call." For thirty months he has

preached here to the profit of the people. He has cast in his lot with them. He bears his share of the burdens resting upon such a frontier community. A house has been erected for his use. Hither he has brought his bride. Here a son has already been born. Why should not this be the place for his life-work? We can imagine the joy of the people in the exercises of the day. Their still youthful minister, not yet twenty-four years of age, has become their shepherd and pastor. Gladly do they praise God for the occasion, and look forward in the hope of continual good in days to come. They may hope their days of calamity and sorrow are passed, and that in the years to come they may have peaceable times. Yet this is by no means certain. The Indians still give an occasional alarm. Men are on their guard against surprises.

The time in the world's history is auspicious. The childhood and youth of Mr. Williams were passed in a time when great questions were under discussion, both in Old England and in New. The second King Charles, though nominally a protestant, died in the Catholic faith. He was succeeded by James, an open supporter of the Roman church, who attempted to carry out his plans of government by acts of violence and high-handed tyranny. At length it became imperative that there should be a change, if the interests of liberty in England were to be preserved. We can well understand how carefully the claims of the Catholics were considered in New England also. The pilgrims and the puritans had come to this land that they might be free from all forms of church tyranny. They had found here "freedom to worship God." It was their firm purpose that nothing should deprive them of this liberty. We can well understand that in those days, all students, specially students for the ministry, would be well grounded in the fundamental principles of the protestant faith,—well informed in all matters growing out of the controversy with those who upheld the church of Rome. They would be able to give "a reason of the hope that was in them," a reason for their belief. The questions of that day were not such as specially call for the attention and study of scholars at this day. They were the vital matters;—shall liberty of conscience be allowed? Shall the Bible be acknowledged as the rule of faith and practise? Shall the pope of Rome lord it over men's consciences and

trample on their rights? Our fathers fought a good fight, and won a glorious victory. At this day we are enjoying the fruits of their struggle. Had King James and the Roman party triumphed, it would have been the putting into force of the Reign of Terror, inaugurated by the infamous Jeffries in England, all through this new world as well.

Eighteen days after this ordination of Mr. Williams,—in the wilds of New England, at Deerfield,—William of Orange and his wife, Mary, landed at Torbay in England. The question we may say was then decided. England was not to be a Catholic country. New England could rejoice in the preservation of her liberties, both civil and religious.

When the struggle with the mother country came, 87 years after this, it was a struggle—a war—for civil and political rights—not a contest of differing faiths. All were as one on the religious questions. The Puritan of New England stood shoulder to shoulder with the Catholic from Maryland, in defense of civil liberty and of the right of self-government.

Mr. Williams was well grounded in the principles of the protestant faith. He was a firm upholder of these principles. As is apparent from the account of his controversies with priests, while he was a captive in Canada, he drew his arguments from the Bible. Like all the preachers of that day he was familiar with all the parts of this book. Here he was on the border line, and a bulwark of the faith for all the region. His nearest neighbors to the north were the Catholics of Canada.

We find few particulars of the life of Mr. Williams for the next 16 years. We know that there were frequent attacks by Indians, generally on scattered parties of settlers, or travellers. He must have been called to attend funeral services for men killed in these attacks, not infrequently. The names are given of seven killed in 1693, one in 1694, one in 1695, four in 1696, one in 1698. Joseph Barnard was one of these. His is the oldest gravestone in our cemetery, and he was killed near the Bars in 1695. After the burning of Schenectady, in 1690, a stockade was erected around part of meeting-house hill. In consequence of frequent incursions of Indians, the inhabitants of Deerfield were compelled to huddle together within this stockade. The distress of the inhabit-

ants is plainly set forth in a letter of Mr. Williams to the governor, dated October 21st, 1703, pleading for an abatement of taxes.

Mr. Williams was probably fully occupied with home cares and duties during these years; the needs of a large family* would take a good share of his time. The instruction of his sons as they grew up, would to a great extent devolve upon him.

The story of the taking of Deerfield by the French and Indians, under the command of Hertel De Rouville, on the 29th of February, 1704, has so often been told here that I may be excused from repeating it at this time. The long, weary march of the prisoners also, need not detain us now, the route which was followed on the way to Canada, is made the subject of another paper to be read this evening. With my mind's eye I have traced them across the meadows, skirting the hills or bluffs to the west, as far as the crossing of the Green river,—where Mrs. Williams was killed, thence up the hill and on in a nearly straight line, for Brattleboro, where the French and Indians had left their sledges and other baggage. From this point they journeyed on the ice, up the Connecticut river, as far as the White river. Here two or more parties of the captives were made. One of these, as also the French army, proceeded up the Connecticut as far as the "Cowass" country, and thence, after delays, across the country to the "French" river, and thence down the

*Children of John and Eunice Williams:

1. Eleazer, born July 16, 1688, graduated H. C. 1708, Sett. Mansfield, Conn.
2. Samuel, b. Jan. 24, 1689-90, d. June 30, 1713, *Lieut.*
3. Esther, b. April 10, 1691, m. June 21, 1715, Rev. Joseph Meacham of Coventry, Conn., d. March 12, 1751.
4. Stephen, b. May 14, 1693, graduated H. C. 1713, settled Longmeadow, 1716, d. 1782. He preached a sermon, 77 years after the taking of this town, and his being led away into captivity, from the text Psalms 37, 5.
5. Eliakim, b. May 1, 1695, d. April 15, 1696.
6. Eunice, b. Sept. 17, 1696.
7. John, b. Jan. 19, 1697-8, killed by Indians, Feb. 29, 1704.
8. Warham, b. Sept. 16, 1699, carried to Canada, 1704, graduated H. C. 1719, settled Waltham, 1723, d. 1751.
9. Jerusha, b. Sept. 3, 1701, d. Sept. 16, 1701.
10. Jemima, b. Sept. 3, d. Sept. 11, 1701.
11. Jerusha (2nd), b. Jan. 15, 1704. Killed by the Indians in the attack on the town, Feb. 29, 1704.

The eldest of these was away from home and studying for admission to college, at the time of the burning of this town, and thus escaped being led into captivity with his father and brothers and sisters.

river to the lake Champlain and onward to Canada. In this company was Stephen Williams. Another company, containing the most of the captives, Mr. Williams being one among them, proceeded up the White river, as far as the present village of South Royalton, opposite to which comes into the White its so-called "first branch." The party went up this branch, through what are now the towns of Tunbridge, Chelsea, Washington, and down the "Stevens" branch of "French" river, through Barre, to French river, now known as the Winooski; thence down this river to the Lake Champlain, in the town of Colchester, and then on the lake to Chamblee in Canada.

Mr. Williams was on the whole treated kindly while in captivity. He resided the most of the time at Chateau Viche, 15 miles below Quebec. He was separated from his children and only occasionally was allowed to write to them; and their letters to him were written under the dictation of the priest who had them in charge. He was not permitted to converse, or to hold divine service with the English prisoners. It appears that he had not an English Bible, even, for some time, as he says that a French gentleman, M. De Beauville, lent him one, and when he went to France gave it to him. Many efforts were made to induce him to accept the faith of his captors. Once his Indian master stood over him, with a hatchet in his hand, and threatened him with instant death, if he would not do as he bade him,—which was to make the sign of the cross and kiss the crucifix. He was enabled to say, "I will sooner die than sin against God." His true courage, and freedom from all fear of death, seem to have won the favor of the savage. Early in his stay in Canada, bribes were tried. He was promised a pension, sufficient for honorable maintenance, and that his children might be with him, and the like privileges. His reply was, "If I thought your religion to be true, I would embrace it freely, without any such offer; but so long as I believe it to be what it is, the offer of the whole world is of no more value to me than a blackberry." On another occasion when he was asked simply to accompany the gentleman in his carriage to the church, on a saint's day, he replied, "Ask me anything wherein I can serve you with a good conscience, and I am ready to gratify you, but I must ask your excuse here."

He was left in a very destitute condition as to needed clothing. His friends in Boston, hearing of his need, raised money and procured clothing for him. Judge Sewell speaks of having been invited to give. The head priest, being remonstrated with for allowing him to go ragged, gave as a reason, "your obstinacy against our religion." I told him, says Mr. Williams, that it was better going in a ragged coat than with a ragged conscience,"

Pains, threats, trials, hunger, nakedness, loneliness, separation from his children, and from all friends, could not move this strong man from his fixed purpose. Ease, promise of wealth and comfort, the presence of his children, all things desirable in a worldly view, were no more to him than a "blackberry," when the condition was that of accepting another gospel than the one which he had believed and preached and practised. He looked above, not at the things on the earth. His mind was turned to the "recompense or reward," from on high.

He seems to have been held in some sort as a hostage for one "Captain Baptiste," a French prisoner at Boston. On this account when others of the Deerfield prisoners were released and allowed to return to their country he was still retained. I suppose he might have been set at liberty long before he was if the English governor, Dudley, of Boston, would have consented to exchange Baptiste for him. But the merchants and sea-faring men of Boston, had suffered so much from this man,—they knew his enterprise as a sea-rover so well,—they knew his thorough knowledge of the coast and of the places exposed to attack,—that they would not consent to the exchange.

When Captain Livingtone and Mr. Sheldon went on an embassy from the government of New England, a few prisoners were permitted to return with them. Mr. Williams's son Stephen was redeemed from the Indians at that time, and came to live with his father at Chateau Viche. His father says "he had suffered much among the Indians, was almost naked, and very poor." This was in May, 1705. Stephen says in his journal that he did not see his father for fourteen months. The father and son shared their captivity for four months, and then Stephen was permitted to return to Boston. He left Quebec October 12, 1705, leaving

father, brothers and sisters behind him, and after a tedious voyage, arrived at Boston, November 2d. Samuel, the second son, who was 14 years old when carried to Canada, was so ill-treated by the Jesuits that for a time he assented to their teaching. He did this to avoid beatings and other ill-treatment. He was compelled to attend their services, to make the sign of the cross, to bow, and the like. His father wrote some letters to him; two of these are published in "*The Redeemed Captive.*" He was permitted to write to his father, but was told what he must say about matters, and wrote things which were not as represented. The father's letters to him are earnest appeals to his son, to consider well what he was doing, and what he was tempted to do, by these priests. There is a serious warning, that he should not attempt to draw away also his younger brother, little Warham. Samuel was afterward redeemed and returned to Deerfield. Here he became "*Lieut.*" Williams. He once went on an embassy to Canada, possibly as interpreter, but died a young man, June 30, 1713.

Mr. Williams remained a year longer in Canada. He was brought back to Boston in 1706, leaving Quebec, October 25, and arriving at Boston, November 21st. He appears to have spent the winter in that vicinity. Here he prepared his book, "*The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion.*" The first edition was printed at this time.

On the 5th of December, he preached the weekly lecture at Boston. This lecture is printed in the third edition of "*The Redeemed Captive.*" It is entitled "*Report of Divine Kindness, or Remarkable Mercies, &c.*" The texts are, Psalms 107; 13, 14, 15, and Psalms 34; 3. On the 20th of December he preached again at a "*Mr. Bromfields.*"

Soon after his return to Boston, the residents of Deerfield sent a committee to try to secure his return to this place and to his pastoral work here. The negotiations seem to have been going on during the winter. The council made him a grant of money on condition that he resume his work at once. But as we find him in Boston as late as the 20th of December, and again there on the 7th and 21st of March, it seems most probable that he spent the intervening time there. He needed as much time as that for the preparation and printing of his book, and the lecture. It is not probable

that he would take the long winter journey through the wilderness twice.

Again, we cannot wonder if he should have hesitated about coming here at all. The war still continued. There was some uncertainty about the continuance of the town. His personal history may have led him to hesitate. Here he had passed the days of his early ministry, and so he would be attached to the place, and to the people. He had been a partaker in their sufferings and in their struggles. Such thoughts would naturally incline him to cast in his lot once more with this people. But here he had had his severe afflictions. It was here that he had been called to pass through the deep waters. The desire of his heart had been taken from him at a stroke. Two little ones had been slain by the savages, one an infant, snatched from its mother's arms. If he returned here all things would bring fresh to his memory his great loss. He must tread these streets without *her* to comfort and strengthen him in his toil. A life here would be a daily renewing of his sorrow. He might well hesitate as he thought of his motherless children, and that he must be separated from them, as they would need advantages for education and care which he could not give them here. All but one of those who had been carried away with him were now back in this country, only the little Eunice was still retained by the Indians in Canada.

Yet we find him at the opening of spring preparing to return hither. He has accepted the proposals of his townsmen. On the 7th of March he visits Judge Sewall, and tells him that he is "to go to Deerfield fourteen nights hence, next Tuesday." On the 21st we find him dining with the Governor, and Judge Sewall was also a guest. This must have been near the time of his starting for the journey.

In the course of this year he was "called" to serve as chaplain to the force which was sent to operate against Port Royal. I find no other record of this service.

In 1711, Mr. Williams was again "called" to serve as chaplain in the army that was sent for the conquest of Canada, under General Hill and Admiral Walker. I cannot decide from anything which I have found whether he actually went as chaplain or not.

Mr. Williams was married the second time, Sept. 16, 1707,

to Mrs. Abigail (Allen) Bissell of Windsor, Conn. Her husband died in 1698. She was a granddaughter of the Rev. John Warham, as was also Mrs. Eunice Williams. She was born Oct. 17, 1672; consequently was 35 years old when she married Mr. Williams. He was eight years older than she. The house, still standing, was erected for him in that year, 1707.*

Thus his home was renewed. His children were again brought together under the care of a mother, all but Eunice, now 11 years old, still remaining in Canada.

Stephen says that he was kindly cared for by his friends in Roxbury, for a year after his father's return, and kept at school there. Then he returned home to Deerfield, studied for some time here, "but the town being but a garrison of soldiers, and two families in my father's house, I could not prosecute my studies, so that I was sent to live with my uncle Williams, [his father's cousin] at Hatfield."

In 1709, we find Mr. Williams visiting Boston again. He is in to see Judge Sewall, May 9th, and on the 6th of June he goes with the Judge to Reading, to attend the funeral of "Mr. Pierpont."

In 1712, on the 30th July, two men of Deerfield, Jonathan Barrett and William Sanford, were taken captive and carried to Canada. Here they met "Lieut. Samuel Williams," who was then at Canada with a flag of truce. He ransomed them from the Indians and brought them home. They were absent only about two months.

At this time hopes were entertained that the long-lost daughter might be recovered. Col. Schuyler did all that man could do to reclaim her and bring her back to her father and friends. He finds that she has suddenly been married to an Indian. The argument of the priest defending the marriage, satisfies him. At least he says that "The priest set forth to me such good reasons, with witnesses, that myself nor any other person (as I believe) could fairly make ob-

*Children of John and Abigail Williams:

12. Abigail, born Sept. 27, 1708, died Dec. 8, 1787.

13. John, born Nov. 23, 1709, died June 11, 1714.

14. Eliakim, born Feb. 6, 1711.

15. Elijah, born Nov. 13, 1712.

16. Sarah, born Sept. 8, 1716, died Feb. 19, 1736-7.

jection against their marriage." Judge Sewall, under date of March 26th, 1713, says that hopes were entertained of her return. "It may be as when Samson married a Philistine." He speaks of the "omen of her name"—Euni-cé—"Bene Litigans."

In the course of her life Eunice came to this town several times. She also went farther down the country to see her brothers and sister. On one of these visits she spent a Sunday with her oldest brother, Eleazer, at Mansfield, Conn. In the morning Mrs. Williams prevailed upon her and her husband to put on the English dress. Eunice went to church and heard her brother preach. Her husband came as far as the door but would not go in. He went into the church-yard and lay upon a grave all the time of service.

Dr. Sprague relates that during one of these visits of Eunice they had a family meeting at Mansfield, and also a day of special prayer. The Rev. Solomon Williams of Lebanon, son of the Rev. William of Hatfield, preached a sermon against "Popish Superstitions." They hoped to make an impression on the mind of the "lost" sister, converting her and bringing her back to the faith, but it was of no avail.*

Through all his life the father mourned for this daughter. He prayed for her. So did his sons, Eleazer, at Mansfield, Stephen at Longmeadow, and Warham at Waltham. It was said that these men never prayed in public without uttering a petition for those held in captivity, often mentioning their sister specifically.

In 1713 Stephen was graduated at Harvard. He came here after that and soon was employed as teacher at Hadley. He speaks of frequently coming "home"—once of coming to Thanksgiving. He mentions the death of his brother Samuel. He was the first minister of Longmeadow, settled there in 1716.

In the fall of that year, 1713, the government decided to send another embassy to Canada, to see if the captives still held there might not be restored. The result of the delib-

*Eunice married a man named De Rogers. They had children, two sons and a daughter. The daughter, Sarah, married a Dr. Williams. They had a son, Thomas, who was the father of Eleazer, the missionary to the Indians of Greenbay,—sometimes regarded as the "Dauphin of France." [For a fuller history of Eunice Williams, see Vol. I. Proceedings P. V. M. Association and the Stories of New England Captives by C. Alice Baker. EDITOR.]

erations of the council at Boston was, the sending of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton, and Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, as ambassadors.

This journey for the greater part of a year, took Mr. Williams again away from this town. He went to Boston, and there he and Col. Stoddard received their instructions.

They left on the 5th of November, 1713. They came first to Northampton. Mr. Williams may have made a short visit to his home. They pressed on their way from Northampton as fast as possible. They went by way of Westfield, and thence by Kinderhook to Albany. Here they were detained a long time. They could get no reliable guides. The ice would not allow them to cross the streams. The thaw had made the streams impassable. They did not get away from Albany till January 22nd. Even then it seems that it was the determination and the indomitable energy of these English gentlemen that enabled them to start. Their friends, the Schuylers, dissuaded them from undertaking the journey at that season. The Indians would not venture. But go they must, and they did. It was a tedious and perilous journey. They went on foot, by way of Saratoga and Crown Point. Sometimes they travelled on snow shoes,—sometimes in canoes. For a second time John Williams takes the winter journey into Canada. The latter part of the way, north from Burlington as far as Chamblee, would be the same as he had passed over ten years before.

It is perhaps enough to say here that this embassy was nearly fruitless as regards the main object of their going. The governor received them kindly and talked very well. But he made good none of his promises. He changed his proposals from time to time. There were twenty-four prisoners released who came back with the ambassadors,—but Mr. Williams's daughter, Eunice, was not one of them.

I make the following notes and extracts from the report of the commissioners :

Commissioners left Boston November 5th, came to Northampton the 9th ; left Northampton the 13th. In their company they took Thomas Baker and Martin Kellogg, interpreter, and two others. They arrived at Albany November 16th. Ice in the river prevented their going on. On the 25th December they engaged Hendrick, an Indian chief, to go with them. They set out from Albany January 22d.

Passed Crown Point 31st. On the 4th February they took the lake, near "Wanooskeek" [Winooski, now Burlington]. On the 8th, came to Chamblee, and on the 9th were sent on in a carryall to Montreal. On the 12th they set out for Quebec, where they arrived the 16th. "Gov. Vaudreuil assured us that all prisoners should have free liberty to return, and that those that would go, should have his blessing; that we might use all freedom with them, that we might go to them, or send for them to our lodging; and that we should have free speech with the religious." On the 25th, Gov. Vaudreuil stated that the king had naturalized a number (84) of the English, and they could not have liberty to return. This was replied to by the commissioners, in a firm letter the same day. They showed that such refusal to allow these to return, would be inconsistent with the King's intention of respect to the Queen [Anne of England]—It would be contrary to the King's special command,—contrary to the articles of peace, and to the Governor's own statement. Many different statements were made by the Governor, who was careful not to commit his answers to writing. On the 14th April, the Governor promised that if the relatives would consent, he would compel Eunice to return. On the 15th April, the Commissioners read to the Governor the chief particulars which he had promised. They did this, they say, "to prevent after disputes."

1. That we should use all freedom of speech with the English people in the country.
2. That all English persons, taken in war, and brought into this country, should have free liberty to return.
3. That all those under age should be compelled, (to return).
4. That we might privately take away those that were naturalized.
5. That French women might go with their English husbands,—and that English women should not be compelled to stay with their French husbands.
6. That he would gather all the English people to Quebec, there to resolve whether to return or not,—except some few, "named" persons, who we might certainly know that they would not return.
7. That he would subsist our people on their return.
8. That those children whose parents were both English, should be accounted ours,—but the matter respecting others was left undetermined.

On the third of August the vessel which was to take the commissioners and the released prisoners to Boston arrived at Quebec.

Several strong letters were written to the French Governor during the summer, and I fancy we may trace the reasoning of the clergyman in them.

The conclusion of the report of the commissioners reads :

"Aug. 24, sailed with twenty-four prisoners,—having lost three men who had declared to the governor that they would go home ; and five others, who pretended to embark just before we sailed ;—not having received the list [of prisoners] that the governor promised us ; without having our people assembled at Quebec ; without having one-half of our people asked before us, whether they would return or not, and several that were at Quebec, while we were there ; or, one minor compelled, having never seen many of our prisoners, while we were in the country. "That day sailed by the Isle of Orleans. 25th to the Isle of Coudre—26th to the Isle of Leon—there tarried. 27th William Boltwood died, sick a fortnight. Sept, 1st, 1714, sailed thence."*

We get a little glimpse of Mr. Williams's life here in Deerfield, in the following extracts from Judge Sewall's diary. The judge visited this region in 1716. He seems to have come "on circuit" and to have held court in some places. He came hither from Hatfield, attended by a servant, on Sept. 1st, Saturday. Some one from Hatfield accompanied him as far as Sugar Loaf, thence "Samuel Childs" was his guide. Mr. Childs showed him the grave of Capt. Lathrop and the brave "Flower of Essex." On Sunday, the 2d he records, "Sat with Mrs. Williams in their *pue*." Mr. Williams preached a good sermon from the text, "This their way is their folly." The judge adds, "Sing well at Deerfield." A compliment deserved at this day, and it is to be presumed, always true of this place.

On Monday, 3rd, Mr. Williams, Capt. Wells and Mehuman Hinsdale went with the judge to the falls, "where Capt. Turner slew so many Indians. Return, saw Green River, and the mills where Capt. Turner was shot on his retreat from the falls. Saw the neck. We had seen Cheapside go-

*The detailed account of the expenses of these gentlemen, in the handwriting of John Stoddard, is in the possession of one of his descendants. I note the following items:

At Albany, drink for the commissioners [of the New York government] and other gentlemen, £3, 9, 6½.

Given children, servants and Indians, £2, 0, 6.

Pipes and tobacco for journey, 6s, 3d.

Dog to draw provision, 6s.

At Montreal, pocket money for Williams & self, 120 liv.

Landlord, 2660 livres.

Madam for two prisoners & charges, 256 livres.

For voyage, eggs, 8, onions & cabbage, 20, again 32, cabbages, 24, jar "oyl," 30, 2 sheep, 36, 4 sheep, 80, 2 hogs, 60, one dozen fowls, 12, hay & milk, 6, corn &c, 7, pepper, 10.

ing thither. Dined with Mr. Williams, who with Capt. Wells, brought us to Muddy [Bloody] Brook. To Hatfield by night."

In the latter part of the year 1715, Stephen Williams began preaching at Longmeadow. A church was organized there and Stephen ordained pastor Oct. 17, 1716. On that occasion his father, John Williams of Deerfield, made the introductory prayer. Mr. William Williams of Hatfield preached the sermon, and Mr. Stoddard of Northampton gave the charge. Mr. Stoddard was the husband of Stephen Williams's grandmother, so there were three relatives present and taking part on the occasion.

In 1718 Mr. Williams went with his son Stephen to Stamford, Conn., to attend his marriage to Abigail Davenport, which took place, July 3rd. They went on horseback, and the youthful Abigail came into Longmeadow riding on a pillion behind her husband.

One other fact has come to notice. March 17, 1727, the church in Somers, Conn., was organized, and the Rev. Samuel Allis of Hatfield, was ordained its pastor. The Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, preached on the occasion.

I notice that Mr. Williams preached at Boston, June 23, 1717. In an appendix to the third edition of "The Redeemed Captive," dated at Boston, Dec. 20, 1757, Mr. Thomas Prince says, "the Rev. Mr. Williams of Deerfield, used every May, yearly, to come down to the general convention of ministers of the Province, at Boston where he was always very affectionately entertained." "At the convention in May, 1728, he preached a very moving sermon to the ministers. He expressed his joy in the great advantage we had, in the general awakening through the land, by the great earthquake in October, foregoing."

Three of Mr. Williams's sons became ministers. They were, Eleazer at Mansfield, Conn., Stephen, at Longmeadow, and Warham at Waltham, Mass. His daughter Esther was married to the Rev. Mr. Meacham of Coventry, Conn. Stephen lived to preach a sermon 77 years from the day of the sacking of Deerfield. His text was psalms 37, 5. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass."

It is pleasant to think of the journeys the father must have

taken from time to time, in order to visit these children. He would pass down the river, stopping to see his cousin and classmate at Hatfield; thence to Northampton, always stopping to see the aged mother of his wife, Eunice, and her husband, Mr. Stoddard, and the last years of his life, the young Mr. Edwards, settled as colleague with his grandfather. Thence onward, by way of Springfield to Longmeadow. Thence he would travel across the plains to Somers, and on over the hills, to his daughter's at Coventry; thence over the hills again to Mansfield. Returning thence, he would probably visit his childhood's home in Roxbury on his way to West Watertown,—now Waltham, where his son Warham was settled. Thence by a more northern route on to this place.

The town of Mansfield offered to give him lands if he would take up his abode there with his son, Eleazer.

We fancy that his was a quiet, peaceful age, honored among his brother ministers and among all his acquaintance. It was cut off sooner than we might have anticipated.

Mr. Williams was in Boston the latter part of May, or the early days of June, 1729. He probably was present at the convention of ministers that year. Visiting at this time a brother in Roxbury who was sick, he made use of this expression, "Come, brother, it is a good time to die in, when there is such a dark day hastening on New England."

What led him to speak of a "dark day" coming, at that time, I do not know. Perhaps his disposition was rather to look at the dark side, as we say, and hence he conjectured things to be in a worse condition than they really were. Whatever was his thought, or his fear, it is evident that in spiritual things a bright day was soon to dawn on New England and on the whole country as well. His somber vaticinations were not fulfilled. Jonathan Edwards had already been preaching in Northampton more than three years. Only five years after this time that great reformation began in Northampton which was the commencement of the remarkable work of God which is known as the "Great Awakening." This awakening changed the face of things, in a spiritual aspect throughout the whole country. Before the end of this year, the little society of students at Oxford, England, was formed out of which grew Methodism. It was

but a few years after when John Wesley came to America as preacher.

Mr. Williams returned from this visit to Boston, and preached here on Sunday, the 8th June. He preached both parts of the day, "tho he felt himself something heavy and indisposed," as the writer in the Boston News Letter states. "On Monday morning he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy." He had the exercise of his reason, but never spoke more than two or three words after this. "And on Thursday, the twelfth, half an hour before one in the morning he expired to our great surprise and distress, upon whom he was on the best accounts greatly endeared." "On the Friday following he was decently interred. The Rev. Mr. Chauncey of Hadley preached a funeral sermon on the occasion." His son Warham preached a sermon here on the Wednesday next following, June 18th.

The Rev. Thomas Foxcroft, pastor of the old church in Boston, preached a sermon at the Thursday lecture, June 19, joining together the names of John Williams and Thomas Blowers of Beverly, who died June 17th. This sermon was published at the request of Judge Sewall and probably at his expense. It was dedicated to him.

Mr. Williams died at the age of 64 years 5 months 26 days.

It is recorded of him that he "would sometimes say, 'it was a dangerous thing to be set in the front of New England's sins.'" His place was on the frontier post of the settlements of New England. The writer in the "Boston News Letter," who gave the account of his death, says, that divine providence fitted him for this post, "by giving him courage, patience and cheerfulness of spirit," "so that he was wonderfully carried thro' all the difficulties, distractions and dangers that he encountered."

Reading his book "The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," and the few other publications of his that we have access to, one notices his familiarity with the Bible, the aptness of his quotations from it, the readiness with which he adapted the language, specially of the old testament, to the circumstances of himself and others. We can understand how he should have been regarded by his contemporaries as "a powerful and affecting preacher." (Rev. R. Dickinson.)

The writer in the "News-Letter" says, "He was much in

prayer, and singularly gifted in it. He was heartily concerned for the interest of religion, and the best good of this people, and a constant intercessor at the throne of grace for the same." "He was abundant in his labours. Plainly, faithfully and frequently charging and instructing both elder and younger, and adorning the doctrine of God our saviour in a very circumspect, holy and blameless life."

Foxcroft says of the two ministers who died so near together, "They were men of sincere and fervent devotion. Both of them remarkably strict observers of the Lord's day, and treated the name of God and divine things with a most becoming awe and reverence. They were men of great faith, men of prayer, and knew how to wrestle with God. They were ardent lovers of New England, its religious principles, its ecclesiastical and civil rights and liberties, and have been wont to stand in the gap trembling for the ark of God."

Such was John Williams of Deerfield. A man of faith and prayer, a man of holy life, fearing God and doing good to men. As such a God-fearing man may his influence ever be felt, and his memory ever be cherished in this town.*

*A portrait of John Williams was painted in Albany for and at the expense of his friend, General Schuyler. It remained in the Schuyler family till sometime in the early part of this century, when Rev. Eleazer Williams was visiting the family. He discovered this portrait, and learned its history. As all those who were interested in it had passed away, it was given to him. It seems not impossible that this portrait may still be in existence; and if so it may be recovered for this town. [Eleazer Williams being the only authority there seems small inducement for a search. EDITOR].

THE FLOWER OF ESSEX.

BY ABBIE E. SNOW.

Fair lies the county Essex, beside the summer sea,
Where, like doves, the white sailed vessels sweep onward joyously.
Netted with silver veinlets lie city, farm and town,
While above the watching heavens bend lovingly adown.
Fair lay the county Essex two hundred years ago;
In the yellow autumn sunlight the bright waves glanced and shone,
Tho' the village and the city then were but a prophecy,
And a promise of the glory and the beauty yet to be.
Within the homes of Essex, one lovely autumn day,
Full many a prayer went upward for loved ones far away.
The mother's eye grew dreamy as she watched her infant's glee,
And the maiden's brow was shadowed by a tender revery;
Yet they knew not, though unconsciously their spirits felt the gloom,

That, e'en then, the sons of Essex were marching to their doom.
 As the day waned on to setting, did no whisper to them come
 Of the sorrow and the danger menacing each happy home?
 On the mountains to the westward, radiantly the sunlight smiled
 As the little band departed from the fortress in the wild.
 Youths, with brows whose thoughtful shading spoke of earnest lives and true—
 Sixty men,—the "Flower of Essex,"—brave to dare and strong to do.

Brightly gleamed the path before them, gay with gold and crimson strewed,
 For the maple's changing glories lighted all the lonely wood;
 And the golden rod and aster their treasures scattered free,
 While the squirrel leaped and chattered in a mocking, restless glee.
 In the beauty and the gladness of the royal autumn day,
 How could youthful hearts be mindful of the dangers of the way?
 On they marched with jest and laughter, till, at length, they paused to rest
 Where gray Wequamps guards the valley, with the river on its breast.
 Here a brook, with noisy babbling, from its rocky fetters broke,
 Hurling itself adown the valley like a winding thread of smoke.
 O'er it hung, in heavy clusters, grapes, the hue of amethyst,
 And the wild plums, crimson jewels, glimmered through the rising mist.
 Here they paused and reckless, casting from their hands their weapons tried,
 Gathered eagerly the fruitage drooping downward to the tide,
 Seeing not the fierce and wary glances of the ambushing foe,
 Till their yell rang through the valley, filling every heart with woe.
 None may paint the bitter conflict there, beside the lonely wood,
 But to-day they tell the story how long time the brook ran blood,
 There they fell, the young, the fated; there they rest, the true, the brave;
 And a marble shaft arises, guarding to this day their grave.
 But a wail of bitter sorrow rang through Essex's darkened bowers;
 Maid and matron wept together through the saddened autumn hours;
 Many a heart broke with its anguish—anguish that no tongue might tell—
 At the horror of the tidings how the "Flower of Essex" fell.

THE ROUTE OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN ARMY
 THAT SACKED DEERFIELD FEB. 29TH, 1703-4
 [O. S.]*, ON THEIR RETURN MARCH TO
 CANADA WITH THE CAPTIVES.

BY SAMUEL CARTER.

Introduction. "I had the honor to write you my Lord this spring by way of Placentia, and to inform you of the success of a party I sent this winter on the ice as far as to the Boston Government." M. de Vaudreuil to M. de Pontchartrain, Nov. 16th, 1704. [Doc. Hist. N. Y. Vol. IX, p. 758].
 "Onion River was formerly called the French River, and by

*To change Old Style to New add eleven days to the given dates.

the Indians, Winooski. It was along this river that the Indians formerly traveled from Canada, when they made their attacks upon the frontier settlements on Connecticut River." [Williams Hist. Vt. 2nd Edition 1809 Vol. I., pp. 40, 41.]

"The route they took [The French and Indian Army that sacked Deerfield] was by the way of Lake Champlain till they came to the French river, now called Onion river. Advancing up that stream they passed over to Connecticut river, and returned to Canada on the same route, carrying with them one hundred and twelve of the inhabitants of Deerfield as prisoners of war." [Ibid pp. 305, 306.]

The party that Vaudreuil sent out on the ice for the purpose of desolating Deerfield, comprised two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians, under the command of Hertel de Rouville, assisted by four of his brothers; they were sons of the famous Francois Hertel. Their assault upon the town was made early in the morning, before day-break. It was sudden, irresistible and destructive.

The enemy inflicted all the damage they could within the time they gave themselves, about three hours. As far as it went the havoc was awful, but the savages did not attempt to complete the work of destruction; they had secured a large number of captives, much booty, an abundant supply of provisions which they greatly needed for immediate use as well as for the return march; they had killed forty-seven of the people of Deerfield in the assault, burned many houses and barns, destroyed cattle and hogs, rifled houses and above all they had taken the Rev. John Williams, pastor of the church, which was one of the objects of the expedition, and were satisfied. Taking the captives and booty, and leaving behind a considerable remnant of the undaunted people of Deerfield whom they had not overcome, they set off upon their return march to Canada through an unbroken wilderness, deep snow, and upon the ice of the frozen rivers and lake, a distance of nearly three hundred miles. The French represented the brains and military skill that planned the expedition, and the authority that directed and controlled it; the Indians were their hired tools, without whom the enterprise would have been an impossibility, the guides and hunters, and the captors and custodians of the prisoners, upon whom the French could conveniently charge the inhu-

manities of the wicked undertaking ; but the French as principals were the actual instigators of all the cruelties that attended it, and on them rests the odium of their perpetration. It was an illustration of their method of "keeping the English embroiled with the Indians;" the avowed policy of the authorities in Canada and the French government.

An account of the assault, the names of the killed and of the captives, and a brief sketch of the journey to Canada, will be found in "The Redeemed Captive," which was published by the Rev. John Williams soon after his return from captivity. The narrative of his son, Stephen Williams, appears in the latest edition of this book, and it is also separately published by the P. V. M. Association.

Deerfield at the time of the assault, was the most advanced of the English frontier towns on the Connecticut. The French settlements in Canada hugged closely the line of the St. Lawrence river, Montreal being their advanced frontier town, and Chambly on the Sorel river (the outlet of Lake Champlain) their outpost. Between the frontiers of New England and New France was a wilderness of vast extent, characterized by great mountains, numerous rivers, great lakes and dense forests, which were the hunting grounds and battlefields of the savages. The Indians traversed it in all directions with the ease and certainty with which we travel the roads which modern civilization establishes for its convenience. The Indian highways were the rivers and lakes ; and with the mountains and hills for their landmarks the whole of this wilderness was open to them, and the illimitable region beyond. In the summer they skirted afoot the banks of the stream, or traversed in their bark canoes the rivers and lakes along whose frozen surface they travelled in winter. Whenever navigation on a stream was interrupted by falls, they made a detour around the obstruction, carrying their canoes and luggage with them. These places were called portages or carrying places ; other portages existed at the passages between lakes, and others again separated the upper waters of streams running in opposite directions.

Lake Champlain, the westerly boundary of this wilderness, was the all important division in the great Indian thoroughfare between Canada and the English colonies. It was

called by the Indians *Caniaderie Gaurunte* or the door of the country, and Lossing* says that standing upon the top of Mt. Tahawas in the Adirondack region, and looking eastward to the Green mountains across the immense valley in the profound depths of which this famous lake stretches its length of 126 miles, the significance of the Indian name becomes apparent at once. The Connecticut river, a great and commanding central driftway through the wilderness, was an important counterpart to Lake Champlain. We might call the lake the outer door, and the river the inner door of the country. In the intermediate region, then a wilderness, now the state of Vermont, are the convenient subordinate water ways by which they passed to and fro.

On the easterly side of the Green mountains the water courses are tributaries of the Great River as the Connecticut was familiarly called; on the westerly side of the mountains they flow into the lake. Some of the more important of them were well known Indian roads, and used by the savages as the exigencies of hunting, fighting, or journeying gave occasion. But they had one principal thoroughfare between the lake and the river, which may be denominated the trunk line. This was the Winooski river; and so commonly was it used by the French and their Indian allies in their raids upon the English, that it came to be called the "French river," and is so designated in the "Redeemed Captive" and in the narrative of Stephen Williams. From the upper waters of the Winooski there was a choice of ways to the great river, to wit: southerly by available branches of the Winooski and corresponding branches of the White river, or easterly by the Wells river; the two ways forming with the Connecticut a kind of delta. The easterly way afforded a direct access to the planting grounds at the lower Cowass in the vicinity of the present town of Newbury, and easy communication with the eastern Indians beyond; the southerly way reached farther down the great river on the way to the frontier settlements of the "Boston Government." These two waterways, the White and the Wells rivers, leading up from the Connecticut toward the Winooski, need to be well fixed in the mind, as it will be seen that for the purpose of

*Book of the Hudson river.

reaching the Winooski, both were used by the French and Indians on their return to Canada with the Deerfield captives. The French took the Wells river way and the Indians and captives, subdividing into small parties, took the White river, ascending different branches.

Mr. Williams's son Stephen, a lad of eleven years, "was carried away by Indians belonging to the eastern parts." He and his master went by the Wells river way.

Neither Mr. Williams's account of the journey to Canada, nor that of his son Stephen is in any sense an itinerary of the route taken, nor could either at that time have been intended as such, the region travelled being then, and for a long period thereafter, only a wilderness. While it is undeniable that both possess a touching and imperishable interest by reason of their fidelity to the truth, and the concise and unstudied form in which the harrowing incidents are related, it must be said that they are so beset with obscurities and are so excessively brief as to render them without interpretation, rather unintelligible to the ordinary reader. In order to elucidate the story of the march of the unfortunate captives to Canada. I have collated these two narratives, supplemented them with information drawn from other sources, and after an attentive study of a large map of the state of Vermont, traced the trail of the savages; calculated and adjusted daily distances travelled; pointed out the camping places, known or probable; identified them with the present villages, towns and cities of Vermont; given the daily tragedies and incidents of the journey; noted in general terms the subdivision into smaller bands, the route of the French, that of the savages and captives; given a detailed account of the route taken by Mr. Williams and his captor after the separation, as also that followed by Stephen and his master. The results of these studies are in the account which follows. Care has been taken to avoid unnecessary diffuseness, and it is hoped that it will be found acceptable to the hearer, afford him an insight into the subject, and enable him to follow readily in his mind the invaders and their unhappy captives from the frontier of New England to that of New France.

ROUTE TO CANADA.

First day, Tuesday, Feb. 29th, 1703-4. The prisoners and

plunder captured at Deerfield were conveyed across the meadow and Deerfield river "to the foot of the mountain," a point of rendezvous for the captives, about one mile north-westerly from the village and in order to cover their retreat, and prevent pursuit by a rescuing band, the French took up a position between this rendezvous and the village. Here preparations were made for the long march of nearly three hundred miles before them. After the fight in the meadow, and the repulse of the pursuers, the enemy and captives ascended the bluff and crossed over a low ridge to a locality in the old Indian trail now known as Little Hope. This was the rendezvous of the Indians in the army, where they put on the war paint for the attack and which Mr. Williams in his narrative calls "up the mountain." Here the French put the column in order, arranged for the conveyance of their wounded. Here one of the captive children was murdered. Mara Carter, about three years old, daughter of Samuel Carter, was the victim. She was the first of the eighteen slain on the march. From hence De Rouville and his forces retraced their trail in a northerly direction to the Connecticut river, about two and a half miles below the mouth of West river, where, as they came down, they had left their sleighs, dogs and heavy camp equipage. Excepting this land journey of about twenty-one miles, occupying three days, the whole route to Canada was along water courses. They travelled the first day about four miles from the rendezvous at Little Hope, and camped in the westerly part of what is now Greenfield, near the boundary line of Shelburne. Total distance for the day about five miles. Mr. Williams' negro man was killed that night at the camp, and one of the captives made his escape and ran back to Deerfield.

Second day, Wednesday, March 1st. They proceeded up Green River about two miles, and forded it, in the northerly part of Greenfield not far from the boundary line of Leyden. Mrs. Williams, who was in extremely delicate health, was thrown down by the current, drenched and chilled in the water, and being able to proceed but a few rods, was slain by her savage captor with one stroke of his hatchet. Beyond the ford of Green River, it is believed that the trail led up through the southeast corner of the present town of Leyden into Bernardston and northeasterly through the latter until

it rounded Bald Mountain, thence northerly. Mr. Williams says: "In our march they killed a sucking infant of one of my neighbors, and before night a girl of eleven years." The babe was Hannah Carter, seven months old, daughter of Samuel, and was killed probably in Bernardston; the other victim may have been Jemima Richards, daughter of John, and was probably killed in the vicinity of their camping place. The travel this day was about eight miles and the camp was in the northerly part of Bernardston.

Third day, Thursday, March 2d. Six captives met death before the Connecticut River was reached, one of whom was Philip Mattoon; no mention is made by Mr. Williams of any death upon this day or during the remainder of the land journey to the Connecticut River; but Stephen Williams, after specifying the first three killed, says that before coming to West River, "they murdered three or four persons;" and therefore to complete the list of six victims, it is consistent with the narrative as supplemented by Stephen, to assign the death of Philip Mattoon to this day; it occurred presumably in the present town of Vernon. The distance traveled this day was about eight miles. The trail led them northerly through Vernon into the southeast part of the present town of Brattleboro, within about two and a half or three miles of West River; and the camp for the night was without doubt on the bank of the Connecticut River, where Fort Dummer was afterwards built.

Fourth day, Friday, March 3rd. Here at this camp, discontinuing land travel, they undoubtedly resorted to the ice of the great river, and proceeded as far as the mouth of West river, where they brought into use their dogs and sleighs which had been left at this place, and drew their wounded men, several of the children, and their packs, "and marched at a great pace." Presumably they traveled a distance of about twelve miles this day,* and camped somewhere in the southeast corner of the present town of Putney, at or near Putney station on the Vermont Valley railroad. Mr. Williams says, "In our fourth day's march the enemy killed another of my neighbors who being near the time of travail was wearied with her journey." Who was this victim

*Distances given on the Connecticut river and other streams travelled, are supposed to correspond with their windings.

and where did she meet her fate? Stephen Williams says of the river journey: "They travelled (we thought) as if they designed to kill us all, for they travelled thirty-five or forty miles a day. Here they killed near a dozen women and children." Eighteen captives were killed on the march to Canada and the names of seventeen are known. Six have been already designated who were killed before coming to the river, of whom five have been named; and as Mrs. Mary French and Elizabeth Hawks were killed after leaving the Connecticut river, it leaves ten as the number killed on that river substantially in accordance with Stephen Williams's statement. Of these ten captives, Mary Brooks was killed on the eighth day of the march, leaving nine to be accounted for, namely, seven women and two children. The conditions of the case for this day, as given by Mr. Williams, will apply to two only of the eight women, namely Mrs. Nims and Mrs. Warner; and the fact of the latter being the younger of the two by thirteen years, and that her youngest child was two years old leads me to designate Waitstill Warner, age twenty-four years, wife of Ebenezer Warner, as probably the one who was put to death this day. She was killed on the ice of the great river between the site of Fort Dummer and the present village of Putney Station.

Fifth day, Saturday, March 4th. Mr. Williams says: "the journey was long and tedious; we travelled with such speed that four women were tired, and then slain by them who led them captive." The day's travel brought them to the mouth of Williams river in the present town of Rockingham, where they camped and rested over Sunday. Here Mr. Williams preached to the captives, and the stream received its name from that circumstance. Distance marched about eighteen miles. I would designate Hannah Carter, age thirty-four, wife of Samuel; Hepzibah Belden, age fifty-five, wife of Daniel; Mary Frary, age fifty-one, wife of Sampson; and Mehit-able Nims, age thirty-seven, wife of Godfrey, as the four women who were killed this day. Mrs. Carter could not long survive the murder of her seven months old babe on the second day; her situation and the hardships of the journey would easily bring her to a condition of exhaustion. Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Frary, elderly women, and Mrs. Nims, the senior by many years of the three who remain to be des-

ignated later on, would all be overcome by the severity of the day, more trying than any they had yet experienced. They were all murdered in turn on the ice of the "great river," between the present village of Putney station and Williams river.

Seventh day, Monday, March 6th. Stephen says that on this day "we travelled a great way farther than we had at any time before." By our present mode of reckoning (N. S.) this day was in fact the seventeenth of the month and it was drawing toward the time for the equinoctial storm so called; no doubt there were tokens in the sky portending a storm on the following day, and therefore the captives were rushed along at a fearful pace so as to bring the mouth of White river, their objective point for the next day, within the shortest possible day's journey. Moreover De Rouville was apprehensive that they might yet be pursued; this was shown by a trifling incident which occurred this day. Some Indians in the rear fired at a flock of geese flying overhead and he thought the English were after them and began at once taking measures for defence. The day's travel was probably about twenty-four miles; two days' journey were made in one, and the camp may be located at or near the mouth of Mill Brook in the present town of Windsor. The day was not without its tragedy. Mr. Williams says: "They killed this day, two women who were so faint they could not travel." Assuming that those assigned to the fourth and fifth days are a reasonable approximation to the facts in the case, the remaining two names fall of necessity to this day, namely, Widow Elizabeth Corse, and Esther Pomeroy, wife of Joshua, newly married. They were slain on the Great River, between Williams river and Mill Brook.

Eighth day, Tuesday, March 7th. Stephen says: "This was a tempestuous day and I froze one of my feet." It was March 18th (N. S.) and an equinoctial storm of a severe type was upon them. Mr. Williams gives an affecting account of a parting interview with Mary Brooks before this day's journey began. Mrs. Brooks the day before fell on the ice several times, this brought on a miscarriage in the night. She knew that she could not travel far, and that she would be killed that day, but she felt that she had been spiritually strengthened for the event and was prepared for it. "Accord-

ingly she was killed that day." No account is given in the narrative of any other victims of the tomahawk on this day, but among the eighteen killed on the journey were two young children: Benoni Hurst age two years and Abigail Hoyt of the same age. As they are not otherwise accounted for and this was the last day on the Connecticut river, it seems consistent to suppose that this was the fateful day on which these innocents were sacrificed, completing the list of ten killed on the river, as stated under the head of the fourth day. The demons with the unfortunate captives were pushing on in the face of the opposing blizzard, to reach an important station in their journey, the mouth of White river; intending to camp there for the night and divide up in the morning into several parties and take separate ways to the French river. Apparently there was in their minds a necessity for haste, in order that the journey on the great river might be finished before the ice became flooded, broken, weak or impassable from any cause. It was therefore simply a question of rapid transit and the survival of the fittest. Hence the cruel, un pitying promptitude with which the savages put to death the weakest.

The distance they made this day was about fourteen miles and they camped at the mouth of the White river in the present town of Hartford. The victims were put to death on the river, between Millbrook and White river.

WHITE RIVER.

The Route of Mr. Williams and His Indian Master. Ninth day, Wednesday, March 8th. Stephen's master called him earlier than usual on the morning of this day and bade him go down with him to the river. Here at the junction of the White and Connecticut rivers De Rouville divided his forces into several parties and they took different ways to the Winooski. Mr. Williams's son Stephen was parted from the rest of the family and went up the Connecticut river. Mr. Williams and the captives with the Macquas and other Canada Indians went up White river. Mr. Williams says, "we were made to scatter one from another into small companies, and one of my children was carried away with Indians belonging to the eastern parts." It looks like a scattering for cover. They were divided up for greater immunity from pursuit; for greater convenience in their

movements in the region they were to traverse to reach the Winooski; to afford them access to a greater number of places for hunting, on which they depended for subsistence; and to enable them to thread more easily the narrower and more intricate ways before them, and pass with greater facility the carrying places of the first, second and third branches of the White river and the corresponding branches of the Winooski river. The Indians belonging to the eastern parts to whom Mr. Williams refers were probably:—some of the Penacook, (Concord) Indians of New Hampshire, and Sokoki, (Saco river,) Indians of Maine, whom certain private parties in western Maine went after during the winter on snow shoes, but were unable to catch; the alert Sokokis were already off attending to business; they had gone far up into New Hampshire, from whence in February they fell upon Deerfield. These Indians although apparently few in number, represent the allied local tribes of eastern Indians known as Abenakis, whom the French greatly desired to draw away from New England and settle in New France, as a weapon against the English, and for effect upon whom, it is said that the expedition to Deerfield had been planned. The French doubtless held the important strategic point at the mouth of White river until the Indians and captives were well started, after which they took their march up the Connecticut and Wells rivers to the Winooski. Leaving them for the present to pursue their own way, we follow the Indians and captives up White river. The distance travelled this day was probably ten miles, and I would locate the camp in the southerly angle of the present town of Sharon, about four miles below Sharon village.

Tenth day, Thursday, March 9th. Mr. Williams was permitted to pray with the company of captives who were with him, and they sang a psalm together, after which he and two children of his neighbors were "taken from all the company of the English." Mr. Williams and his captor and some hunting Indians, probably pushed on ahead after game. They may have been travelling up the first branch, when the other captives and the Indians were passing on to the second and third branches.

On this day, Mary French, wife of Deacon Thomas French, was killed. [Deerfield Town Record.] Her death therefore

occurred on the ice-bound White river, and no doubt within the boundary lines of the present town of Sharon. Mr. Williams having been separated from the captives probably heard of no death on this day, and mentioned none; but her name appears in Rev. Stephen Williams's list of captives who were killed on the journey.

Mr. Williams travelled this day probably about nine miles and very likely camped at or near the mouth of the First Branch, in what is now South Royalton.

Eleventh day, Friday, March 10th. Mr. Williams left the White River and ascended its first or East Branch, travelling northerly, in the direction of the divide, which lies within the limits of the present town of Washington. The blizzard of the eighth day had crusted the deep snow and being without snow shoes he was bruised about the shins by breaking through it, and it was a week before they healed. Under date of March 9th, Mr. Williams says "a girl four years of age was killed by her Macqua master the next morning, the snow being so deep when we left the river that he could not carry the child and his pack too." The girl (mentioned before under the fourth day) was Elizabeth Hawks, daughter of Sergeant John; she was six years old. She was killed at the mouth of the First Branch of the White river. This concludes the list of eighteen who were killed by the savages on the journey. The travel this day was doubtless slow, probably not more than seven miles, and the party probably camped in the present town of Tunbridge, about midway between Tunbridge Centre and North Tunbridge.

Twelfth day, Saturday, March 11th. Another slow day on crusty snow; probably seven miles travelled, which would locate the camp in the present town of Chelsea, probably in the vicinity of the mouth of Jennings Brook.

Indian Hunters. Thirteenth day, Sunday, March 12th. Mr. Williams says of this day: "When the Sabbath came one Indian staid with me and a little boy nine years old, while the rest went hunting." The "rest" were some of the hunting Indians of the expedition. "My master returned on the evening of the Sabbath and told me he had killed five moose." The early return of his master would seem to indicate that they could not have gone far afield, but found

their game within a comparatively short distance of the camp. In other words they were then in a good hunting region.

Fourteenth day, Monday, March 13th. They removed to the camp of the hunting Indians, still within the present town of Chelsea, travelling we may suppose, a couple of miles, and tarried there three days, namely Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, until they had roasted and dried the meat. As the snow was knee deep Mr. Williams's master made him a pair of snow shoes, saying that he would not be able to travel without them.

Seventeenth day, Thursday, March 16th. "We parted from thence heavy laden." To all appearances Mr. Williams and his master now parted from those who had accompanied them thus far, namely the hunting Indians and the little captive boy, nine years old, of whom we hear no more. "I travelled with a burden on my back with snow shoes, twenty-five miles the first day of wearing them." The strain and fatigue would make the distance seem much greater than it was. From the camp of the hunting Indians they would proceed to the East Branch again, and the trail would continue up its course, across the divide, and down the Jail Fork of Stevens Branch. They travelled probably sixteen miles, and camped, I should judge, in the southeasterly part of the present town of Barre at or near the boundary line of Orange.

The French or Winooski River. Eighteenth day, Friday, March 17th. The trail continued down the Jail Fork and Stevens Branch till afternoon, "and then we came to the French River" (the Winooski). Here Mr. Williams was relieved of his pack, his master putting all the load on a sledge and drawing it on the ice. Mr. Williams's sufferings were very great and he was unable to travel with any speed. We may suppose that they proceeded down the river half a dozen miles, passing the present site of Montpelier, and camping at or near the mouth of Jones Brook in the present town of Berlin. Travel this day, presumably, about fifteen miles.

Nineteenth day, Saturday, March 18th. Mr. Williams says: "My march on the French river was very sore, for, fearing a thaw, we travelled at a great pace; my feet were so bruised and my joints so distorted by my travelling in snow shoes that I thought it impossible to hold out." From the camp of Friday night to that of Sunday night was three

ordinary days' travel. It appears that for some reason it was necessary for them to do two of those stages on Sunday, and what is here said in the narrative refers to Saturday's stage, and shows how utterly inadequate he felt to the serious demands that this day's travel made upon his exhausted energies. No doubt the expectation of a Sabbath day's rest buoyed him up. Fortunately, however, for him he knew not what the morrow was to bring forth. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." They travelled this day probably fifteen miles by the course of the river and may have camped about a mile below the village of Bailey Station in the present town of Duxbury.

Twentieth day, Sunday, March 19th. Mr. Williams's account of this day is peculiar. He says: "One morning a little before break of day my master came and awoke me out of sleep, saying, 'Arise, pray to God and eat your breakfast for we must go a great way to-day.'" And notwithstanding his great distress of body from over-exertion on previous days, and his total unfitness for travel, he was sent away in advance alone on the icy thoroughfare with threats by "*the Indians*" of death and scalping if he did not run.* His righteous soul seems to have recoiled from giving out that this was the Lord's day, yet such is the fact, but how different from the Sabbath at Williams River or the one at Jennings Brook. This was no day of rest from travel, there was no congregation with whom to associate in public worship, to instruct, encourage and uplift on the wings of prayer; no psalms, hymns and spiritual songs; no quiet retirement and meditation for himself; it was rather a day of great tribulation under which it would not have been surprising if he had broken down completely and had been sent with savage brutality and unconcern to join the eighteen victims who had been put to death. It was the crisis of the journey; and the trembling balance turned in his favor. He was divinely strengthened and supported and the day adversely

*Although Mr. Williams observes the utmost reticence as to the presence of any other Indians with him and his Master after the seventeenth day, this threat by "*the Indians*" intimates that there were others. Perhaps they were some of the hunting Indians of the previous Sunday, who had come up with Mr. Williams and his master the night before at this camp, and went on by themselves this morning.

begun proved to be one of spiritual and of bodily refreshment and comfort to him, so that he became stronger and was better able to travel in the afternoon than he had been in the forenoon.

"I travelled from about break of day until dark. We went that day two of their day's journey as they came down. I judge we went forty or fifty miles that day." They travelled probably about thirty miles, following the sinuosities of the river, which would place their camp, say somewhere about three miles below Winooski Falls, about four miles from the mouth of the river, and within the limits of the present city of Burlington.

Lake Champlain. Twenty-first day, March 20th. As the journey of this day was to bring them to his master's family, we may inquire, where was his master's wigwam? We have no intimation of its locality in the narrative, but we have certain data upon which we may found a reasonable hypothesis regarding it.

1st. In order to go to the wigwam they had to travel upon the lake. 2nd. As no land travel is mentioned, we may assume that it was at or near the lake shore. 3rd. As nothing is said to the contrary, we may suppose they made on this day no more than an ordinary day's journey. 4th. The locality of the wigwam was in the general direction of Missisquoi Bay, the lower or northerly end of the lake, toward which they were travelling, and was therefore on the east side of the lake. We may say then that the trail led down the Winooski about four miles to its mouth, where they went out upon the ice of the lake, following the shore line about two miles to Colchester Point. Here they took a northeasterly direction and made for a point on the easterly shore. At what distance shall we say? I think that a reach of about nine miles in that direction will satisfy the conditions of the case. This would bring them to a point or place between the outlet of Long Pond, and Stony Bridge Brook in the present town of Milton, where I would locate the wigwam; the day's travel would be about fifteen miles; and it would leave them with a good northing, and in a situation that would command a view on the lake (in both directions) of about twenty miles. They *may* have left the Winooski river at the southwesterly bend near its mouth, and cut across the peninsula northerly

to the lake ; if so, they reduced the day's travel about three miles.

Twenty-second day, Tuesday, March 21st. "We went a day's journey from the lake to a small company of Indians who were hunting." Another camp of hunting Indians of the expedition. They may have been St. Francis Indians from Canada, or not improbably Missisquois from the vicinity of Swanton Falls to whom the former were allied. Where may we locate the camp of these hunting Indians?

1st. It was a day's journey from the lake. 2nd. It was presumably in a direction that would increase their northing in going to it. 3rd. It was doubtless accessible from either direction, south or north, by an Indian roadway—(i. e.) a water way. A region that seems to answer these conditions may, I think, be found in the northerly part of the present town of Fairfax. The route to it from the wigwam would probable be, down the lake to the mouth of the Stony Bridge brook, up that stream northeasterly to the bend ; a short portage ; than down another stream northeasterly that bends and flows into the lake at some distance beyond, and along a branch of the latter stream that has its rise to the eastward and affords a direct approach to the region. Here about midway between the eastern and western boundaries of Fairfax and within a radius of about a mile and a half are the headwaters of half a dozen streams flowing southerly, northerly and westerly. This region and its approaches serve to illustrate the methods and habits of the Indians whether considered as residents of such a region, or as on a hunting excursion, or simply as making an incidental detour in quest of game for temporary provision on a journey. And since after all the camp of these hunting Indians must be located somewhere in the southwestern part of Franklin County, it seems probable that the place suggested may not be very far out of the way. It is at a distance by the given route of about thirteen miles, which I take to be a fair estimate of the actual travel on this day. Mr. Williams and his master remained with these Indians about nineteen days.

Forty-first day, Sunday, April 9th. "After our stay there we again began a march for Shamblee" (Chamblé). Mr. Williams and his master would retrace their way down the branch by which they entered the region to the

main stream, along which they would proceed to the lake at a point a little south of St. Albans bay, a distance of about ten miles; thence on the ice of the lake northward along the easterly shore about seven miles. Total distance for the day about seventeen miles. The camp I would locate in the northwesterly part of St. Albans within about a mile of the boundary line of Swanton.

Missisquoi Bay. Forty-second day, Monday, April 10th. Continuing their journey northward along the easterly shore about five miles, would bring them to the head of Maquam bay; following a creek to the Missisquoi river about one and a half miles, and proceeding down the river about the same distance, would bring them within about two miles of the mouth of the river at Missisquoi Bay, and within about one half mile of two inlets into the shore east of the river. The first of these inlets is Goose Bay, and the other Gander Bay. A narrow spit of land divides them. It is not improbable that they arrived about midday with appetites well sharpened by half a day's travel, and proceeded very promptly to provide themselves with a bountiful lunch of broiled geese. Total travel eight miles; the camp I would locate at or near Goose and Gander Bays in the present town of Highgate. Missisquoi Bay is the northeasterly extremity of the lake. It is a large body of water, the area of which is probably about twenty square miles. Mr. Williams calls it very aptly a branch of the lake. "We stayed at a branch of the lake and feasted two or three days on geese we killed there." To-wit: half of the forty-second, the forty-third and forty-fourth days.

Sorel River, the outlet of the Lake. Forty-fifth day, Thursday, April 13th. "After another day's travel we came to a river where the ice was thawed." From their camp of the forty-second day they would descend the Missisquoi River and its South Branch outlet, and turning west would cross the outlet of the bay to the northeasterly part of the present town of Alburg, probably not far from the present village of Alburg Springs, a distance from the camp of about four miles. From thence they travelled northwesterly about seven miles, which brought them to a point on the Sorel river, the outlet of Lake Champlain, making the total distance for the day eleven miles; the camp was located on the

right bank of the outlet, in the southwesterly part of what is now Novan, Canada.

Forty-sixth day, Friday, April 14th. "We made a canoe of Elm bark in one day."

Forty-seventh day, Saturday, April 15th. On this day they embarked in the canoe which they had made and proceeded down the Sorel river, probably traveling about twenty-five miles, and near noon arrived at Chambly, a small village where there was a fort and garrison of French soldiers. It is distant from Montreal about twelve miles. Here Mr. Williams learned that the greater part of the captives had come in, and that many of them had arrived three weeks before him. This would fix the time of their arrival on Saturday, March 25th, the twenty-sixth day of their captivity. Mr. Williams's detention at the two camps of the hunting Indians and at Missisquoi Bay accounts for the difference in the time of their arrival. The route continued on to Sorel, Fort St. Francis, Montreal, Quebec, etc., but it is not my purpose to pursue it beyond Chambly. Having thus traced the route of Mr. Williams and his master through the wilderness to the French frontier after he was separated from the other captives, we take leave of him and of the captives who had come in, and go back to Stephen, who on the ninth day was separated from his father at the mouth of White River, and trace his journeyings from thence.

WELLS RIVER.

The Route of Stephen Williams and his Indian Master. Ninth day, Wednesday, March 8th. Leaving his father and the other captives at White River, Stephen after an unusually early start went up the Connecticut River with Indians belonging to the eastern parts. He had no breakfast and travelled all day until about nine o'clock at night without food. He estimated that they travelled that day and night about fifty miles. They probably made two ordinary stages on that day and travelled no doubt about twenty-nine miles, and their camp may be located at or near the mouth of Waits River in the present town of Bradford. For his supper, Stephen says he had one spoonful of Indian corn; probably it was parched corn, usually carried by the Indians on their journeys, a very little of which sufficed to relieve extreme hunger during temporary privation from food.

Tenth day, Thursday, March 9th. A ration of five or six kernels of corn was served to Stephen in the morning, after which they continued up the Connecticut River until about noon, when they left it, travelled on the west side of the river, and came to two wigwams. My view is that they travelled about nine miles, until about noon, when they reached the ox-bow near the present Newbury village; then leaving the river, they cut across the ox-bow, for the distance of about a mile, and kept up on the west side of the river a further distance of about four miles to the mouth of Wells River, reaching that place about the middle of the afternoon. There, in the vicinity of the village of Wells River Station, in the present town of Newbury I would locate the two wigwams. Stephen and his master, when they left the great river, passed the lower Cowass,* an Indian rendezvous of some importance, in the vicinity of the present Newbury village. It was the summer planting ground of the Indians, but at this time it would possess no interest to detain them as they passed by. Their party now consisted of three: Stephen, his master, and an Indian lad. They had left the army a day behind them on the ninth day, when they made two days' journey in one. Stephen and the Indian lad remained at the two wigwams while his master went hunting, and as the latter did not return when night came, the two boys camped there alone without supper. The day's travel was about fourteen miles.

The North Branch of Wells River. Eleventh day, Friday, March 10th. Stephen and his companion tarried at the camp of the two wigwams until about noon, when there came an Indian girl who brought them some dried moose meat, which Stephen thought the best victuals he ever ate. Hunger is a sweet sauce, and he had fasted from Tuesday night until Friday noon. After lunching they travelled with the Indian girl about ten miles and came to two wigwams. The trail led up the Wells River to about the mouth of the North Branch in the southeasterly part of the present town of Groton, near Groton village. Stephen's master was there and they remained at that place a day or two, for the purpose,

*i. e. "the place of pines." Variouslly spelled Co-wass, Co-os and Co-hos, the latter perhaps being the anglicized pronunciation. ,

perhaps, of furnishing the French army, who were only a day behind, with a supply of moose meat.

Twelfth day, Saturday, March 11th. "While we tarried here the French that were in the army passed by." They probably came up early in the afternoon of this day, and were provisioned here by some of the hunting Indians, and passed on about two miles farther, to the vicinity of Lounds Pond at the head of Wells River, where they called it a day and camped. On the next day, after a ten mile march, the army would come to the French river, at the mouth of Niggerhead brook, in the present town of Marshfield, not far from Marshfield station; and marching upon its frozen surface with great glee would probably travel down about five miles and camp near the present Plainfield village,—the first carrying place on the French River. On the day following, after a march of fifteen miles, the army would come to Jones Brook, the camping place set down for Mr. Williams to reach on the eighteenth day, four days in advance of him, and continue down the river and lake to the end of their journey. The passing of the French army was no doubt an impressive spectacle to Stephen, an uncommonly bright lad of eleven years, possessed of a tenacious memory and a remarkable mind for one of his age.

Camp of Hunting Indians at the head of the North Branch. Fourteenth day, Monday, March 13th. "Within a day or two" (which would bring it to about this day) "we travelled seven or eight miles northward to a place where they had killed some moose, and where they made wigwams (for their manner was when they killed any moose to move to them and lie by them until they had eaten them up)." This was another camp of the hunting Indians. They probably feasted on whatever they saved after provisioning the French army. There were now with Stephen two other Deerfield captives who had come from the French army when it passed by, namely: Deacon David Hoyt, and Jacob Hix one of the garrison soldiers of Deerfield. From hence Stephen's master went to look for his family. I would locate the camp this day at the head of the North Branch, near Devil Hill, in the southwesterly part of the present town of Peacham. The distance travelled was about eight miles.

The Hunting Range of Stephen's Master. Sixteenth day,

Wednesday, March 15th. "Within a day or two he [my master] sent for me," which would be probably upon this day. "I thought it was hard to go away alone." Here Stephen left Deacon Hoyt and Jacob Hix. Deacon Hoyt he never saw again, as he died of starvation before the former returned from hunting. Stephen went with the messenger to his master's family, and it was a tedious day's travel, possibly more on account of the deep snow than of the distance. The trail probably led up in a northerly direction, say to Onion River pond, over the pond and down the outlet northerly to Mollys Brook, and Mollys pond at its head; from thence northerly to Joes pond in the easterly part of the present town of Cabot, at the head of which his master's family may have been located. Here, within a radius of about three or four miles, taking in parts of Cabot, Walden, Danville and Peacham, including the intermediate territory extending to the camp of the hunting Indians at the head of North Branch, I would fix their hunting range. The distance travelled this day would be about eleven miles. Stephen's master was probably Sagamore George of Pennacook,* (now Concord, N. H). He and his brother and probably a small band of Pennacook Indians lived and hunted in this region, and in summer planted at the lower Cowass. From this circumstance they are frequently mentioned as Cowass Indians.

Seventeenth day, Thursday, March 16th. "He [my master] gave me to his brother with whom I continued two or three months thereabouts hunting moose, bears, and beavers. . . . I was forced to carry such a pack when I travelled that I could not rise up without some help. After that manner I lived until their hunting time was over, with no other company than the inhuman pagans." It is not improbable that during the progress of the hunting season, Stephen's master and the other "inhuman pagans," as their peltries accumulated, brought them to the vicinity of the camp of the hunting Indians at the head of the North Branch, a convenient point for fetching them in packs out of the woods into the great highway whenever they should be ready to transport them to Canada, thereby necessitating the travel and the heavy packs of which Stephen complained.

*See Redeemed Captive, under head of Montreal.

One hundred and seventh day. Wednesday, June 14th. Allowing a sojourn in the hunting range of ninety days, would bring them back again to the head of North Branch at or about this date; and the return distance to this camp may therefore be noted here once for all, namely, eleven miles.

One hundred and eighth day, Thursday, June 15th. "We travelled with the design to go to Cowass, where was their rendezvous." From the camp at the head of North Branch to the lower Cowass, (Newbury), would be about two days' journey. Leaving their great accumulation of luggage at the depot which we assume they had established at this camp, they would first simply reverse the journey of the fourteenth day and return again to Wells River, at the mouth of the North Branch, where the French army passed by on the twelfth day; a distance of eight miles. After that, a reversal (if made) of the journey of the afternoon of the eleventh day—ten miles, with that of part of the afternoon of the tenth day,—five miles, would have carried them back to Cowass, at or near the place where they left the river and cut across the ox-bow on the tenth day. This could have been done in a day's journey from the mouth of North Branch, for the distance was only fifteen miles.

Cowass Indian Horticulture. One hundred and ninth day, Friday, June 16th. The intervale land about the lower Cowass was very fertile, and these Indians had small plantations there of corn, beans and pumpkins. Perhaps Stephen's master had set out on this journey to Cowass for the very laudable purpose of seeing how those gardens were progressing, in the hope of finding them in a due state of forwardness, and the squaws steadfast in bending their backbones to the business of keeping them free from weeds, and maintaining a lookout for predatory crows and other trespassers. His enthusiasm would be stirred as he contemplated the possibilities of an abundant yield of the succulent vegetables planted. He indulged no doubt in pleasing anticipations of green ears for roasting and of enrapturing succotash gliding unctuously over his appreciative palate. He may have gone even further than this and roused his imagination over a calculation of the purchasing power of the surplus, if any, which he would use as a legal tender in exchange for peltries of va-

rious sorts. Why not? What did he know about reckoning chickens before they are hatched? Is it likely that he had ever heard of the imaginative milk-maid? No indeed! Not he! Perhaps this untutored savage had visions of possible riches, and even of rank, and looked on Stephen contemptuously. But, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." About this day before Stephen and his master reached the place of so much prospective happiness and wealth for the master, having proceeded no farther probably than the mouth of the North Branch of Wells River, they met some Indians from Cowass who stopped them. "They told us that all the Indians were coming away from Cowass, which in a day or two came to be true, and the reason was this: There came an Englishman with six of our Indians and destroyed a family of Indians about twenty miles from Cowass." Perhaps half that distance would be more correct and the Indian family might be located at or near the mouth of Waits River, about nine miles below the lower Cowass. The English Indian fighter here referred to was none other than the valiant Caleb Lyman of Northampton, who with a scouting party of friendly Indians left that place early in June, and in about ten days, or say June 15th, reached the vicinity of Cowass, where they fell upon the resident Indians and smote them as Stephen relates; and the latter, dropping their clam shell hoes, and leaving their once weeded corn for the bears and raccoons to riot upon, started forthwith in the direction of Canada.

One hundred and tenth day, Saturday, June 17th. Accordingly about this day these Cowass Indians came up, bringing with them seven captives. "Here we stayed where these Indians met us, [namely on Wells River at or near the mouth of the North Branch], a month or six weeks"—which would be until about the end of July. They had fared well while hunting, but here, they suffered much for lack of provisions, their chief dependence being roots of several sorts and bark of trees.

Here Stephen again met the captive soldier Jacob Hix, the only one of the seven who was from Deerfield. "This Hix looked like a ghost, was nothing but skin and bones, could scarce go, had no victuals but what he got himself, had been with the Indians at Cowass planting corn, where he

suffered much for want of provisions." Deacon Hoyt had died from want of food. It was a time of scarcity, and they had to provision themselves as well as they could, on roots, herbs, or whatever else, edible, they were able to obtain. Hix lived in this state of privation nearly five months, or from about March 15th to about August 7th. How long Deacon Hoyt endured the pangs of hunger will never be known. Stephen parted from him on March 15th. Hix must have left Cowass for this place about June 15th, and at some time between those dates Deacon Hoyt died. His death occurred at the lower Cowass, near the present Newbury village.

A Difficult Portage. One hundred and fifty-fifth day, Tuesday, August 1st. "Now from hence we set away for Canada." They would first reascend the North Branch eight miles to their depot at its head waters in the vicinity of the hunting Indians' camp. From here on the next day they would begin a portage of seven miles to the Winooski. The trail leading westerly would bring them to the outlet of Niggerhead Pond at a distance of four and a half miles, and from thence down the Niggerhead Brook to the Winooski River would be about two and a half miles. "My master had so much lumber to carry that we were forced to carry a pack a mile or two and go back and fetch another which was very tedious." His master had a canoe load of luggage. And if it comprised a half dozen heavy packs, it would take about a day to bring them all forward one stage of a mile and a half, through a rough region. In seven miles there would not be less than five stages, and during the hot month of August, the process of getting their packs forward to the river would prove very laborious and probably consume about five days, and they would finish the work about August 6th. No wonder that Stephen found it very tedious.

The Winooski or French River. One hundred and sixty-first day, Monday, August 7th. On reaching the French River at the mouth of Niggerhead Brook in the present town of Marshfield, and having loaded their canoe, they found the water so shallow that the canoe would only carry their packs, and Stephen was obliged to travel along the bank. His feet were much galled and he had little or nothing to eat. "Jacob Hix died at the first carrying place of

the French River," probably at the present village of Plainfield, about five miles down the river. Considering the distance to Lake Champlain, about sixty-nine miles; the low stage of the water; the difficult portages they would have to make; the quantity of valuable cargo they had to look after and pilot carefully over the shoals, and that some time would have to be given to search for food; they would make a very slow passage down the river. Stephen says: "This was an exceeding tedious march to me." It probably occupied them about eight days and they would arrive at the lake about August 14th.

Lake Champlain. One hundred and sixty-ninth day, Tuesday, August 15th. It is not likely that they would hasten their passage down the lake. They were not racing but travelling with valuable cargo, and having made a very tedious trip down the French River, on short allowance, were without doubt very tired and ravenous for food. They needed rest and plenty to eat. Stephen says: "But when we arrived at the lake we were supplied with fish and fowl;" here they would rest three or four days in order to get themselves in good condition again. That would be their first consideration, after which they would make a leisurely passage of the lake and outlet.

One hundred and seventy-third day, Saturday, August 19th. The voyage to the foot of the lake, and down the outlet to the place where Mr. Williams and his master built a canoe in one day, a distance of about forty-five miles, might, without cargo easily have been made in a couple of days or less; but heavily loaded as they were, and after the rough experience they had undergone, I think it would have required four or five days. Availing themselves of the abundance within their reach, they made this part of their journey a source of comfort, taking plenty of time for cooking, eating and resting.

One hundred and seventy-seventh day, Wednesday, August 23rd. Two days' journey down the outlet, twenty-five miles, would bring them to Chambly; and we may estimate that they reached that place within about ten days after coming out of the French River into Lake Champlain, which would be about Thursday, August 24th. Stephen says: "I arrived at Shamblee in August, which was about half a year

from the time I was taken." August 29th would have made exactly six months. Mr. Williams's route was about 289 miles. Stephen's route was about 334 miles.

The map used for tracing the routes, locating the camps, and fixing the distances, etc., is "Colton's Railroad and township map of Vermont, from County maps and actual surveys, New York, 1882."*

ODE BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

Within this academic grove, in Deerfield's peaceful vale,
 Sacred to memories of the dead, we listen to the tale
 Of giant heroes of the past, who fought and toiled to wrest
 From howling wilderness and foes this garden of the west.
 We count each relic of our sires with worship fond and true
 And store them in Memorial Hall, as worthy sons should do.
 But while we chant the noble deeds of souls and faces white,
 Let tender pity light the dark now fading from our sight.
 The gentle red man was un-read—he little cared for books—
 But knew from grass and twig what passed in nature's silent nooks.
 No wild extravagance in dress brought him to ruin's brink;
 No watered stock but when he brought his ponies down to drink;
 He slew the bears and made no bulls, in mail routes, like the Star;
 His bonds were strong and *always* held, his wampum was at par.
 The woman's right to labor too by him was not denied,
 The good man smoked the pipe of peace, a helpmeet was his bride;
 She built the lodge and cooked the food, brought water and dry wood
 And faithfully did all the work, as every woman should.
 Perhaps in making game of them we err as did our sires,
 Whose tempers had perhaps grown hot by roasting at their fires,
 Let us in our Memorial Hall honor all ancient dead,
 For 'neath one heaven's celestial blue now rest the white and red.

*After the first part of Mr. Carter's paper had gone through the press, I learned from Mr. Richard Hoyt, an old resident of Bernardston, a tradition current there, which, if true, would fix at one point the exact route of the captives. The tradition relates that while the army was marching beside the rapids of a stream in Bernardston, now called Newcomb's brook, an infant was tomahawked and thrown down thirty or forty feet into a narrow, rocky gorge through which the brook flows. The spot is about seventy-five rods west of where the brook enters Fall River, and about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles north of the village. The victim was Hannah Carter. [See ante page 132.] [EDITOR.]

FIELD MEETING—1884.

FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1884, AT 10.30 O'CLOCK, A. M.

ON THIS OCCASION A MEMORIAL STONE WILL BE DEDICATED
ON THE SPOT WHERE MRS. EUNICE WILLIAMS WAS SLAIN
BY HER INDIAN CAPTOR, MARCH 1, 1703-4.

President of the day - FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Chief Marshal - - PUTNAM FIELD.

Assistant Marshals,

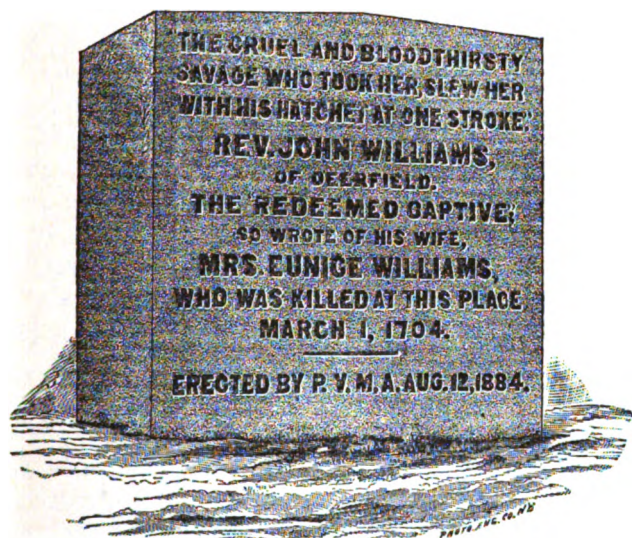
LEON O. HAWKS,	CHARLES W. LEIGHTON,	JOB G. PICKETT,
C. MASON MOODY,	P. D. MARTINDALE,	G. WELLS FRARY.

PROGRAMME.

1. HYMN, Written for the occasion, by E. W. B. Canning; sung by select choir, under the direction of Mr. Chas. J. Day.
2. PRAYER, Rev. C. C. Corss.
3. DEDICATORY ADDRESS, Rev. Allen Hazen, D. D.
4. DIRGE, By the Citizens' band, assisted by Mr. Wm. L. Day.
5. MARCH TO LARABEE'S GROVE.
6. BASKET COLLATION.
7. MUSIC, By the band.
8. REPORT OF COMMITTEE. Transferring the Memorial and land to the Association, by the chairman.
9. ACCEPTANCE OF THE TRUST, By the President of the Association, Hon. Geo. Sheldon.
10. SINGING, By the choir.
11. HISTORICAL ADDRESS, Rev. John F. Moors, D. D.
12. MUSIC, By the band.
13. POEM, By L. J. B. Lincoln.
14. MISCELLANEOUS SPEAKING, interspersed with music.

REPORT.

After one hundred and eighty years the spot upon which Mrs. Eunice Williams, the Deerfield captive, was slain by her savage master, has been marked by erecting an enduring and appropriate tribute to her memory. It is a plain rectangular block of granite founded upon the solid rock. The outline with the inscription shown below, gives a fair idea of this Memorial Stone.



Tuesday, Aug. 12, a Field Day of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held for the purpose of dedicating the Monument which now marks the scene of a tragic and prominent incident of local history.

The exercises at the Monument were of an appropriate and deeply interesting character. A select choir, under the leadership of Charles J. Day, sang a hymn written for the occasion by E. W. B. Canning of Stockbridge, prayer was offered by Rev. Charles C. Corss of Smithville, Pa., after which Rev. Allen Hazen, D. D., delivered the dedicatory address ; at the close Pleyel's Hymn was sung by the choir. The chairman of the Monument Committee, Francis M. Thompson, made a formal transfer of the memorial and surrounding land to the Association. The trust was accepted by Hon. George Sheldon, President. "Dear Fatherland" by Phelps was rendered by the choir, and the assembly marched to Larabee's Grove, about half a mile distant, where the remaining exercises were held. After dinner Rev. John F. Moors delivered an historical address, and a poem written for the occasion by L. J. B. Lincoln of Hingham was

read by Mr. Sheldon. Dr. Daniel D. Slade of Chestnut Hill read a brief paper on Memorial Stones. Rev. John S. Lee, D. D., of Canton, N. Y., spoke of his boyhood days. Remarks by Rev. J. P. Watson and others, with music from the band and from the quartette, completed the programme. The weather was all that could be wished. The attendance was good, fully 1500 people drawn from far and near being present.

ODE BY E. W. B. CANNING.

Weary and worn, o'erwhelmed with woe,
The mother trod the captive's path;
'Till mid the wildering waste of snow
The savage made her bed of death.

And long the lapse of rolling years
Since to her rest with kindred dust
The mourning valley laid with tears—
The mother with the slaughtered just.

Such was their sorrow and their toil
Who woke this vale to hope and home:
Their blood enriched the desert soil,
And oft their rest a gory tomb.

Beyond the tempest-cloud their faith
Saw the bright dawn of better days;
The tearful notes along their path,
Thousands to come should turn to praise.

'Tis fitting the memorial stone
Should rise to mark this hallowed spot.
To make the martyr's sufferings known,
And keep her virtues unforget.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

BY REV. ALLEN HAZEN, D. D.

Two hundred years ago to-day a great joy came to the family of the minister of Northampton. A daughter was born. The mother was but 20 years old and had been married five years, and, as it is supposed, was then the mother of one son. To this daughter was given the name of Eunice, a name "of good omen" as it was regarded. When she was five years old her father died, leaving a widow with two sons and this daughter.

A new minister was soon called to take the place of Parson Mather. After five years of widowhood this widow was

married to the successor of her husband, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard. She was but 30 years old when she married Mr. Stoddard. When Eunice was 22 years old the Rev. John Williams came to Deerfield as preacher. He soon made acquaintance in the family of his neighbor the minister of Northampton. John and Eunice were married in about a year and she came to Deerfield to make it her home.

It was the frontier town. The Indians were very unwilling to give up possession of its fertile meadows and its prolific fisheries.* They made frequent attacks upon the inhabitants, and men were not infrequently killed here. After the burning of Schenectady the people erected a stockade in which all were expected to find protection.

In such a life of frequent alarm and frequent danger seventeen years passed away. Eleven children were born to them. One of these, a son, died before he was a year old. Two others, twin daughters, died the first month. There were eight children belonging to this family, the 9th of February, 1704. The oldest of these bearing the name of Mrs. Williams's father, Eleazar, was away from home and studying in the city of Boston. The youngest child, the second Jerusha, was born on the 15th of January, 1704. The Indians knowing that such an infant would be a burden on the journey took it from the mother and killed it before they started from Deerfield. Little John who was six years old was also killed. The other five children, three sons and two daughters, shared their parents' captivity.

Think for a moment of this mother—so recently recovered from her confinement—in agony at the murder of her innocent babes, weighed down by the prospect of a long winter journey for her husband and tender children, even if she had no thought for herself—sorrowing for the fate of neighbors and friends—saddened at the destruction of her own home, and all the other homes in Deerfield. The family seem to have been separated at once. Is it any wonder that her strength began to give away on the first day's march.

On the second day, owing to the absence of his Indian captor who was employed in guarding the rear of the company,

*There was no attempt to regain the place after Philip's War. [EDITOR.]

Mr. Williams was permitted to be with his wife and to assist her for a time. She expressed her apprehension that she should not be spared the day through. She well knew her failing strength. They talked of the blessed home, the mansion on high in the presence of the Saviour. She solemnly committed the care of her children to Him and they were parted. His master came up and ordered Mr. Williams on to his place in the company. She had her bible with her and refreshed her soul by reading from it as was her custom. But the end was now nigh.

When she came to the river she attempted to cross as the others did. The water was to the knees and icy cold. She slipped and fell all over in the cold water. She scrambled out and made one more effort to press on; to live for the sake of husband and children.

When she came to this spot, where the trail began to ascend the bluff, her captor, realizing that she could not be expected to climb the hill as did the others, and that she would be but a hindrance to him on the forced march, struck the fatal blow. She was five months and one day less than forty years old.

Friends from Deerfield, with others from Hatfield hastily summoned together by news of the sack of Deerfield, pressed on after the foe. The body was soon found, perhaps on that very day. They reverently carried her back to Deerfield and laid her to rest with her babes and her neighbors in the old cemetery. The evergreens now shade the spot. Her tombstone is well preserved, and on it she is styled "the virtuous and desirable consort of the Rev. John Williams."

The husband, filled with apprehension for the companion of his life, went up the mountain. There he was permitted to sit down and his pack was loosed. He asked for news of his wife from all who came up. When he was told of her end he burst into tears; the strong man could bear no more. But he was compelled to press on his weary captive course, for the sake of his children, for the sake of his people, led with him prisoners into a strange land, he ready to die and choosing for himself death rather than life was ready to await God's appointed time—to suffer what he might yet have for him to suffer in his cause.

And now, it may be asked why do we remember in this

manner, and make such special commemoration of Eunice Williams? Were there not many other victims of this savage war who should, like her, be kept fresh in memory? She was by no means the only sufferer. Yet we have singled her out from all others, and have erected this stone to mark the place where she fell. It is fitting that it should be so. It is proper that her name should be carved on the durable granite and remain a token of the history of the past to all generations of the future. We know the place where she fell. In regard to others who may be equally worthy of remembrance, even when we know the names, we do not so well know the place and the circumstances of their taking off. Hence it is not possible for us to pay the like tribute of respect to them. But here is where the body of Eunice Williams was found. Here was the crossing of the Green river. They could go no farther up the south bank, because of yonder ledge of rocks. Here also was the easy ascent of this bluff, as they struck off towards the West river in Brattleboro, over this mountain. All things concur with the testimony of the fathers in fixing the spot just here. Men are with us to-day who may have talked themselves with those who were living at that time. So we may say we have the testimony at only second hand from those to whom the trail was well known. Again, personally Mrs. Williams was worthy our regard and honor. The wife of the pastor at Deerfield may well have been regarded socially as of the highest rank among the people. The family from which she came was of the best New England stock. She had been well trained in youth, and she was a true wife and mother. This stone bears the name of one who feared God, who cherished the sense of His presence. It is the name of one who lived in communion with God, one who sought to know the will of God, and then was ready to do that will, and to suffer whatever that will might order. Think of her in the midst of her large family, with the work and care of every day pressing upon her, taking the time for reading the Bible, and thus bringing its great truths freshly before her mind. This "custom," as her husband calls it, was so fixed that she spent some time in these woods, on that last fearful day, in reading the precious words. See her, as she was, surrounded by sorrowing captives, by Christians of an-

other faith, who would only ridicule her for reading this book—surrounded by shouting and jeering red men of the wilderness. She reads calmly on, for in this is her strength,—the food her soul needs. Conscious that this is probably the last day of her life, she spends what she can of its precious moments in this reading. What a lesson here to wives and mothers and daughters as well as fathers and brothers of to-day! How frequently the word now is, No time for the Bible! Is it the truth that the Bible is not so precious to us as it was to her and to those worthies of the former days who bore the brunt of the warfare for civilization and truth?

It is important for us to cherish the memory of those who suffered and died for us, for our country, in the cause of the advancement of true liberty. Why is this valley so different to-day from what it was 200 years since? The same hills bound it on either side. The same waters flow through it. There was the same beauty of nature in the distant past. Now there are church spires, school houses, beautiful homes, loving families, all that come together to make this the garden of New England, and one of the best spots in which to live in all our broad and favored land. Those who have died in the struggle have not died in vain. We have not yet enough of these memorials of the past—of the sacrifices and the deaths by which our blessings have been won for us.

Those who come here from time to time to view this stone and the park around it, will be stimulated to learn the history of those days. This shall be a perpetual reminder of that past, rightly to be contrasted with a delightful present, however long that present may be continued in the sunlight of God's countenance. With such thoughts on this memorial day, the descendants of Eunice Williams and those connected with them, the society which holds its Field Meeting to-day, and all who have come together here, rejoice in this fitting commemoration of one of the saints of God,—of one of the worthies of New England.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

BY F. M. THOMPSON.

The committee selected by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to erect upon the spot made sacred by the massacre of Mrs. Williams a suitable memorial, have imposed upon me the duty,

and I assure you that it is an agreeable duty to perform, of extending to you a hearty welcome to the exercises of this day and of thanking you for your attendance upon this occasion. Your presence here not only shows that the feeling of reverence for the patriotic and devoted people who bore the hardships and dangers of frontier life has not died out among their descendants, but it amply rewards and repays the several committees for the time and labor they have expended in the preparations for this event. The erection of some permanent mark at the place where Mrs. Williams was killed, which was so clearly established by tradition, has been agitated for many years, but no active measures were taken towards its accomplishment until at the last annual meeting of our society, the matter was taken up and warmly advocated by Mr. Jonathan Johnson, Mr. Putnam Field, Mr. Simeon Phillips and others and a committee appointed, the result of whose labors is now open to the criticism of the public.

The work of erecting this Memorial is accomplished: The committee hope that the descendants of the sturdy and patriotic men and women who won these beautiful valleys to civilization will feel it a privilege to contribute of their abundance toward the expense of erecting a fitting memorial to commemorate the most salient point in the early history of the settlement of this locality.

Long after we are laid away among the fathers, shall this Memorial Stone, which we have this day dedicated, serve to bring more forcibly to the minds of our children, and our children's children, the noble heroism, the Christian manhood and the unparalleled fortitude of the heroic women of those days; it must surely be an instrument of good.

And now, Mr. President of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, your committee having performed the duty assigned to them, I am by their direction to deliver to you the title deeds conveying to your Association the land upon which the Memorial Stone is located, and commit to your custody the Monument for your perpetual care and preservation.

In so doing allow me to congratulate the Association upon having at its head one who is able to do so much, and to do so well the work which it has undertaken; that of rescuing and preserving from destruction so many mementoes of the olden time, and the collection and preservation of manuscripts and papers which will be of untold value to students of local history for all time to come. I also, Sir, congratulate the people that through your labors, to a great extent, they have a collection in their midst, which cannot be equalled in any similar institution, and that it is established upon so

firm a basis that it will continue, when its founder shall have been mustered into the ranks of the illustrious Ensign Sheldon, and be seen no more among us.

ACCEPTANCE OF TRUST.

BY HON. GEORGE SHELDON.

Fifteen years ago, three or four men, standing on Arms corner in Greenfield street, talking about the dark and bloody memories of February 29, 1704, commiserating the fate of the Deerfield captives and the tragic death of Mrs. Williams, then and there resolved that in some way the spot where she fell should be permanently marked. In the nick of time along came Eber Larabee, the man who held the title to the land, the generous host who to-day invites us to this charming grove. The subject being laid before Mr. Larabee, he without hesitation agreeing with us that this historic ground belonged in a larger sense to the public, at once declared that he would accordingly give a quit claim deed of his private rights to any party who would hold it for public use. On that corner was then planted the germ from which sprung the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The story of its origin has been told before, but the tale was premature. The fitting time has only now come. The original idea, as I have said, was to place a memorial on the spot which we have this day marked. A natural outcome of this thought was a desire for a monument to all of that day's dead, to be erected in the old burying ground, where a headstone already marked the resting place of Mrs. Williams, and where all the others of the slain were buried in one common and unmarked grave. This scheme gradually took on the form of a Memorial Hall with mural tablets bearing the names and ages of the victims.

The first public appeal was made in the county newspaper in 1869, and soon after it was decided to organize for the above purpose. A charter was obtained from the general court, May 9, 1870. The object of the association had outgrown the original idea to embrace a wider field, but its origin and name grew out of that accidental meeting on Arms corner. And thus, the Memorial Stone this day dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Williams, is the corner-stone of our Association as well. About it we gather the traditions of the fathers. It will keep alive the memory of one fearful tragedy and stimulate inquiry into the condition of the pioneers of this valley, through whose faith and pluck we inherit the land which they redeemed and the institutions they founded. I suppose, Mr. Chairman, I shall be expected to say "this is the proudest moment of my life." They all

say it from the recipient of a speech and arm chair at a surprise party to the successful aspirant of presidential honors giving his inaugural from the eastern portico of the capital at Washington. I have already said it at several meetings of the association, always, of course, in an official capacity, as its representative. Bear with me if I recall a few of these "proudest moments."

They came with the successive realization of the four ideas which have been indicated as underlying our organization,—the ideas being realized inversely to their inception. The first was when the act of incorporation came to our hands and we took a permanent place among the institutions of Massachusetts and became the peer of historical societies of other states. The next was when the deed of the Deerfield academy estate came into the hands of our treasurer. We then had a local habitation as well as a name; a substantial, commodious structure; a fit and secure place in which to preserve our fast accumulating relics. The third occasion was when the mural tablets, bearing the names of those who fell victims to the French and Indian raid on Deerfield, were placed in Memorial Hall and dedicated to their memory. When we had indeed earned the name of a memorial association.

But to-day, sir, we do really and literally come to bed-rock—the fundamental idea of our organization and our last "proudest moment" has come. I have said that the memorial we have this day dedicated is the corner-stone of the P. V. M. Association. It is more than that. It is the whole underlying foundation; and that block of granite, as you have seen, is supported by the eternal pillars of the globe itself. The superstructure we have erected must endure. I am not, sir, one of those who fear that when we who have organized this association shall have laid down our burdens, the interest we have awakened will die out, and the result of our labors be lost. We have been only the nucleus around which public sentiment has gathered. We leave our mission with high hopes to the coming generation. We leave them our banner, on which is inscribed our watchword: "There is no such word as fail."

Mr. Chairman, with this assurance in behalf of the P. V. M. Association, I accept the charge conveyed by your words and this deed. It is a congenial trust to be handed down to successive generations so long as civilization exists in New England.

Our association has done much to awaken the busy public, and has saved from destruction a large amount of historical material in our midst. We have moved slowly, as want of money delayed the progress of our plans, and with all that has been accomplished, much more remains to be done. Hidden away in nooks and cor-

ners, buried in chests and closets, rotting in leaky garrets or selfishly hoarded in private hands, are hundreds of manuscript papers, rich with material for local, national or family history, only needing the eye of the trained antiquary to discover their relation, to find missing links, and bind together apparently discordant facts into a harmonious whole, and clear up mysteries before shrouded by impenetrable darkness. By their aid local names are recovered, and historic places identified. The evidence they bear, once lost is lost forever ; and day by day the coarse fibre of the paper is crumbling to dust, and the record of the fathers is fading to blankness.

This plain truth, not one whit exaggerated, is set forth to impress upon those who hear me the importance of preserving old papers of every description. The older they are, the more likely they are to contain new matter of importance to the historic student.

We have been called upon to assist Charlemont and Northfield in marking historic places. Greenfield moves to-day, but the work will not be finished when the sun goes down to-night. Other places may be named which should be marked with at least some simple memorial : the place in the east part of the town where Ebenezer Sheldon, Thomas Colton and Jeremiah English were ambushed and killed, June 27, 1724 ; the sites of the stockades, or block houses, built for the defense of her early settlers ; the spot on the banks of Green river, half a mile below this place, where, 128 years ago this day, Shubel Atherton, Daniel Graves and Nathaniel Brooks were killed by the last band of Indian marauders which visited old Hampshire county. While the waters of the Connecticut continue to pour over the rocks at Turners Falls, the site of Turner's triumph will be known. But who among you can point an enquirer to the spot where this gallant old officer received his death wound, and fell into the hands of the savage foe !

Deerfield, too, has a duty to perform in this matter. Only a faint tradition tells where the heroic Samuel Allen was cut in pieces upon the spot where he turned to resist the shock of the pursuing savages, that his children might escape.

We are pained to see many old grave-yards in which the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," so utterly neglected and abused ; it is a burning disgrace and shame to any town to so violate these sacred God's acres ; and it is one of our objects to arouse and foster a public sentiment under which this condition of things will no longer be tolerated.

In conclusion, let me acknowledge the obligation of the association to those who instituted the proceedings of this day, and to the

committees which have demonstrated that with our undertakings "there is no such word as fail."

MRS. EUNICE WILLIAMS.

BY REV. JOHN F. MOORS.

The story of Eunice Williams is soon told. But little is really known of her. The tragic circumstances of her death alone have sufficient interest to keep her memory fresh in the minds of successive generations of her descendants and descendants of her neighbors and friends. Her life and death were typical of the times in which she lived, and suggest a condition of things as unlike as possible to those with which we are familiar. The contrast between this beautiful summer day, when we are fanned by the gentle breezes of the south wind, and the sunshine is broken by the shade of these graceful trees, and the heat is tempered by the refreshing showers which have watered the dry earth, and our ears are filled with the murmur of the waters in yonder brook as they fall over its pebbly channel, and the scene which occurred here in the winter of 1704 is great indeed. And yet not greater than the contrast between our life of quiet security and peace and that of the scattered settlers in these valleys in the early part of the century which preceded this in which we live.

Eunice Mather was born in Northampton, August 2nd, O. S., 1664. She was the daughter of Rev. Eleazer and Esther Mather. Mr. Mather, her father, was the first minister of Northampton, and had come there from Dorchester in 1658. He had graduated from Harvard College in 1656, and died in 1669. He was a son of Richard Mather, a man well known in his own day among the Puritans on both sides of the Atlantic. This Richard Mather was for years the minister of the ancient chapel of Toxteth Park in Liverpool. He was suspended for non-conformity in 1633, and though restored soon by the influence of friends, he was silenced in the following year; he emigrated to America in 1635, and became minister in Dorchester. (See "Account of ancient chapel of Toxteth Park, Liverpool," recently published by Rev. V. D. Davis, the present minister). Four of his sons were distinguished clergymen in their day. Increase was the most

noted of them all. He was born in 1639. Two years younger than he was his brother Eleazer, born in 1637. So you see our heroine of to-day was nobly born, of a family which had a conspicuous part in the early history of our colony. The daughter of Eleazer of Northampton was the granddaughter of Richard, a noted man in his day; a niece of Increase, for sixty-two years pastor of the North church in Boston, and for fifteen years of this time president of Harvard College, and one of the greatest scholars of his day. His son, Cotton Mather, especially remembered now for his unfortunate connection with the witchcraft delusion, was cousin to our Eunice. No more distinguished lineage could any one in those days boast in the little colony. On the mother's side she was equally favored. She was granddaughter of Rev. John Warham, who was a distinguished Puritan minister at Exeter, England, but came to Massachusetts in 1630, as colleague pastor with John Maverick, who came with his church from Plymouth in England, and settled first at Dorchester and finally removed to Windsor, Ct.

Rev. John Williams, the first minister in Deerfield, was born in Roxbury, December 10, 1664, and was three months younger than his wife Eunice. He graduated at Harvard College in 1683, when he was 19 years old, and became the minister of Deerfield in 1686, when 22 years old. John and Eunice were married in 1687, and probably began house-keeping at once. At this time this record was made: "The inhabitants of Deerfield to encourage Mr. John Williams to settle among them to dispense the blessed word of truth unto them have made propositions to him as followeth: That they will give him 16 cow-commons of meadow land, with a home lot that lieth on meeting-house hill; that they will build him a house 42 foot long and 20 foot wide, with a leanto on the back side of the house, and finish said house; to fence his home lot, and within two years after this agreement to build him a barn and to break up his plowing land. For a yearly salary to give him £60 a year for the first, and four or five years after this agreement to add to his salary and make it £80."

This seems to have been a very generous provision for the young minister and wife, when we consider that the whole population of the town could not have been 200 persons.

They must have started their married and professional life under very pleasant auspices. Their house stood where the Dickinson High School now stands, and Deerfield street, though lacking the grand and graceful rows of elms and maples which now adorn it and make it so attractive to all visitors, must have been a pleasant and sunny spot to dwell in. Here seventeen years of married life were spent. Happy years they doubtless were to the young minister and his youthful wife. In these seventeen years, according to the statement of your veracious president, whose word we are compelled to take without an iota of discount, she bore him eleven children. If this had been asserted of any woman in these degenerate days we might have questioned it. But eleven children in seventeen years stands the record. There were seven living at the time of the destruction of the town in 1704. Before this time there was great anxiety in the little settlement at Deerfield. In 1703 a warning came from Gov. Schuyler of Albany of danger to be apprehended from Canada. And in October of that year Mr. Williams wrote to Gov. Dudley of the great distress and poverty of the settlement. He says: "I abated them of my salary for several years together, though they never asked it of me, and now their children must suffer for want of clothing or the country consider them, and I abate them what they are to pay me. I never found the people unwilling to do when they had the ability, yea, they have often done above their ability."

It was on the night of the 29th of February, 1704, that the assault so memorable in the history of the town was made. Its details are too familiar to require any more than the briefest notice. The guard of twenty men which had been sent for the protection of the village on rumors of danger were asleep. The deep snow and hard crust made it easy for the French and Indians to scale the palisades which had been erected about the fort, which contained the meeting-house, the minister's house and other dwellings. The story of what followed cannot be better told than in the words of Mr. Williams himself:

"On Tuesday, the 29th of February, not long before the break of day, the enemy came in like a flood upon us, our watch being unfaithful. They came to my house at the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open

doors and windows with axes and hatchets awakened me out of sleep, on which I leaped out of bed and running towards the door perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house."

"I cannot relate the distressing care I had for my dear wife, who had lain in but a few weeks before. The enemy fell to rifling the house and entered every room. Some of them were so cruel and barbarous as to take and carry to the door two of my children and murder them. They gave liberty to my dear wife to dress herself and our remaining children. About sun an hour high we were carried out of the house for a march. Upon my parting, they fired my house and barn."

Both Palfrey in his history of New England and Gay in his Bryant's history of the United States persist in the old error of supposing that the Old Indian House taken down in 1849 was Parson Williams's house. It was not so. The house Mr. Williams occupied was several rods south of the Old Indian House and was burned in 1704.

"We were carried over the river [the Deerfield] to the foot of the mountain where we found our Christian neighbors to the number of 100."

"On the morning of the second day I was permitted to speak to my wife and to talk with her and to help her in her journey. We discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to an house not made with hands and of our duty to say 'the will of the Lord be done.' My wife told me her strength began to fail and that I must soon expect to part with her, and commended the care of her children under God to me. Soon we made a halt and I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes and companion of many mercies and afflictions. I was made to wade over a small river [the Green], the water above knee deep, the stream very swift, and after that to travel up a small mountain [the Leyden hills]. My strength was almost spent before I came to the top of it. I entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife, but he refused. I asked each of the prisoners, as they passed by, after her, and heard that, passing through the river, she fell down and was plunged over head and ears in the water, after which she travelled not far, for at the

foot of that mountain the cruel and bloodthirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful."

This is Mr. Williams's story of the sad event. The next day it appears her body was found by a party of men from Deerfield who had followed upon the track of the Indians, carried back and buried in the old town burial ground, just west of the village, where the stone marking her grave is still seen, with this inscription: "Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Eunice Williams, the virtuous and desirable consort of the Rev. John Williams and daughter of Rev. Eleazer and Mrs. Esther Mather of Northampton. She was born Aug. 2, 1664, and fell by the rage of the barbarous enemy, March 1st, 1703-4. Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Such is the brief recital of a short but eventful life. Mrs. Williams was 39 years 7 months old at the time of her tragic death. In its circumstances it differed not materially from that of hundreds of others among the early settlers in this region.

Beyond the interest which is felt in her and which is testified to by this assembly to-day, and these marks of respect to her memory, and this effort of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to keep her memory fresh for coming generations, is the interest we must all feel in the condition of the infant colony of Massachusetts and its relations to the two great European nations which were at that time engaged in a spirited and bloody contest for supremacy on this continent. We naturally ask what led to this cruel and merciless assault on a feeble and peaceful settlement on the frontiers of civilization as Deerfield was in 1704. We utterly mistake the whole spirit of the event if we suppose that it was the Indians exercising the cruel and vindictive spirit of savages, delighting in scenes of blood and carnage, who prompted and executed these deeds of cruelty. It was not the New England Indians, avenging the loss of favorite hunting grounds, or avenging the terrible massacre of their comrades at Turners Falls 28 years before, that led to the attack on Deerfield. The New England Indians had nothing to do with it. It was Indians from Canada who did this diabolical act, led by a Frenchman and accompanied by a large force of French soldiers who directed and controlled the whole

enterprise. The inhuman cruelties that were associated with it, the massacre in cold blood of helpless children and defenseless women, the use of the hatchet and tomahawk to be rid of troublesome prisoners, may be in a large measure laid to the Indians. They were savages, delighting in such scenes and quite accustomed to them. Such acts were in accord with their savage instincts. While we are pained at the recital of their ferocity, we can partially excuse it on the ground of their brutal natures. But behind these, the heads that planned these enterprises and were largely responsible for their execution were those of French officers, soldiers and priests, who at that time controlled the affairs of Canada. And we should be quite wide of the mark if we should attribute to them exceptional harshness and cruelty in their method of securing their ends. It was a time of war between England and France, and war in its very nature is harsh and cruel. It is well nigh two centuries since these events occurred, and war then had a far larger measure of harshness and cruelty than at present. With the events of our nation's history within this present generation in mind, it is not easy for us to palliate or excuse the miseries of war. All was done in our great rebellion which it was possible for civilized and humane people to do to lessen the evils attendant upon war, and yet they were beyond the power of language to express or of figures to measure. War is refined and humane now compared with two centuries before. There is abundant reason to rejoice that the civilized world has outgrown the atrocious brutality which characterized acts of war even two centuries ago. We ask what prompted the French, for they were the responsible party, to make this assault on Deerfield? The question leads us to consider the relations of France and England at the close of the 17th and the opening of the 18th century.

In England in 1688, just sixteen years before the attack on Deerfield, had occurred the revolution which drove the reigning King, James II, from his throne into exile in France, and placed William of Orange on the throne of England. We record this event in a breath, but it was the result of a prolonged struggle in England and one fraught with important results to the whole world—to France no less than to England, to the remote colonies in America no less than to

the home countries. Few names are more familiar to the readers of English history than that of James II. In 1685 he succeeded his brother, the witty, affable, profligate Charles II, upon the throne of England. He reigned but three years. He doubtless possessed some virtues and some ability, but he has left an ignoble name in history. He possessed, says a late writer, the vices of his race, (the Stuarts,) without its virtues and redeeming points, and in him the propensity to despotism developed itself in a form unmitigated by any mildness or amiableness of temper. The only point in his brief career as king which has any bearing on the occasion before us is the fact that he was an intense Roman Catholic, and used all the power he possessed to restore the Catholic religion to its former position in England. His openly avowed efforts in this direction gave such offense to his Protestant subjects that they united in an invitation to William of Orange, who had married his daughter Mary, to come over from Holland and assume the office of king. James, finding his power gone, and that the affections and respect of his subjects were alienated from him, weakly fled from England and put himself under the protection of the proud, ambitious French king, Louis XIV, England's most powerful and hated enemy. The presence of James and his family at the French court was an element of great significance in the politics of Europe and America for many years. It was war unceasingly, war to the knife, war unmitigated in its cruelties and atrocities between these two powerful nations. The spirit of rivalry which had existed for centuries had now full chance to display itself, aided and inflamed by religious bigotry and hatred. At least four prominent objects the French king kept steadily in mind—the restoration of James to his throne; the establishment of the Catholic religion on a firm and enduring basis in England; the extension of his North American possessions and their protection from all encroachments by the English; and lastly, and more important than all the others, the raising up of France to the highest place among the nations, to be secured by lowering his hated rival, England, to a subordinate position. For years it was a prolonged duel between Louis and William, conducted with vigor on both sides, backed by all the military force and skill both could command.

The Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, so graphically described by Macaulay, was one of the stirring and telling incidents of this bloody period. There were deep, underlying principles at stake. It was not simply whether Catholic James or Protestant William should rule England, whether France or England should rule America. The question involved was deeper than these. King William and the English people were the representatives of progress and reform in civil government. They had driven out the old, legitimate king, because he was oppressive to the people. By this act the old doctrine of the divine right of kings had been set aside, and the right of the people to a voice in public affairs had been vindicated. In the eyes of conservatism, it was not only revolution, it was rebellion against God, the King of kings, in whose name and by whose authority kings ruled. Louis and the French government, on the other hand, were the representatives of the old theory, that "divinity doth hedge a king," and that the people have no rights which a legitimate sovereign is bound to respect. It was the old war of conservative and progressive elements in society, which has been waged ever since society existed, and which will not end so long as society lasts. It was the open question in politics in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, debated on battlefields in England, in Holland, in France; debated in the wilds of America by rude savages, led on by so-called Christian men, with tomahawks and scalping knives, whose arguments were enforced by burning villages and murdered infants. It was debated with varied success for years. On the whole, victory rested rather with William and the cause of freedom and progress; or rather we may say it was a drawn game. Louis found himself foiled and defeated in many of his well-laid plans, and William was wearied and exhausted. Both parties were ready to cry quits, and in 1697 the Peace of Ryswick, a little town in Holland, not far from the Hague, was patched up for a while. By this treaty Louis relinquished the claim of James to the English throne, and acknowledged William as king of England, and thus gave up his cherished plan of forcing Catholicism upon the English nation, while he retained all Hudson Bay, and all places in America to which the French held a claim, that is, the whole Atlantic coast from Maine to Labra-

dor, besides Canada and the Mississippi valley. Unfortunately the boundaries of this vast territory were left wholly undefined, and these uncertain boundary lines caused untold trouble in after years.

The treaty of Ryswick was hailed with much joy by the English colonies in America. They fancied it would bring permanent peace between France and England, and protect them from Indian invasions, and give the English king a little time and money to devote to his needy and struggling colonies. But in this they were sadly disappointed. It was at best but a temporary truce that each party might get their breath for another and more violent encounter. The war was soon renewed on some question of the succession to the Spanish throne. King William died five years after the treaty at Ryswick in 1702. He had not been loved by the English people. He was a foreigner, cold and blunt in his manners, silent and reserved, decided in his religious opinions, which were quite radical for those times, a brave soldier, a wise and far seeing statesman. The Protestant church is under great obligations to King William for the firm and resolute way in which he withstood and foiled the efforts of King James, aided by the whole force of King Louis and the Pope, to establish Catholicism as the ruling faith on both continents. While we have not time to trace the corruptions and intrigues which characterized the dealings of those great nations at the close of the seventeenth and opening of the eighteenth century, we must glance for a moment at the French king, the master spirit of the time, who pulled the wires which made the puppets in Europe and America dance. Louis XIV is known in history as the *Grand Monarch*. He was four years old when his father died and his reign began. But for eighteen years the power was really in the hands of the adroit diplomatist Mazarin, who acted as regent. On his death in 1661, the young King Louis, then 23 years old, assumed the direction of public affairs, and held it to his death in 1715, a period of seventy years in all. In all that time he made his power felt throughout the civilized world, and especially within his own kingdom. It is the brilliant period in French history. The arts and sciences flourished. Literature gave to the world at this time some of her most shining lights. The age

will ever be illustrious by the distinguished men whom the king gathered round his throne.

The visitor to Paris to this day sees on every hand in the palaces and picture galleries that adorn that wonderful city the proofs of the taste and skill of the men who aided Louis XIV in the administration of affairs, and of the lavish abundance of money he placed at their disposal. The King is represented as elegant and handsome, with manners at once grave and commanding. Our ideal king, certainly one of the most conspicuous characters in history. A man with some virtues and of fair abilities, but arrogant, and ambitious to a degree rarely equalled, profligate and superstitious to an extent we find it hard to believe. A good specimen of the low standard of morals and of honor which marked his age.

In the earlier part of his long career he raised France to a pre-eminent station among the nations by his success in war and his skill in diplomacy. He attempted to render essential service to the Romish church, of which he was a bigoted adherent, by withdrawing from Protestants in his realm all the rights and privileges which they had possessed for a hundred years by the edict of Nantes. This edict Louis XIV revoked in 1685, in the interest of the Catholic church. But it worked only disaster to France by driving out of the kingdom a full half million of the most skillful and industrious of the population, who took refuge in England and Holland and carried to those countries the knowledge and virtues that enriched them and impoverished the land that drove them into exile. There is no more signal instance of the defeat of one's own plans by his own measure than that of the withdrawal of the liberty his protestant subjects enjoyed in the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV.

He was the representative of old and established ways in his day. He held tenaciously to the divine right of kings. The king was ordained of God. It was his business to command and of his subjects to obey. He stood in the way of all progress and of individual liberty. Under him the people were weighed down by insufferable taxation. Every vestige of liberty was destroyed. It was simply a despotism of the worst kind. The most enormous crimes were committed by those high in authority. The resources of the country were

squandered to an unparalleled extent and though the kingdom seemed outwardly to flourish in this brilliant reign, yet the seeds were widely sown of that whirlwind and tornado of anarchy and bloodshed which made the last decade of the 18th century one of the most noted in modern history. Louis the XVI, at the guillotine in 1793, was the natural and bloody sequel of the profligacy and corruption which marked the vanished vice of the reign of Louis XIV, a century before. One sowed the wind, the other reaped the whirlwind. All this is not remote from the occasion we this day commemorate. Louis XIV and his advisers were behind Hertel de Rouville and his gang of murderous savages in their assault on Deerfield in 1704. It was one result of the rivalry that then existed between France and England, and of the attempt of each to control the affairs of this Continent. No friendly relations could exist between them. They were rivals in the old world and the new, in the East and West Indies, on sea and land, in politics, in commerce and the arts, and especially rivals in religion, rivals for conquest and supremacy in church and state. It is not easy for us to fix upon France or England alone the responsibility for these acts of cruelty and atrocity. The same spirit animated both countries. France seems to have been the most aggressive, while England acted more on the defensive. It is a terrible comment upon the spirit of an age removed from our own by less than two centuries that to the natural and inevitable hardships and perils attendant upon a new settlement, far remote from neighbors, in a foreign clime, and under hard and untried conditions at the best, there should have been added the thousand-fold increased hardship and peril from exposure to savage foes, who lurked in darkness, and whose delight was murder and rapine. I do not think it true to say that the French and English governments were equally to blame for the scenes transacted in their exposed colonies. We Protestants and of English descent are inclined to put *all* the blame on the French government and the Jesuits who had secured a controlling influence over the Indians in Canada. A more impartial study of the situation will teach us that the English people and government were not without their measure of blame in the matter. Perhaps it would be best to say that the times were responsible for the cruelties

that were committed, that it was in accordance with what we shall call a semi-barbarous spirit which led the two most advanced nations in the world, less than two centuries ago, to engage in a series of wars, carried on with hardly a cessation for nearly 70 years, between New England and Canada, New France as it was then called, and in which both parties, with very little difference, availed themselves of the aid of savage allies. The English did not scruple to use Indians in their warfare upon New France any more than did the French in their attacks upon New England. We have been misled by our prejudices and have made the French and their Catholic leaders and advisers wholly responsible for crimes and cruelties which should have been attached in a well nigh equal share to the English themselves. Both nations claimed to be Christians, but neither had attained to any measure of the Christian standard ; both were ruled by the old law, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." It was tit for tat, a blow for a blow. Blood must be washed out by blood. The tragical story of those years is not alone of French soldiers and Indian allies rushing in at night upon a sleeping village, murdering the people, burning their houses, and then hurrying back to Canada with a few prisoners. It is also of English soldiers with Indian allies plundering, slaughtering, taking prisoners to be sold into slavery.

It was in 1676 that a band of English soldiers fell upon an unsuspecting party of Indians at Coheco, near Dover, N. H., captured 300 of them, took them to Boston, shipped them to the West Indies to be sold as slaves. The memory of that act was not forgotten, and was the excuse, if not the justification, for the assault made by the Indians on an English settlement in the same place in 1689, and which is noted in the bloody annals of Indian warfare. It was in that same year, 1676, that the massacre of Indians occurred at Turners Falls. We try to tone down the affair by calling it the fight at Turners Falls. But no fight of opposing forces occurred there. It was simply a shooting by well armed English soldiers of men, women and children as they sprung from their sleep aroused by the murderous yell of their unexpected assailants. It was a massacre and not a fight. It was in 1689 that the Iroquois, or the Five Nations as the English called them, inhabiting Central and Western New York, the allies

of the English made an assault, Indian fashion, on Montreal, burning many houses, and according to a French historian murdering more than a thousand of the French settlers. This number is doubtless much exaggerated. It was not the French alone who were guilty of murdering and burning in those dark, sad days.

The revolution of 1688, which drove out King James from England, and at the same time expelled the fear of Catholic supremacy and established Protestant William on the throne, gave great joy to the settlers in New England. It was hailed with enthusiasm, for it opened the way, as was then thought, for the conquest of Canada, and its annexation to England, which was then a favorite plan, for it involved the expulsion of the old and hated form of religion from this continent. The inherited hatred of all English people toward France was intensified by the fact that their exiled and despised King had found a refuge at the French court and that Louis was ready to fight his battles in favor of the old religion. New England burned for war, which should bring opportunity for raids upon Canada. Various efforts were made in these years to secure this coveted possession, but they were only fruitful in disasters. It was not difficult to find causes for war between Canada and the English colonies. The former was inhabited by French Catholics, the latter by English Protestants. These distinctions were enough to arouse a deadly spirit of antagonism at any time. Then both were eager to secure the control of the cod fisheries on the Eastern coast, which had already grown into importance. The fur trade of the North and Northwest was a lucrative branch of business which the subjects of each nation sought to monopolize. The boundary lines were loosely drawn, and were a perpetual source of controversy. The French had their stations at remote points from the mouth of the Saint Lawrence in the East, extending through the interior of the continent to the mouth of the Mississippi, enclosing the whole line of the English colonies on the Atlantic coast. They were continually encroaching upon the professed boundaries of Massachusetts, New York, Virginia and the Carolinas.

If the English were eager to secure Canada, the French were no less eager to secure all the territory held by the

English. The relations of the French with the various Indian tribes were very intimate, and a source of great strength to the French cause. Proselyting to the Catholic church was a prominent object. If the same efforts had been made by the English, we should speak of them as heroic efforts to turn the benighted Indians towards the light of Christianity. The agents of the Catholic church were Jesuit missionaries. The zeal and devotion of these men to their cause, their heroic self-sacrifice, their patient and adroit management of their Indian converts, their unwearied efforts to make them serve the cause of the French government as well as the Catholic church are well described in Parkman's brilliant pages.

The plan for a general attack on all the Northern English colonies was carefully matured by Callieres, the royal Governor of Canada, in 1689. His scheme was approved by the home government, and measures at once adopted for its execution. The design was entrusted to Count De Frontenac, who though nearly 70 years old, possessed energy, talent and experience, which well fitted him for the enterprise.

Callieres's plan was a large one, on the well founded suspicion that the colonies of New England and New York would attempt to seize and hold Canada, ruin its trade, overthrow its religion, enlist the Indians to pillage their towns, and destroy their people. His plan was to anticipate such a design by a vigorous assault on Albany, and having captured and garrisoned that with French soldiers, to hasten down the river and secure New York, and thus cut off New England from all the other colonies. "In this way," he says, "the French King will be absolute master of the Iroquois, i. e., the Five Nations, and all the other savages, who will come without hesitation, and bring all their peltries to us. This will cause the trade of our colony to increase. It will also establish the Christian religion among the Iroquois and other Indians. It will secure the cod fishery on our coast, and on the Great Bank. It will give His Majesty one of the finest harbors in America." The French government readily adopted the plan marked out by Callieres, and issued orders at once to put the plan into execution. Frontenac with a large force was to proceed at once stealthily against Albany, protect such citizens as were willing to take the oath of allegiance to

the French King, while the principal citizens, from whom a ransom could be expected, were to be delivered as prisoners. "The rest" so read the orders, "were to be put out of the colony, and in order to deprive the English of the facility of undertaking land expeditions from New England, His Majesty desires that the English settlements adjoining New York and further off, if necessary, should be destroyed." It can be seen at a glance that an expedition starting from Boston for the relief of Albany might find a convenient halting place at Deerfield. It was therefore convenient to have Deerfield out of the way. The expedition started the next year in 1690. And on a winter's night in February the combined French and Indian forces reach Schenectady and completely surprised the garrison there. Finding a gate carelessly left open, they rushed in, burned all of the houses in town but two, and in the space of two hours 60 persons of all ages, and both sexes were killed. Many prisoners were taken, while a few of the wretched people escaped in the darkness and confusion, and made their way to Albany. The details of this massacre are of the most horrible description. The French officers could not control their Indian allies, who Indian like did not follow up their advantage by an immediate attack on Albany, but hurried back to Canada to dispose of their booty and rest till the fears of an assault on Albany were allayed, and they could accomplish their work by stealth. In the following year, 1691, Frontenac applied to the French government for more troops to renew his attempt on Albany and New York, but was told that the King had employment for all his forces nearer home; so there was nothing for him to do but to wait, though he was not idle. He did his best to subdue the Iroquois and to detach them from their alliance with the English. He also dispatched a party under command of Hertel De Rouville, a name familiar to all who know of the sacking of Deerfield, to harass and destroy the English settlements to the East. They made their way to Salmon Falls in New Hampshire, killed thirty of the inhabitants, burned 25 houses and carried back to Canada more than fifty prisoners. The English did not allow these efforts of their hated rival to go unnoticed. A meeting of Commissioners from the several colonies was held at New York in May, 1690, soon after the news of the slaugh-

ter at Schenectady was widely known. Bancroft dwells on this meeting as "the momentous example of an American Congress." Thus he says without exciting suspicion were the forms of Independence and Union prepared. The idea originated in Massachusetts; and Massachusetts, the parent of so many States, is certainly the parent of the American Union. At this meeting of the "first Congress" the tit for tat policy was decided on. It was resolved to attempt the conquest of Canada. Arrangements were made for an expedition to accomplish this undertaking on a scale never before attempted by the colonies. A fleet of 32 vessels, one carrying 44 guns, sailed from Boston Harbor with 2000 men, under the command of Sir William Phipps, Colonial Governor of Massachusetts. The plan of the campaign was for the fleet to sail at once for an attack on Quebec. While the land forces from Connecticut and New York, aided by the Iroquois Indians, were to make a simultaneous attack on Montreal. The expedition was well planned, but from a variety of causes it resulted in miserable and disastrous failure. The land forces never reached their destination; the fleet was repulsed before Quebec, and in a broken and dispirited condition, what was left of it reached Boston in November, 1690. Two hundred men lost their lives in this ill-fated enterprise, and Massachusetts sacrificed 50,000 pounds, a great sum in those days for the little colony. The failure of this pretentious campaign was a crushing mortification to the English colonies, and an occasion for a corresponding joy and exultation on the part of the French, as it inspired a new hope of securing the control of the whole continent. A medal commemorating the success of the French was struck off in Paris; and the visitor in Quebec to-day finds in the little old church of *Our Lady of Victory* another monument of this triumph of the French over the American fleet. The French historians relate how Frontenac, who was set to watch and repulse the land forces, placed the hatchet with his own hand in that of his allies, and old as he was, danced the war dance in their presence. But divisions and rivalries in the English forces defeated them without meeting the enemy. The war dragged slowly on; Frontenac could secure no soldiers from France; they were fully occupied at home. The English colonies were too much exhausted by the unsuccessful

attempt on Quebec to renew the effort for its possession. Nothing of importance was done; a few towns principally in Maine, were destroyed, and their people killed or carried into captivity. Feeble efforts were renewed year by year to secure means for a new attempt on Canada, but they as feebly failed, with no further results than to keep alive the war spirit, and to invite fresh cruelties upon the frontier settlements.

In 1693 the presence of an English fleet with 2000 seamen and as many soldiers in the West Indies inspired the colonies with a brief hope that they could be used for another attempt on Quebec. The enterprise started well. "There can never," wrote the Government Secretary, "be such an occasion for the people of New England to show their zeal for their religion and love to their King and country." But the project failed. In 1696 in an address to the King, the Massachusetts government represented the exhausted state of the colony by reason of the languishing and wasting war with the French and Indians, and begged for a supply of ammunition and a naval force, for aid in the reduction of Canada, "the unhappy fountain," as they say, "from which issue all our miseries." The treaty of peace at Ryswick in 1697, hailed with delight in the colony, brought none of the coveted relief. Early in that year occurred the attack on Haverhill, and the familiar adventure of Hannah Duston. Palfrey in his admirable history of New England says, "Neither at the French court nor by its military or ecclesiastical servants in Canada had it been supposed that the war between New England and New France had been anything more than suspended by the treaty of Ryswick." In the five-years that had since elapsed preparation for the renewal of hostilities had at no time been remitted by the soldiers and priests at Montreal and Quebec. Frontenac died in 1698, and his successor, De Callieres, coaxed the Iroquois into a treaty much more favorable to the French than had been before obtained. Priests were sent among them, who, while converting them to their own religious faith, served as spies who could inform the government of the intrigues of the English, as well as of the movements of the Indian tribes. King William died in 1702, and was succeeded by the weak, incompetent Queen Anne, the sister of Mary, the King's

wife and the daughter of James the II. Affairs at home occupied all the resources of time, money and men of both the French and English governments. They were upon the beginning of one of the most brilliant campaigns that ever attended the English army. On the 13th of August, 1704, was fought the great battle of Blenheim between the English and the Austrians on one side, the French and Bavarians on the other. By this battle the Duke of Marlboro reached his high position as one of the few great generals of modern times. It was a complete victory for the English, and a complete humiliation for the French. This battle of Blenheim in 1704 deservedly holds a place among the decisive battles of the world. In the hurry and excitement of these great deeds enacted on a large scale, taxing the resources and energies of the civilized world to the utmost, it is not strange that the puny interests of the struggling colonies were left uncared for. Both parties appealed to the home government in vain for aid. This period from 1690 to 1700 is called by Cotton Mather, *the woeful decade*. It well deserved the title and it could well be applied to the decade that followed. It was a *woeful period*. The military and ecclesiastical power of Canada was exercised to the utmost to secure the good will of the Indian tribes and to enlist them on their side, and in this they were very successful. The appeal was to their love of plunder, to their hatred to the English which was easily aroused, and to their zeal for the new faith, which they had embraced. It was war continually on the frontier, carried on stealthily, treacherously and without mercy, in savage Indian style. In the autumn of 1703 news came from Albany of a threatened attack on Deerfield, and the government sent a guard of 20 men to defend the place. Some measures of defence were taken for awhile, but the precautions were slackened, till the threatened danger became a painful reality. The facts attending the sacking of the town in the winter of 1704 are too well known to require any recital from me. The French and Indian forces were commanded by Francois Hertel de Rouville—Hertel the name, de Rouville the title,—who bore the name and title of his father and, says a French historian, “worthily filled the place of his father, whose age and infirmities no longer allowed him to go on distant expe-

ditions." The father, Francois Hertel, as we learn from Parkman, belonged to or rather was the founder of one of the best families in Canada, and when a youth of 18 years, was captured by the Mohawks in 1661. Some interesting letters from him while in captivity are retained by Parkman in his "Old Regime," and from them we gather a graphic account of the state of fear and alarm in which the inhabitants of Canada lived at that time, quite equal to that of their distant neighbors across the border. How long Hertel remained in captivity I am unable to say, but when 29 years later a band of French and Indians fell upon Salmon Falls, it was Hertel who led the attack, and when the assailants were hard pressed by an overwhelming force it was Hertel who, sword in hand, held the pursuers in check, and covered the retreat of his men. He died about 1723 at the age of eighty years. The name is held in abhorrence in New England, but judged by the standard of war, was he not a brave defender of his country and his faith? It could hardly have been his age alone that disqualified him from leading the attack on Deerfield. He was but 61 at the time. The honor or dishonor, it depends on your point of view, of leading the force against Deerfield fell to his oldest son, who, according to Palfrey, was accompanied by four brothers. We hold him up to execration as a bloodthirsty ruffian. There is no reason to suppose he was any thing of the kind. I suppose the people of Alabama and Georgia did not heap terms of compliments upon Gen. Sherman on his famous march to the sea; quite the contrary. We call him a brave and successful hero. In all these matters much depends on our point of view. I am inclined to think Francois Hertel was a better man than our imaginations have painted him.

The case of Deerfield was not peculiar. It was a frontier settlement in a time of war between two great nations, of different race, language and religion—a war stimulated by the strongest motives that ever prompt nations to fight each other. For centuries there had been intense hatred and jealousy between them. There was a natural desire for possession and control of this new and vast continent, which had already awakened splendid visions of fortune, wealth and power. Each nation had secured a share by means which were then thought justifiable; each selfishly grasped the whole,

and they were as eager to fight for it as two hungry dogs for a bone. The trade with the natives was considerable; each one was determined to monopolize the whole of it. To all these motives was added the violence, the ferocity, which has always characterized a religious war. "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" exclaimed Madame Roland on her way to the block in the bloody days of the French Revolution. "O Religion, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" is the exclamation which must escape the lips of every reader of history. It was in this case Catholic against Protestant, and with equal determination, if not with equal ferocity, Protestant against Catholic. The spirit in both was much alike. If the atrocities committed in those dark years can be more fully attributed to the French than the English, it is partly owing to different national characteristics; the French were more impetuous and impulsive, the English more cool and cautious; and partly because the French had secured more influence over the Indians; they were more skillful managers; the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic church were more attractive to the untrained mind of the savage than the abstruse doctrines of Protestantism. The Jesuit missionary had a great advantage over the English clergyman. It was simply a question of greater strength and cunning, commonly called diplomacy.

Though Roger Williams in the previous century had advocated and defended the doctrines of toleration and religious liberty, they were not generally accepted at the time. In the year 1700, New York and Massachusetts passed laws against Jesuits and popish priests, requiring all persons receiving ordination from any authority derived from the Pope of Rome to depart from the colony before the first day of November. The world had moved. It no longer roasted heretics over a slow fire; it only banished them. It was a great stride forward.

One Col. Quay, writing from Boston in 1704, giving to the Board of Trade in London an account of the massacre at Deerfield, says: "We must expect such misfortunes to occur, and there is no way to prevent it except by cutting off Canada, which could be done with ease if her majesty would resolve upon it."

Vaudreuil, writing from Montreal in October, 1704, to the Government in France, says: "I write to inform you of the success of a party I sent this winter, at the request of the Abenakis Indians, whom the English attacked last autumn, and to speak to you of De Rouville, who commanded, that you would think of his promotion. His party accomplished everything expected of it." This, doubtless, had reference to the attack on Deerfield and shows that it was regarded at the time by the French authorities as a brave and honorable transaction. Our estimate depends a good deal upon our point of view. In that same year, 1704, Col. Church, the most famous partisan soldier of New England, the hero of King Philip's War, led an expedition to destroy Canadian towns in revenge for Deerfield.

We sometimes hear an outburst of indignation against the French for using Indian allies who were doubtless the authors of most of the atrocities that were committed in these wars. But such complaints come with ill grace from English people, for their own government did the same, and continued to for a long period after the events we are considering. In what is known as the French and Indian War, from 1753 to 1763, Indians were employed on both sides. In 1759 Sir William Johnson used more than 1,000 Indian soldiers in the capture of Fort Niagara and then led the same force in the Canadian expedition which led to the surrender of Montreal to the English and brought about the end of the war. In the Revolutionary war the English employed the savages of the wilderness as well as Hessian mercenaries to aid in putting down the rebellious colonies. The motto prevailed that all was fair in war, and that it was justifiable to use every instrument to worry and crush an enemy. War in its nature is cruelty and selfishness. We may rejoice that the nations rush into it less heedlessly than formerly and still more that something of humanity and mercy marks the conduct of nations at war with each other—qualities that were wanting two centuries ago. Civilized nations do not war upon defenseless women and children now-a-days. That is a step forward towards the day when men "shall learn war no more."

We look back 180 years upon that period in our history, and our minds are filled with horror at the cruelties and

atrocities that were then committed by civilized and Christian men. They at the time doubtless were boasting of their refinement, and their advance in mercy and morals over those of two centuries before, and well they might. War at the beginning of the eighteenth century was merciful and humane as compared with war in the sixteenth century, even among Christian nations. Looking forward two hundred years, I believe that the dwellers on this continent will be pained and shocked at the bloodshed and suffering which in America marked the last half of the nineteenth century. They will look upon the deeds of Grant and Sherman, of Lee and Johnson, as we look upon those of Alva and William of Orange, of Marlboro and Van Ruyter, as contests of brute force to settle questions which should have been settled by peaceful and brotherly arbitration. War at the best is one proof that the old, barbaric spirit is not yet eliminated from the human race. Much has been done and is now doing to eradicate it. The world has made great strides onward in the century that is now passing. Greater strides, I verily believe, than in any previous century. Leaving out the last half of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century I should say that the nineteenth century has done more and better things for humanity than all the previous Christian centuries combined.

Let us not blame Francois Hertel, nor the French government behind him, for what was done on that winter's morning in Deerfield 180 years ago, but rather rejoice in the new light that has come into the world, the better interpretation of Christian precepts, the larger infusion of the Christian spirit, the fuller recognition of the brotherhood of man and the brighter hope we cherish that the time will yet come when Christian knowledge and charity shall cover the whole earth as the waters cover the sea.

POEM BY L. J. B. LINCOLN.

Ye men and women born amid these hills,
Leading your peaceful lives in modern light,
What know ye now of hardships, or of ills,
Compared with those of that most direful night
When through the death of Eunice Williams came
Sorrow to Deerfield, but historic fame?

The sullen river wrenched its icy chains,
 The forest moaned beneath the chilling storm
 And muttered forth in weird and frenzied strains
 A requiem for her crushed and mangled form;
 While leaving naught behind but speechless dead,
 Glutted with gore the ruthless warriors fled.

Then was for that true, zealous man of God,
 A dreadful test of his oft-spoken faith;
 His children slaves unto a foe abhorred;
 His home destroyed; he witness to her death,
 And forced to leave unburied and unsung,
 Her martyred corse, where by her murderer flung.

For you, these pioneers of Pilgrim faith
 Left homes and lands and all that men held dear,
 Braving stern hardships, and a savage death
 With constant hearts, and souls devoid of fear.
 They left behind all doubt and trembling care,
 And only knew their *God* was everywhere.

But not enough to mark with callous stone—
 E'en now as we recall the dreadful crime,
 The helpless victim seems to point us on,
 Demanding vengeance, through eternal time,
 On the descendants of the vandal band,
 Who slew this woman with a cowardly hand.

Hush! pale Revenge; and bitter Vengeance, pause;
 The hand of Fate, remorseless power has moved;
 The Indian race is conquered in fierce wars,
 And it has vanished from the hills it loved,
 Unwept, unpitied; gone with scarce a trace
 Save in the legends of th' imperial race.

But ever, when the songs of men entrance
 The minds of students in romantic lore,
 And lingering pilgrims to this shrine advance,
 And o'er her story, cut in granite, pore,
 The harp of time will ring with echoing moan
 Round this sad monument, austere, alone.

MEMORIAL STONES.

BY DANIEL DENISON SLADE, M. D.

Mr. President:—I can add nothing to the appropriate remarks which have already been made in memory of the devoted woman who perished by so cruel a death on this spot 180 years ago—I can add nothing to her history—possibly a few words upon the custom of erecting monuments to the dead, and of the fitness or appropriateness of these to the

particular object in view may not be out of place. We know that the custom of marking the resting place of the dead has been universal with all nations. We may say it is coeval with man, and is a natural expression of his better feelings.

The Egyptians, the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans and so on through the ages, down to the present day, have memorialized the departed by erecting monuments, whether pyramids, obelisks, triumphal arches, mausoleums, churches, tablets of brass or bronze or the mound, cairn, cromlech, the unhewn shaft or simple pillar. We find recorded in the sacred scriptures that Joseph set a pillar upon Rachel's grave.

This then being a universal custom among all nations, savage and civilized, we must at once admit that there should be a certain fitness between the monument and those thus honored. Thus we should acknowledge that the erection of a white marble temple over the grave of the North American savage would be entirely unappropriate and absurd; whereas a simple unhewn shaft of stone with an inscription, the building of a mound or the placing of a boulder with an inscription telling its object would be in excellent taste, and congenial with our feelings. On the banks of the Housatonic at Stockbridge, a most appropriate monument has been raised over the burial place of the Indians of the Stockbridge tribe. This consists of a single unhewn shaft of red sandstone about twenty-eight feet high with the inscription, "Ancient burial place of the Stockbridge Indians." A friend of mine has erected recently an appropriate monument over the remains of several Indians found on his farm at Medford. This consists of a large flat stone with an inscription and upon this another placed perpendicular, supporting a spherical boulder. We can learn a lesson in fitness and appropriateness from the savage himself, for what could be better adapted to the purpose than the simple cairn or pile of stones in the erection of which all could participate?

We know, or should know, the story of the hapless Indian maiden who threw herself from the cliffs of Monument mountain in Stockbridge, and who has been immortalized in the verse of our poet Bryant. The story is brief. Love was

the cause. Enamored of her cousin, which was unlawful by their customs, she was seized with melancholy and determined to destroy herself. Repairing to the mountain with a female friend, decked out in all her ornaments, she passed the day in singing the traditional songs of her nation, threw herself from the cliff at its close and was killed. Her memory was perpetuated by the conical pile of stones gradually erected by the members of the tribe and by those who from time to time visited the place after the removal of the Indians to the State of New York. Now this seems appropriate and extremely touching by its simplicity.

We all remember to have read of the tragical fate of the Willey family who met their death overwhelmed by the avalanche in the Saco Valley of the White Hills. The spot where they were found is marked by a conical heap of stones, and I have known people to be as much or more interested in that simple commemorative cairn than in anything else connected with the event. There is a universal desire among visitors, even to this day, to express sympathy by adding a stone to the pile.

The simple mound raised over the remains of one who has a history with which we are acquainted will often interest us far more than the most elaborate and costly monument.

I well remember the feeling when I visited in my boyhood the grave of a young woman who was slain by the Indians during Queen Anne's war in the town of Marlboro, while she was picking berries. The grave was in a pasture away from any travelled road and was marked by two rough boulders, one at each end. The story of her sad death, the loneliness of the grave, the humble yet appropriate method of distinguishing it, all conspired to lend pathos to that which otherwise would soon have been forgotten.

From these examples we learn how much more our better feelings are touched by simplicity in monumental devices, especially when connected with our Indian history. Under most circumstances, the simple cairn, the broken column, the plain cross, the rough boulder with its inscribed tablet; the figure of a dog as fidelity, &c., appeal most strongly to our feelings. At the same time we find that a visit to that great memorial of the dead, Westminster Abbey, or to

the beautiful old church on the banks of the Avon, beneath which repose the bones of Shakespeare, touches our hearts also, for all is harmonious and appropriate.

I think the monument which has been dedicated this day is remarkably chaste and harmonizes well with the beautiful surroundings, and all the more will it do so when nature has softened down the surfaces which have been roughened in the preparation of the site.

ANNUAL MEETING—1885.

REPORT.

Death has made inroads during the past year, taking some of the most active, prominent and able members of the Association—Henry Hitchcock of Galesburg, Ill.; George Fuller, the distinguished artist, son of Deerfield, Phineas Field of Charlemont, and Henry Childs of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Childs and Mr. Field were among the most ready and devoted of the antiquarian band, and the Association owes much to the funds contributed by the one and work by the other. It was fitting that a Committee be chosen at the annual meeting on Tuesday, February 24th, to draw up a memorial of these four departed members, and in the report of President Sheldon, Rev. J. P. Watson and N. Hitchcock, the Committee selected, a suitable remembrance will go upon the records.

During the year four have become life members by the payment of \$25—Hon. William Hyde of Ware, B. N. Farren, Esq., of Montague, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Delano of New Bedford, and Mrs. Sophronia R. Williams of Chicago. The report of the treasurer showed that the receipts for the year were \$755.25, of which \$451 comes from the New Haven & Northampton R. R. Co., for land taken, and \$100 as a donation from Mrs. Mary Hemenway of Boston, who was voted a Life Councillor. The expenditures were \$224.84.

The following is a list of officers elected for the ensuing year: President, George Sheldon; Vice-Presidents, James S. Reed of Marion, O.; Joseph P. Felton of Greenfield; Councillors, Rev. Allen Hazen, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Albert Stebbins, Dexter Childs, C. B. Tilton of Deerfield, Hon. Wm. Hyde of Ware, B. N. Farren of Montague, Prof. James K. Hosmer of St. Louis, Hon. James White of Williamstown, Arthur Williams, Brookline, Hon. Eben A. Hall, Samuel O. Lamb, Geo. A. Arms, Austin DeWolf, Greenfield; Rev. W. S. Hawks, South Hadley Falls; Chester G. Crafts of Whately. Another item of business was the creation of the office of "Annalist" of the Association, and Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge was the unanimous choice to fill it. Hitherto the Association has depended upon the newspapers for the publication of its valuable papers, but the Carter family has given the nucleus of a "publica-

tion fund," which it is hoped will increase till the income will be sufficient to put in print the papers prepared for the meetings of the Association. These Carters trace back their ancestry to this old town. Indeed, President Sheldon read an obituary notice of Adolphus Carter of New York, following back his ancestral line to Samuel Carter of Deerfield. This sketch was prepared by Samuel Carter of Brooklyn, N. Y., the antiquary who has at so much pains traced out the route taken by the Deerfield captives in that memorable march to Canada.

The President is also Curator of the Association, and his report of donations shows that the gifts during the year included 70 bound volumes, 225 pamphlets and a great amount of manuscript to the library, and over 400 miscellaneous articles have gone into other rooms. The number of visitors was 1225, and they came from 22 States and six foreign countries. After the business meeting the company was invited to the town hall, where the ladies of the village had prepared an excellent collation. This partaken of, a literary feast of two hours was provided; nor should we forget the musical entertainment, for a company of young German singers from Greenfield furnished at intervals pleasing songs, some in English and some in the language of the Faderland.

The first speaker introduced by President Sheldon was Rev. J. W. Harding of Longmeadow, who delivered a very eloquent and instructive address upon "The Civilizations bordering respectively upon the St. Lawrence and the Connecticut Rivers."

The President stated that Miss C. Alice Baker would present some of the fruit of her trip to Quebec last summer. Miss Baker has frequently given addresses before the Association and her appearance upon the platform was greeted with warm applause. The paper proved to be a biographical sketch, giving some account of the Hertel family, one member of which, Sieur Hertel de Rouville, commanded the expedition which sacked and burned Deerfield in 1704. Three or four brothers accompanied him. The paper was gracefully written and set forth the energy, the valor and military achievements of the Hertels. The interest was well sustained and reached a pitch seldom equalled in such an address, when the speaker read the concluding portion, which was as follows: "Among the prisoners huddled together in Ensign John Sheldon's house, on the dreadful night whose anniversary we celebrate, waiting with her weeping children and neighbors the order to march into captivity, was my ancestor, Mary Baldwin Catlin, wife of Mr. John Catlin. Their homestead was that now occupied by Mr. Chapin. A wounded Frenchman was brought in and laid upon the

floor. In his agony he called piteously for water. Mrs. Catlin raised his head and tenderly moistened his fevered lips. Reproached by a neighbor for this kindness to their enemy, she answered 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink.' When the captives were gathered together for the march, Mrs. Catlin was left behind, *tradition* says as a reward for her kindness. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. I like to think that the wounded officer may have been Hertel de Rouville's young brother, and that humane act distilled through the blood of all these generations has inspired me to-night with the wish to paint the Hertels in a more favorable light than that in which we are accustomed to view them.

"The heroine Madeline de Verchires, then fourteen years old, once defended her father's house for a week, (while he was on duty at Quebec) against the Iroquois. Putting a gun into the hands of her nine-year-old brother Louis, she said '*Remember*, our father has taught you that *gentlemen* are *born* to shed their blood for the service of their God, and their king.' In our estimate of the character of Jean Baptiste Hertel de Rouville, we must not forget that this was the creed on which *he* was nurtured."

Mr. George B. Bartlett of Concord, next read a poem entitled "An Old Shoe Revamped," to appreciate the rare richness of which the reader needs to know something of "Uncle Sid," whose money built the Dickinson Academy, and survey a pair of his shoes now preserved among the relics in Memorial Hall.

One or two short talks followed the poem, and the exercises were closed by singing. Both the afternoon and evening gatherings are accounted among the best yet held by the Association.

THE CIVILIZATIONS BORDERING RESPECTIVELY UPON THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE CONNECTICUT RIVERS.

BY REV. J. W. HARDING OF LONGMEADOW.

Men love rivers as they do mountains. It were as hard to draw the Egyptian away from his bounteous Nile as the Switzer from his snow-capped peaks. The French Canadian whose happy lot is cast in the old province of Quebec, whose ancestral farm has been divided and subdivided so many times that it is now but a narrow ribband, will not sell his river front. The dweller upon the Connecticut who has

traveled in many lands, fondly turns, his heart untraveled, to his valley home.

The elder civilizations that have lined rivers like the Nile and the Rhine, have risen and disappeared. On the banks of the one, pyramids and sphinxes, temples, grottoes, aqueducts, churches, monasteries and mosques tell of the Pharoahs, the Greeks, Romans, the Coptic Christians and the Turks, whose civilizations overlap each other in successive layers of the ancient sands; on the banks of the other, the hills are crowned with the ruins of old castles which remain to testify of feudal barons whose sway has long since vanished.

But as respects these rivers of the New World, their only civilizations date from about the same period; they belong in each case to a homogeneous people; and they have changed only according to their natural lines of progress; and the legitimate working out of their original aims, and their several characteristics.

These aims and characteristics were, however, very different. The two civilizations are strikingly unlike both in their origin and aim, and in their developments and results. To begin the contrast, our Connecticut river, fair and lovely though it be, must take a humble place in comparison with the magnificent St. Lawrence. With its exhaustless source of crystal purity in Lake Superior, six hundred feet above the sea, it rushes down through Sault Ste. Marie, dashes by the cliffs of Huron, spreads itself in the great lagoon of Erie, frets and plunges with thunderous roar of many waters through the Niagara gorge into Ontario, winds and steals its tortuous and fascinating way through the Thousand Isles, again to fret and foam and leap through the rapids of the Cedars and Lachine, and then, gathering its mighty flow into an ever broadening expanse, to move on, a grand highway for the steamers of Montreal, the square rigged vessels of the lumbermen, the thousand small boats of the farmers whose narrow fields abut upon it, and whose whitewashed cottages and barns lend it life and color, still moving on in grander flow till it laves the base of the lofty ramparts of Quebec, and passes under the solemn cliffs of the Saguenay, and into the stretching leagues of the wide gulf, where its banks no more descried, it is lost in the distant sea.

Its scenery dramatic, no less dramatic have been the bril-

liant events that have taken place along its banks. I have only to mention the names of Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, La Salle, Brèbeuf, Laval, Chaumenot, Frontenac, Madame de La Peltrie, and the curtain rises at once to reveal weird campfires, and plumed helmets, Indian revels and horrid massacres, black-robed Jesuits, grey-robed friars, and white-robed nuns, solemn processions with emblazoned banners, swinging censers, the chanting of priests and the shrill war-whoop of the savage, the boatman's song and the village fêtes, the din of musketry and the whizzing arrows; it is all as dramatic as the comparatively quiet, steady, thoughtful and plodding life of the Connecticut river pioneers was lacking in historic brilliancy.

You will notice that these early settlers on the St. Lawrence have all French names, and in this connection let me say, that when I speak of the civilization belonging to the river, I exclude that recent intermingling of the English, Scotch or Irish which has sprinkled the old province of Quebec. I do not speak of the Dominion of Canada at large. That is, essentially, both in its present tone, and impetus, and outlook, *English*. But in the old Province of Quebec, which borders on the St. Lawrence, the civilization of New France, planted exclusively by Frenchmen, remains to this day still loyal in thought, religion, language and manners to the old régime.

For two centuries and a quarter it was a French province, and although after the English conquest the French Canadians changed their allegiance, yet everything was done to make the change easy; all ecclesiastical property was respected, the old seigniories or vested estates, many of them owned by convents and monasteries with their feudal rights and immunities were perpetuated, and although under the more recent laws of the New Dominion, free schools are established despite the resolute opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy, they have still the control of the education of their people through Catholic separate schools, and it is carried on avowedly in the interests of the church of Rome. With its great wealth and its legal right to lay tithes and collect other church dues from its adherents, it is still virtually the state church of this province of Quebec. In a word, under the fostering protection of England, the colo-

nial civilization of New France, the France of Louis XIV still survives.

What is that civilization? Let us begin with the present, and trace it backward. As to the Canadian "habitant," he is in his general make-up considerably different from the Connecticut river farmer. He is kindly, buoyant, social, polite, merry, gallant, religious, contented. He has a happy-go-lucky way which is not so much idle, as it is slow. He is not interested in improvements and is well satisfied with the wooden plough of his grandfather. He has implicit confidence in his parish priest, who sees to it that his mind is not vitalized with fresh ideas. His farm by the repeated subdivisions of inheritance has become a narrow strip, and for the same reason his neighbors are plenty, and the great river is the common highway. The low farm-houses with their steep, high roofs and dormer windows, whitewashed from the ridgepole down and supported by the long, low thatched barns and rail fences are tidy and venerable rather than picturesque. The interiors, with their pine ceilings browned by age and their small double windows and simple furniture, are quaint and comfortable, populous with children and grandchildren and hospitable to strangers.

Mr. C. H. Farnham gives in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1883, a vividly entertaining account of his over-Sunday stay in a village fronting on the beautiful lagoon, which bears the double name of the Bay of St. Peter and St. Paul. Walking up one of the long, narrow farms to the farm-house opposite his landing, his application for lodging was met by the elderly proprietor, Monsieur Tremblay, with a most cordial and assuring willingness. He and his wife, grandparents, had for their household, a son and his wife, and 10 other children. The lads all rushed to the river to bring up the canoe. Over the house door was a card let into a cavity and protected with glass. It bore the words "Christus, nobiscum state," "O Christ, Protect us." The host explained it to be an insurance against earthquakes and tempests, and given by the parish priest after a frightful shock in 1870. "We shall never have any more earthquakes," said the old man, "and the winds can't touch a house with these words on it." One of the sons had passed two years in the States working as a brickmaker at Haverstraw. This naturally turned the con-

versation towards the wonders of New York, but as it elicited some expressions of admiration from the young man for our more progressive enterprise, Mr. Farnham had the tact to change the conversation. It was too painfully heretical for the old folks. When early bedtime came, the head of the family turned to his guests and said, "Well, now, *we're* going to pray to God. What'll *you* do?" "All right, Sir, I'll listen to you." The whole family knelt just where each happened to be, and erect upon their knees and facing the black cross upon the wall, the mother said the prayers in a rapid monotone, the rest as rapidly responding, and then each one remained for some time kneeling to complete his personal devotions, then arising and going off to bed.

On Sunday, the whole population were gathered early about the great, low, stone church with its two steeples covered with bright tin. It is the central attraction of the parish. At its doors, which some one is entering at all hours, center the main activities. On Sunday all are there. The women go in at once to pray; the men stand in animated groups outside, laughing, chaffing, trading, having a good social time, till the constable with red scarf calls from the church steps, "Come now, come in; the mass begins." There is no delay, for the man with the red scarf has authority. The sermon was apropos to the conversation begun but cut short in Monsieur Tremblay's living room the night before. It enforced the recent mandate of the archbishop of Quebec, warning against emigration to our Protestant republic, and enjoining colonization of Manitoba and other home regions. The mandate urged the faithful to "procure the glory of God by keeping in the paths of faith a great number of families, who in going to the United States expose themselves to the danger of losing their faith and of perishing eternally." This last point the parish priest emphasized very forcibly. Probable damnation awaited the emigrant to the United States. Mr. Farnham was particularly struck with the manner of the very sincere and worthy priest. He bore the mien of an absolute ruler, whose words were altogether beyond dispute. It indeed seems to be the conviction of the Canadian priests that their people are thoroughly dependent upon the church through their personality, and that

in all departments of life, they will all go astray when deprived of their fatherly supervision.

After mass, the people gather again in groups in front of the church. The town crier begins his weekly announcements. He takes the place of the Sunday newspaper. Not a newspaper was published in the province of Quebec till after the British conquest; and in the French villages they are still about as rare. While the virtues of quietness, contentment and courtesy prevail, it is a contented apathy. The evening lamp shines upon no books, save the catechism, the prayer book, the two or three school books which the church may sanction. No intellectual stimulus or stirring contacts with the great moving world ever suggest any popular initiative or change in local legislation, religion, politics, education, or industrial affairs.

One of our American ladies who spent some time in the St. Lawrence region said: "So far as 'fêtes' abound, and the church is a never failing recreation, so long as there are fish in the rivers and a little farm to hoe, Baptiste requires no more." "I should like to be a little Canadian girl," said her young daughter to her; "Why?" "Because; mama, they have nothing to do but to fish, and dance, and go to church; they have lots of fun."

While the young girl through her child's eyes did not see all, she saw enough to make her impression far from being invidious or slanderously incorrect.

It is true at least to say that the civilization of to-day on the St. Lawrence is little more than the memory of a past which cannot be revived. It is destined to be encroached upon and absorbed by the ideas, the manners and customs of the more vital and progressive civilization that hems it in on every side.

Let us now go back to its origin. Let us trace the philosophy of these inconsequential results as they proceed from magnificent beginnings. Let us see why it was that the curtain should thus fall upon such an illustrious and significant drama as was the history of New France.

For more than two centuries the French had the whole field. Until 1759 Canada was French to the core and nothing but French. The peopling of Canada by Louis XIV was coeval with the peopling of the Connecticut Valley. While the

Puritan emigrants were arriving at Boston and Salem, and the Newtown and Roxbury settlers were pushing on to the fair Quonactecut, and founding Hartford, Windsor, Weathersfield, Springfield, loads of French emigrants were being landed every year at Quebec.

Who were these emigrants? In the first place, good Catholics. No Huguenots need apply. If any such heretics got mixed in they were weeded out. The cardinals of the Propaganda wanted nothing but good seed sown in New France. On the whole they were a respectable peasantry; some could read and write; some carried over a little money. Soldiers too, and their officers were encouraged to go and stay. Fifteen hundred livres did the king give to one officer of distinction, La Motte, because he had married in Canada and settled there; six hundred livres apiece to other officers who followed his example; to a soldier who would do the same, a grant of land and 100 livres.

But the emigration was composed almost entirely of single men and women. Very few families went over. The colonists, however, must have wives, and the Sulpitian monks as agents for the king for several years did a large business in exporting young women to supply a great demand. Those from the city hospitals and almshouses, however, did not suit very well. Peasant girls, healthy and strong, and not afraid of work were sent, and among the consignments a few young ladies, demoiselles selected goods, for bachelor officers. But with all that could be done to procure the best, some mistakes were made. Some of the young women married at Quebec were found to have husbands at home. The annual consignment of young women shipped to Quebec were all supposed to be canonically and physically qualified for matrimony, but Mother Mary, the agent employed by the king to superintend them, said, they were "mixed goods." No girl, however, had to wait many days for a husband. Mother Mary said, "No sooner have the vessels arrived than young men go for their wives, and are married by thirties at a time." Bounties were offered in New France on early marriages; to each young man who married before the age of 20, 20 livres; to each girl who married before 16, 20 livres, and the king's dowry besides, which amounted to the value of a house, so many barrels of salted meat, or provisions for

so many months. They were called the "King's girls." Parkman, whom the writer acknowledges as his principal authority for sundry historical details, says that as he sent out the settler, and supplied him with a wife and a farm he well earned the title of the "Father of New France." He did more. In the royal council he passed a decree that in future all inhabitants of Canada who shall have ten living children, not being priests, monks, or nuns, shall each be paid a pension of 300 livres a year, and if twelve children 400 livres.

The civilization thus planted on the borders of the St. Lawrence was first Roman Catholic, second, Military, third, Feudal. It was the prime aim of the founders of New France to build on a foundation purely and supremely Catholic. In 1667 Quebec had a population of only 448, and the upper town was wholly occupied by priests, nuns, soldiers and government officials. The chief buildings were the Ursuline Convent where Mother Mary ruled her pupils and her nuns, the great church of Notre Dame, and the massive buildings of the Jesuits. The Jesuit Fathers were no exiles like the Pilgrim Fathers, but sent out and supported by royal wealth. They were steeped in the supernatural, their fervor was intense, their self-abnegation was complete, their devotion was sublime; they were the most magnificent martyrs that the world ever knew. They undertook in their own way to convert the Indians, but so far as their influence went it was beneficial. But their moral hold was very slight, and their missions have become a memory of wasted efforts. Baptism was salvation, and if they could even by stealth and unseen touch with a wet handkerchief an Indian papoose, its eternal safety was secured. One of them while undergoing his death tortures, baptized two infants with two drops of water that came upon an ear of corn that was tossed to him. As to the adult Indian, he could be baptized ten times a day for a pint of brandy. A dying Algonquin in camp, who had thrown himself with a last spasm of ferocity on an Iroquois prisoner, and torn off his ear with his teeth, was almost immediately baptized.

The Jesuit father wielded arguments chiefly drawn from the world to come, but he was very unpractical and accommodating as regards the present life. The Canadian bush-

rangers would return from the woods to their native village and have a very pandemonium of a carousal and then being absolved return to their wild, free life with their Indian women in the woods. Father Marquette and Father Carheil were almost driven to despair by the brandy trade of the soldiers and their loose customs. "All our Indian villages," said they, "are so many taverns for drunkenness, and Sodoms for iniquity which we shall be forced to leave to the just wrath and vengeance of God." They made the very most, however, of this last argument. Father Le Jeune said to an Algonquin chief, "You do good to your friends and you burn your enemies. God does the same." The Father Superior at Quebec sent home for pictures to emphasize by object lessons the threatenings of future punishment. "These holy representations" he writes, "are half the instruction that can be given to the Indians. I wanted some pictures of Hell and souls in perdition, and a few were sent; but they were too confused. The devils and the men were so mixed up that one can make out nothing without particular attention. If three, four or five devils were painted tormenting a soul with different punishments,—one applying fire, another serpents, another tearing him with pincers, and another holding him fast with a chain—this would have a good effect, especially if everything were made distinct."

What of education in the St. Lawrence region? It was controlled by the Jesuits and nuns. The college of Quebec was established about the same time with Harvard College, but unlike Harvard, with a little Latin, a little logic, and a little rhetoric, and a list of virtues in which were prominent humility and obedience and ardent love for Jesus and His Holy Mother; nothing was taught to stimulate the mind to independent thought. The main purpose was to make priests and loyal servants of the church and the King. Leaving out the king it so remains to this day, save so far as the competition of a rival population compels a wider outlook. The first Canadian newspaper dates from the British conquest.

What of feudal tenure? It was the basis of French Canadian society. Absolutism and Aristocracy, not Democracy, nor Liberty. The lands were granted by royal patent to seigniors, and these seigniors were either military officers or nobles, or "gentilhommes," untitled nobles or ecclesiastics,

Sulpitians, and other priestly orders; many of the seigniories, however, came by special gift of the king or by sale into humbler hands. Then the Seignior had his vassals or tenants, "habitants," who held under him those narrow ribbons of land, originally about a mile and a half long, with a front on the river, and backing on the uplands. Farms so held have passed from father to son for 200 years.

The paternal form of government characterized from first to last the French colonial civilization of New France. The idea of it was that the people needed to be taken care of; and what the priest failed to do in that line, the king and his officials finished. Under this paternal system, the French gentlemen, the noblesse provided by the king with sword and spurs became too often miserable beggars, or else bush-rangers. The French soldiers, provided by the king with wives, were not particularly happy in their family relations nor in the bringing up of their children; and the habitants or common people, were bereft of every effectual stimulus to enterprise or progress. Not that the king intentionally discouraged enterprise, but his perpetual intermeddlings and restrictions and those artificial stimulants which were worse even than restrictions paralyzed self reliance. The colonial officials became beggars for government aid. "Send us money to build storehouses where the 'habitants' can deposit their produce and receive government goods in exchange. Send us a teacher to make sailors of our young men. Send a surgeon. Nobody in Canada can set a bone. Send brickmakers and iron-workers to work our mines, glass-workers, pilots. Send us seeds." And when the seeds came, the officials gave agricultural lectures to the farmers as to their use. But to what purpose? One of the king's governors, Denonville, complains that the festivals of the church are so numerous that not ninety working days are left during the working season. "The people," he says "ought to be compelled to build granaries instead of selling their corn for almost nothing at harvest time. Every habitant should be compelled to keep at least two or three sheep, compelled also to raise every season, a little hemp and then the king should buy it of him at a high price. Weavers should be sent out to teach the women and girls how to weave and spin."

The fiat money experiment was fully tried. For greenbacks they had playing cards cut into four pieces, and stamped with a fleur-de-lis, and a crown, and signed by the governor, and secretary of the treasury at Quebec, till the cards were entirely played out, and the currency used in Canada, during the later years of the French rule, says a writer of that day, "has no value as a representative of money. It is the sign of a sign." The scheme of government protection to productive industries was fully worked.

Monsieur Hazeur sets up a sawmill, and finding a large stock of timber on his hands, he begs the king to send out two vessels to carry it to France; and the king did it. There was no end to these protective subsidies. Monsieur Vitry proposes to establish a fishery for porpoises and he begs the king to give him 2000 pounds of codline, and quantities of other ropes, which are all granted. Of course the government had its hands full. But children of this kind paternal rule never seemed to come of age. They had to be told what to do, and how to do, by the crier at the door of the church after mass, or by the curé from his pulpit. There was no end of ordinances about tithes and taverns, and pew rents and stray hogs, and fast driving, and domestic quarrels. If chimney sweeping was neglected at Quebec, householders were commanded to see to it, and the pay of the sweep fixed. Our Connecticut river fathers had a good deal of trouble in seating the meeting house, but in Canada the government intendant settled that matter by assigning pews in due order of precedence.

The people of Montreal at one time, about 1709, raised too many horses, and too few cattle and sheep, "being therein" said the intendant, M. Raudot "ignorant of their true interest." "Now, therefore, we command that each inhabitant of the côtes (farms) of this government shall hereafter own no more than two horses or mares and one foal; the same to take effect after the sowing season of the ensuing year, giving them time to rid themselves of their horses in excess of said number, after which they will be required to kill any horses of such excess that may remain in their possession." There was an order forbidding farmers from removing to Quebec, in the interests of their morals and their

agriculture, on penalty of being expelled, sent back, fined, their city furniture and goods confiscated.

If you would understand what paternal government is, when it goes to seed, study the French civilization founded by king, and cardinal, and priest and nun, and seignior and parish curé on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It was well meant, but it was absolutism—and it is well summed up in what one of the Canadian governors wrote to the French ministry,—“It is of very great consequence,” were his words referring to popular meetings, “that the people should not be left at liberty to speak their minds.”

Turning now, after these glimpses which reveal sufficiently the civilization of New France to be a failure, without any vitality of root, and by and by to be absorbed by rival populations and more enduring institutions, let us turn to the other and coeval civilization planted on the banks of the Connecticut. How old is this civilization? About 250 years. When the founders of the Cathedrals of Cologne and Notre Dame were building upon their centuries of past renown, nothing was builded here save the Indian's wigwam and the beaver's dam. And now, what? Being to the manor born it will only be needful to take brief glances along this river. Let us start from Hanover where the Wheelocks and the Wentworths, stimulated by Lord Dartmouth, founded their school for Indian boys, to become by and by the alma mater of Daniel Webster and a goodly host of other noted Americans. Just across the river, Norwich University. Along the river in its descending flow such fair rural towns as Claremont, Windsor, Brattleboro, Northfield, Greenfield, Deerfield, not to name the rest, each and all abodes of finest intelligence, domestic thrift, skilled agriculture, the sweetest homes. Stand upon the top of Holyoke. Yonder, Amherst College. In that vista Dwight Moody's schools, in that other vista, Mary Lyon's Seminary, let the noble woman have the tribute and not the mountain. Below us Smith College, another woman's illustrious monument; in that venerable cemetery, the cenotaphs of Jonathan Edwards and David Brainerd, who deserves, as missionary to the Indians, mention along with any of the Jesuit Fathers. And yonder is the Asylum for the insane, and the School for deaf mutes, and over there in the near distance Williston Seminary, bear-

ing the honored name of the Easthampton manufacturer and the Easthampton minister, his venerable father. And a little further over, the chimneys of Holyoke and Chicopee with their 10,000 spindles, and their skilled artizans, such as New France sent for and waited for, and died without the sight. And Springfield next, with its multifarious industries, threaded by its multitudinous wires and railways. Ascend Talcott mountain that overlooks Hartford. Another scene that calls to mind the log houses and the roofs of thatch, and the palisaded villages which once disputed their right to stay with the Dutchman and King Philip. See now what came of it; that marble capitol, those great financial houses hard by where stood the Charter Oak, Trinity College, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Theological Seminary of the Congregationalists, Wadsworth Library, a type of many others, scattered all along the Connecticut Valley. Or stand upon the hights of Middletown. There is Wesleyan University and the Divinity College of the Churchmen. Not to grow tedious in such enumerations—everywhere and all along, noble endowments, ripest fruits both of the common and the higher education, and between the larger towns, from the headwaters to the Sound, the villages of less renown, but each with a history of which it is not ashamed, and all having the same constituents of a civilization, which, taken in its aggregate of domestic, social, religious, industrial, law-abiding qualities, its diffused intelligence, its cultured homes, its private and public libraries, its skilled agriculture, its opulent and varied manufactures, has not its equal, I will venture to say, for the same extent of country, the world over.

Tell me, you who have travelled in many lands, who have seen the country villages of Old France, the Swiss cottages, the dairy houses of Holland, the farm houses of our fatherland, the vine dressers of Italy and the Rhine,—you have seen, indeed, in some of these countries finer growths of art, grander architecture, richer sculpture, painting, music, but in the sum total of all that really makes life worth living, you have not seen its like. I spent a day in the environs of old Canterbury, among the English farmers who live in the shadow of Canterbury cathedral. I saw straighter rows of turnips, a higher cultivation by the acre, but in the interiors

of those farm houses, I saw, to say the least, quite a different style of living and through their uncouth dialects, I discerned a different style of thinking. In Canterbury cloister, indeed, the ripest learning, in Lambeth Palace the finest culture, but, the learning and the culture not diffused as it is in the Connecticut Valley through the whole country round.

And now let us read *this* story backward. What were the leading secrets of *this* civilization that the Connecticut river founders planted at the very time when Louis XIV sent out his colonists of New France?

First of all, the Puritan Home; the true marriage, the indissoluble tie, alas! too often loosened by the divorces of these days. The Home was the unit of this civilization. It was from the blazing hearthstone of their cherished homes, lit up by the fervent affections of mother, daughter, sister, wife that our fathers went forth to build the church, the school, the state. It was woman's influence in her equal though peculiar sphere, that made the New England home the unit of a civilization so radically different from that of other American colonies, where Frenchmen or Spaniards followed, not the New England pastor, but the celibate priest; not the Puritan mother, but the homeless nun. Whenever they had multiplied such homes to the number of forty families, how swiftly did they claim their privilege to set up a Precinct for the Gospel Ministry, a pious and learned ministry. It was their crystallizing thought, and that their children might duly appreciate such a ministry, there must be the schoolhouse and the schoolmaster. And then to provide for these fundamental things, the precinct meeting, or when it had sufficiently expanded, the Town Meeting. And so was the American republic already founded, as the oak is founded in the acorn.

As Alexis de Tocqueville, acutest observer of American institutions, said "It was the nucleus round which the local interests, rights, and duties so collected and clung, that it gave scope to the activities of a thoroughly democratic and republican life."

Yes it was in this school, in the personal encounters of the town meeting debates, by the sharp attrition of keen and thoughtful minds, and by the wrestle of strong and independent wills, that our fathers were trained as they never

would have been even in old England, to work out all the problems of local government, and by the compromises of their saving and sturdy common sense to provide, as no paternal government or parish priest could have provided for them, for all the objective needs of their religious and patriotic sentiments, the churches, the schools, the roads, everything that belongs to a genuine commonwealth.

And so it is that we have the explanation of the singular contrasts between the diverse civilizations of the St. Lawrence and the Connecticut. Absolutism versus Individualism. The parental rule of royal and priestly authority versus the personal liberty that develops self-reliance and fosters patient industry and inventive skill. The French Jesuit versus the Protestant pastor. The soldier, seignior, peasant, all held in leading strings, versus an intelligent and substantial yeomanry who wrought out their own institutions. The Roman hierarchy with the best opportunity it ever had for a successful propagandism, a conspicuous failure. The Puritan colonists under circumstances seemingly adverse, working out across the narrow distance of a few leagues, and in a coeval period, a permanent success.

No individual Puritan indeed possessed finer qualities than shone in the magnificent energy and self-denial of the early Catholic missionaries of New France. "The Individual Jesuit," as is well said in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "might be and often was a hero, saint, and martyr, but the system of which he was a part, and which he was obliged to administer, is fundamentally unsound, and in contravention of inevitable laws of nature, so that his noblest toils were foredoomed to failure, save in so far as they tended to ennoble and perfect himself, and offered a model for others to imitate."

And so does history repeat itself. We see in the different origins and principles and aims of the respective founders of these two civilizations of the St. Lawrence and the Connecticut, on the one hand a contented apathy, nursed in vain by artificial stimulants, unto the final lack of vital energy that leaves no wish and no capacity for self-rule; as it was in old Rome the man for the state, and when the state decays, no manhood left; and on the other hand, the state for the man, its highest aim through just laws in forms of liberty to develop his equal rights and his noblest personality.

AN OLD SHOE REVAMPED.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

Searching among your relics old, for lessons of the new,
Within your hall I find my text, an old and worn out shoe;
Faded and brown as Autumn leaf, by chilly breezes swung.
It seems to speak this solemn truth upon its drooping tongue:
"Judge not from poor and mean outside the goodness of the whole;
But search the upper! healed at last, behold the parting soul!"
Then let us peg away awhile, as closely as we can,
And in his ancient brogan trace the footstep of the man.
On dewy meadows shining bright, all guiltless of a fence,
Before tobacco's slimy track had cursed their innocence
He raised sweet hay and shining corn, and if the truth be told,
Regardless of the border line turned duties into gold;
By daily toil, and steady thrift, and constant watchful care,
He slowly built a fortune up with self-denial rare.
In languid ease no parlor car took him to Boston town,
On horse-back with hay strapped behind, he slowly travelled down;
No costly tavern tempted him in luxury to stay,
Dry crackers were the only fare that kept him on the way.
His native shrewdness and quick wit flashed all the country round.
This story of his hired man, in proof of which is found,
Who had in many a devious way his master's patience tried,
Until at last he hung himself, and thus suspended died.
The old man saw him hanging there, and very much perplexed,
Said "What on airth do you suppose that critter will do next?"
He took no idle, wasteful maid for partner of his life,
But found that priceless treasure rare, a helpmate in his wife;
And both together toiled and saved, no luxury they knew,
Until into a goodly pile the hard-scraped dollars grew.
Full many a time they worked all day, and far into the night
They still pursued their busy toil by one poor candle's light.
And when at last their weary feet found rest upon the hill,
They left the money they had saved to be a blessing still.
Just where they sat in busy toil by one poor candle's light,
A fair and stately building now, brings knowledge and delight
To many a youth and maiden fair from Deerfield's elm-crowned street,
From Whately Glen and Bloody Brook at site of old fort meet,
To hear brave words of wisdom rare from lips of Cutting power,
And from a gifted lady learn bright graces every hour.
Sweet girls grown grave, and idle boys forget their noise and fun,
For teachers such as these will make a New-man of each one.
And when abroad to busy life each finished student goes,
How far its bright and shining light that little candle throws
To teach us all what patient toil and loving forethought did,
And memory shine with lustre bright, the shoe of Uncle Sid.

ADOLPHUS F. CARTER.

BY SAMUEL CARTER.

Adolphus F. Carter was a representative of the sixth generation from Samuel Carter of Norwalk. Five generations of this family have dwelt in Carter street, New Canaan. The direct line of Mr. Carter's descent is:

I. SAMUEL CARTER, of Norwalk, born in London, England, probably about 1665; died in Norwalk, Sept., 1728.

II. EBENEZER CARTER, his son, one of the pioneers from Norwalk to New Canaan in 1731; born in Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 9th, 1697; died July, 1775.

III. JOHN CARTER, his son, born in Norwalk, Feb. 22, 1730; died Jan. 2, 1819.

IV. SAMUEL CARTER, his son, born in Canaan Parish, April 22, 1768; died Dec. 9th, 1831.

V. HANFORD CARTER, his son, born in Canaan Parish, July 17th, 1790, died May 21st, 1874.

VI. ADOLPHUS F. CARTER, his son, born in New Canaan, Jan. 10, 1823, died suddenly in Staunton, Va. July 6, 1882.

The Carter street burying ground was set apart by John Carter, in 1806, when Hannah Marvin, his second wife, died. John, Samuel, Hanford and Adolphus—four generations are buried there. Ebenezer was probably buried in the old burying ground on the hill in front of the Congregational church. Samuel must have been buried in Norwalk.

Samuel Carter formerly lived in Deerfield, Mass. He was twice married there. His first wife, m. 1690, was Mercy Brook, daughter of William Brook, one of the early settlers. Their children were Samuel, born March 1, 1692; Mercy, born Dec. 17, 1693; John, born Sept. 22, 1695; Ebenezer, Sept. 9, 1697; Thomas, born Oct. 6, 1699; Marah, born Jan. 22, 1700. The mother died in 1700; and in 1701, Mr. Carter married his second wife, Hannah Weller, daughter of John Weller. Their children were Joseph, born May 1, 1702, (lived six days); Hannah, born July 25, 1703.

Mr. Carter was one of the Selectmen.

When Deerfield was taken and burned by the French and Indians, February 29, 1704, the greater part of the inhabitants were slaughtered or captured. Mr. Carter's whole family were captured. He was himself absent from home at the

time, at a settlement a few miles below ; but with others hurried home as soon as they saw the flames and smoke from the burning town. They overtook the enemy on the meadows above the town, where a daring effort was made to rescue their friends from the terrible fate awaiting them. In this brave and desperate attempt, a mere handful of courageous men faced the whole victorious and exultant crew, and nine of the heroic band were slain. Mr. Carter captured a blanket, which he took back with him to the town, but as his entire family were in the enemy's possession, he prudently abstained from boasting how he had obtained it.

After that engagement on the meadows, his son Thomas was killed ; and on the march to Canada, his wife and his two little ones were killed. The four eldest children were taken to Canada. Ebenezer, the youngest of the four, was redeemed, but the three eldest, with a considerable number of the other captives, were by some means induced to remain in Canada. Samuel was drowned in crossing a river, at the age of 22. Mercy married a Caghnawaga Indian ; and John married a French woman ; both had large families.

After recovering his son Ebenezer from captivity, Samuel Carter, in 1705, removed to Norwalk, Conn., where he married his third wife, Lois, daughter of Mark Sention (St. John), by whom he had one daughter, Lois. He died in September, 1728. In his will he made an equitable provision for Mercy and John, if they would come away from Canada to the colony of Connecticut and permanently reside there ; and a nominal bequest only, in case they refused.

After their father's death, Ebenezer corresponded with his brother John, and acquainted him with the inducements made to him and their sister Mercy to come to the colony of Connecticut and settle ; and John visited Ebenezer there in 1736 ; but he returned again to Canada.

In the year 1751, there was a genuine sensation in Canaan Parish. About the middle of July in that year, two half-breed Indians were seen here, inquiring their way to Ebenezer Carter's. One of them bore in his hand the following paper :—

“The Bearers hereof, two of the sons of Mercy Carter, an Englishwoman, taken captive at Deerfield, Anno 1703, and since married to a Caghnawaga Indian, being desirous to

travel to Norwalk in the Colony of Connecticut to Visit the Relations of their mother there. this is to desire Such persons in Said Colony as may See them on their way thither to direct them in their road and afford them Necessary and proper support, and if any Expect to be paid therefor to bring in their accounts to us the Subscribers.

WM. PITKIN.

JOHN CHESTER.

Albany, July the 5th, 1751."

Being directed to Clapboard Hill, as Carter street was then called, they pursued their way, and on arriving at the house, presented themselves at the door. They were in their native costume, dusty and travel worn, but tall and erect, and were probably about forty years of age. Mr. Carter, sedate and grave, and perhaps a trifle bent with his 54 years and his industrious habits as a New England farmer, must have straightened himself up, and looked with wonder and astonishment at the dusky faces before him ; the paper they bore he would read with deep interest and unction ; and how eagerly he would scan the features of each, to trace therein some likeness of his sister, as he remembered her forty-seven years before.

Mr. Carter's family at this time was much broken up. John, just of age ; and probably Elizabeth—just nineteen, were still at home. But Mary and Hannah were married and gone to homes of their own ; and Mercy, the oldest, who had been the wife of Ebenezer Seely, had departed this life. She was named for the mother of these very Indians. She had left an infant daughter, and perhaps the little prattler, now seven or eight years old, may have stood by her grandfather's side ; or at some time subsequently may have come up with her father to see the visitors. "Darling," Mr. Carter would say, "what was your mamma's name?" "Mercy Carter Seely," she would reply. "Who was she named after?" "Her aunt Mercy, your sister." "Well, darling, these men are my sister Mercy's sons ; and if your mamma was living they would be her cousins." Mrs. Burrill's three children, if their parents brought them at any time to see the visitors, were too young to understand much about it, but Theophilus, the oldest of them, (nearly five) might have taken in the situation sufficiently to have remembered it.

Of course John and Elizabeth Carter would be deeply in-

terested. Familiar with the story of their father's captivity, and remembering well the visit of their Uncle John, fifteen years before,—although they were but little folks then, they would be glad to hear from the lips of their Indian cousins, all about their Aunt Mercy, their Uncle John, and all the cousins in Canada. Elizabeth, we will concede, would want to know how many were married, and all about that. And the neighbors would come in and view with much curiosity these representatives of the Deerfield captives in Canada. Much attention would be bestowed by all the family upon these strange relatives. Elizabeth would put the spare room in the very best order and the spare bed would be decorated with the gayest and most attractive coverlets. But alas, these Canadian cousins are half Indian; indifferent and quite unaccustomed to civilized ways, it is a fact, that they declined the bed, and chose rather to roll themselves in their blankets, and sleep on the floor. Rockers and armchairs they lightly esteemed; Indian like, they enjoyed themselves better to spread down their blanket and sit on the floor and on the ground.

Samuel Carter's house in Deerfield escaped the flames of 1704, and remains to this day. Standing sentinel where the great gate once swung, is an old Elm tree, one of the largest of the many in Deerfield; immense branches shoot up from its trunk, and spread in every direction, seemingly a standing invitation to all of his posterity, to a family gathering beneath its umbrageous shade. Will it ever be held?

The lands in New Canaan, which were bought by Samuel Carter, and given to his son Ebenezer, have remained in the family for six generations. No wonder that Adolphus F. Carter loved his native town; no wonder that he felt a friendly interest in the people of New Canaan; no wonder that he was so strongly attached to the old homestead, and those Carter street lands. In his early life he went out upon those acres with his father, and stood shoulder to shoulder with him, day by day, subduing them with axe, and plough, and hoe.

Latterly, Mr. Carter was looking forward to a time when he would lay aside entirely the cares of business life, and spend a considerable part of his declining years here amid the rural surroundings that were so dear to him:

"The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between:"—

the landscape views, the woods and fields, the pleasant drives, and friendly social interchange with the people. But all the plans he had laid for himself, and all the pleasurable anticipations which his friends here had indulged, are crushed forever.

Mr. Carter possessed an amiable disposition, that won the esteem of all who knew him ; and with his choicest friends he was truly a lovable man. He sympathized with affliction wherever he saw it, and relieved distress whenever he had opportunity. As a business man, it may be said of him in free commercial parlance, that he "carried a level head." In manner, he was courteous ; in dealings, upright ; in judgment, cool, collected and thoughtful, and in execution he was active, energetic, painstaking and thoroughgoing.

ANNUAL MEETING—1886.

REPORT.

The meeting was held on February 23d. The Association now has a building filled with the finest collection of a certain line of relics of the olden time to be found anywhere, and a fine lot, all paid for, and over \$600 in the treasury. But this is hardly a tittle of what they could spend to advantage. The building is three-story and brick and reasonably safe from fire, but by no means fire proof. To construct an addition that shall be absolutely safe from all danger of burning is the thing now of chief importance. In this the most valuable relics could be placed, and to such a safe abiding place would the stream of heirlooms flow in still more abundant measure. Another need is a catalogue of the articles deposited there, and the Association authorized the curator, Hon. George Sheldon, to prepare and print it at his discretion. The Association seemed to realize that this cannot be done too quickly, as there are few, if more than one person, who can give the history of many of the relics.

The need of a permanent fund for such purposes is clearly perceived, and the nucleus of such a fund has been given by Mrs. Cornelia Carter Comstock of New Canaan, Conn.

The net gain of membership during the year has been two, the death roll, having been unusually large, including Harvey Severance, formerly of South Deerfield, Evander G. Stebbins of Deerfield, Col. Roger H. Leavitt of Charlemont, Mrs. Harriette C. Rice of Leverett, Dea. Hervey Barber of Warwick and Mrs. Eliza B. Fithian of St. Louis. Two of the new members are Hon. James S. Grinnell of Greenfield, and Reuben W. Field, Esq., of Buckland. The additions to the archæological and miscellaneous departments for the year have been over 300, and 474 books, 270 pamphlets and 600 papers have been added to the library, in which 200 feet additional of shelving have been put up. The number of visitors was 1724 and \$91.90 was the amount of the fees and contributions. The various reports showed that the year just closed was one of substantial progress and that more and more people are gaining that confidence that leads them to put into the care of the Association the treasures it is now so well prepared to preserve and protect.

It is proposed, also, to make this Hall the depository of relics of the late war as far as possible, and to make its library rich in the possession of volumes relating to that war. All regimental histories may be here deposited with the assurance that they will be in good hands. Maj. Putnam Field of Greenfield is at the head of the committee of this particular line of collections. Hon. W. W. Wright of Geneva, N. Y., proposed that Lieut.-Gov. Edward F. Jones of New York, the commander of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, when it made its memorable passage through Baltimore, be made a "corresponding member" of the Association, and the proposition was favorably acted upon.

Among the relics brought in on the day of the meeting, was an old flint-lock firearm, presented by Reuben W. Field, Esq., in behalf and at the request of the late Col. Roger Hooker Leavitt of Charlemon. It was the musket used by Col. Hugh Maxwell, his maternal grandfather, at the battle of Bunker Hill. Mr. Field also presented a volume entitled "The Christian Commission" as the last bequest of Phinehas Field, who, as is well known, was one of the ministers of mercy during the late war.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George Sheldon; vice-presidents, James A. Reed of Marion, O., Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock, Deerfield; councilors, Rev. Dr. A. Hazen, Charles Jones, Zeri Smith, Dexter Childs, Robert Childs and Philo Munn of Deerfield, George B. Bartlett of Concord, Chester G. Crafts of Whately, Putnam Field, F. J. Pratt, Hon. Eben A. Hall and George A. Arms of Greenfield, Rev. W. S. Hawks of South Hadley Falls, Silas G. Hubbard of Hatfield and W. L. Warner of Sunderland.

During the business meeting of over two hours various matters were discussed, and besides what has been noted above a "Field Meeting" committee was chosen with full powers, consisting of Jonathan Johnson, Francis M. Thompson, Chauncey Bryant and Simeon Phillips of Greenfield, Albert Stebbins of Deerfield, George D. Crittenden and R. W. Field of Buckland. By the time the business meeting adjourned there was quite a large company in the building, examining with curiosity some of the many relics stored in these seven rooms. At 5.30 the old bell sounded and its voice was recognized as the signal to repair to the town hall, where a nice collation was waiting. After this was served President Sheldon introduced the speaker of the evening, Hon. William W. Wright of Geneva, N. Y., whose ancestors emigrated from Deerfield. His topic was "Recollections of Silas Wright of New York," whose an-

cestors for a long time were identified with the interests of the Connecticut Valley and who was born in Hadley, now a part of Amherst.

R. W. Field, Esq., of Buckland was down on the programme for a paper on Zebulon White, a noted man of the county, but he said he had found it so much more difficult to get the facts for his sketch than he anticipated that he could not complete it in season, but promised to have it ready for some future meeting. The poem by Luther J. B. Lincoln, entitled "The Spectre of Memorial Hall," followed. Mr. Lincoln has for a few weeks been engaged in cataloging the books in Memorial Hall, and it is perhaps not strange that surrounded by so much to remind him of the past and in the presence of the memorial tablets bearing the names of the slain and captured on that terrible night in February nearly two centuries ago, his muse should have reverted to those scenes in Deerfield's history. The foundation for the story of the maiden calling to her sentinel lover to leave his post and come to her, thus opening the way for the surprise of the sleeping hamlet, is doubtless in the imagination only; but Mr. Sheldon, after the reading of the poem, said that there was a legend to the effect that on the night of the sacking of Deerfield, a mother sang her soothing lullaby to her sick child. The sentinel on guard heard her voice, and, pausing to listen to the sweet strains, fell asleep at his post; and the enemy was within the enclosure before he woke to signal danger.

A paper entitled "Glances at the Olden Time," written by Miss Carrie S. Catlin of Washington, D. C., who was unable to be present, was read in a most charming manner by Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, a lady who, though long a resident of this county, has just taken up her abode in Deerfield. The "Glances" contained reminiscences of Aunt Esther Catlin.

Other speakers were Nathaniel Hitchcock, Rev. Allen Hazen and Francis M. Thompson, Esq., the latter giving some of his experiences while upon the Western frontier. Excellent music was interspersed with the exercises. There was singing by a select choir and a quartette, and Miss Hannah Clapp, a young lady with a charming voice, sang a solo most acceptably and was warmly applauded.

SILAS WRIGHT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEW YORK STATESMAN.

BY HON. W. W. WRIGHT.

Within a few miles of the southern borders of your town, in the adjoining county of Hampshire, there lived among the

early pioneers of Hadley, a family destined to contribute to the statesmen of New York and to the councils of the nations a remarkable man. He passed away nearly forty years ago, but his name is yet a household word throughout the Empire state. His character and abilities made a lasting impression, not only on his adopted state, but on the people of the Union, and especially on his colleagues in both houses of Congress. After four years' service in the House of Representatives he was transferred to the senate, where he easily and naturally took a high rank during an era rendered memorable by such intellectual giants as Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton, and others of lesser note but brilliant talents like Evans of Maine. A biographer says of Silas Wright, Jr., that he was a lineal descendant of the earliest emigrants from the mother country. One of these was Samuel Wright, who was among the first settlers of Springfield and Northampton, and died at the latter town in 1665. His son Samuel Wright, Jr., was killed by the Indians at Northfield, September 2, 1675. The latter had a son Joseph, who died at Northampton in 1697, and he left a son Samuel, who died sometime after the year 1740. He had a son bearing the same name, who settled in the north part of Hadley, (now Amherst,) whose son Silas,* Sr., was the father of the future senator and governor. Whatever may have been the condition in life of the Governor's remote ancestors, the family in Hadley were evidently in very humble circumstances. The elder Silas learned the trade of shoemaker and tanner and currier. He followed these vocations for a livelihood till he had accumulated sufficient means to purchase a farm in Vermont. To this he removed, and here he raised his large family and spent his declining years. It is recorded of him that when he had acquired his trade he could neither read nor write. But his subsequent career abundantly proves that he was endowed by nature with a strong mind, undaunted resolution, and a perseverance which finally overcame all the obstacles which early poverty had placed in his path to independence, and brought the means to bestow upon his children the advantages of an education.

*Silas, Sr., was a minute man in the Deerfield company which marched to Cambridge on the Lexington alarm, April, 1778. [EDITOR.]

He had the good fortune to marry a wife able and willing to give him that knowledge of books which had been denied to him in the days of his boyhood, and to render him such aid in the management of his business affairs as her superior intelligence, education and devotion afforded. She bore him nine children, seven of whom grew up to bless their happy home. They were able to fit the younger Silas for a collegiate course at the village academy, and bestow upon him a liberal education at Middlebury college.

The father served for several successive sessions in the Vermont legislature, and became a popular and influential man in public and neighborhood affairs. With his eldest son he fought the British at the battle of Plattsburg, and two of his sons-in-law were among the "Green Mountain Volunteers" who fought the British in "The Second War of Independence." This war was generally unpopular in New England, but Democrats (probably somewhat swayed by political motives as well as love of country) warmly supported it, as the Wright family proved by the practical test above recorded.

Silas Wright, Jr., read law at Sandy Hill, N. Y., with Henry C. Martindale, a lawyer of high standing in that region. He completed his studies with Roger Skinner of Albany, also an eminent lawyer. In both of these offices Mr. Wright had opportunities which he undoubtedly embraced, to see and hear more or less of some of the most brilliant lawyers and astute politicians that the state of New York has ever produced—such men as Martin Van Buren, and Benjamin F. Butler, who practised law at Sandy Hill, while Mr. Wright was a student there, and who was afterwards President Van Buren's attorney general.

After being admitted to the bar Mr. Wright settled at Canton, St. Lawrence county, and commenced the practice of his profession. He immediately came into notice, and was soon made a justice of the peace, postmaster, surrogate and captain of the local militia. Military honors were showered upon him, and not long after he became a brigadier. These public positions extended his acquaintance among the politicians of the fourth senatorial district, which then comprised nine counties in Northern New York with a territory about equal to the state of Connecticut. Mostly as a conse-

quence of his military *prestige*, a nomination for the state senate was tendered him, which he accepted, and he was elected—thus commencing a political career which finally justified the most sanguine expectations of his early friends. When Mr. Wright took his seat in the senate he was among the youngest members of that body. He rather avoided than courted discussion and debate, but whenever he spoke he commanded profound attention, and soon rose to an eminent position in the councils of his party, while commanding universal confidence as a safe, disinterested and honest legislator. His special friends at his home and in his own "district" were proud and delighted to observe that this quiet and modest young man, whom they had fairly driven into public life, at once had won the confidence of the most powerful political leaders at Albany. He served four years in the State Senate, and was transferred to the national legislature, where he served in the twentieth and twenty-first Congresses. His compensation both in the state and national legislature, was hardly sufficient to defray his current expenses, and notwithstanding his simple and frugal habits, he found himself at the end of his two terms in Congress without money and slightly in debt. He then decided to accept the position of state comptroller to which he was appointed, where he made a most excellent record, and saved from his salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year a sum sufficient to pay off his debts.

During his service in the State Senate he made the acquaintance of Perley Keyes, a Democratic senator from the adjoining district. This acquaintance ripened into a close personal and political intimacy which was never interrupted during Judge Keyes' lifetime. In the later years of his life the Governor loved to dwell upon the remarkable and unique traits of character of his friend, and never tired of discussing his career and praising his singular gifts and fidelity to his convictions and his principles. Keyes was indeed an anomalous character, and his career will be remembered long after his generation has passed away. In his youth he left the rugged native hills of Vermont, and with his ax on his shoulder, the tool which was then a great instrumentality of civilization, he invaded the wilds of the Black river region of New York and there literally hewed out his way to fame

and fortune. His early education was but little better than that of Silas Wright, Sr., to which he never added much book-knowledge in after life. But he was a disciple of the author who said, "the proper study of mankind is man;" and no day of his life passed after he had come to years of understanding without his adding something to his large stock of information on all the phases of human nature. No man in his day, learned or unlearned, ever exercised such a powerful influence upon the people of the frontier counties—from Niagara Falls to the Vermont line. He had a genius for politics; and his industry, resources and shrewdness almost uniformly enabled him to override and defeat the machinations of his enemies inside of his own party, and generally resulted in a victory over the opposing forces.

Mr. Keyes chanced to occupy a seat in the senate next to Mr. Wright, and they were in constant intercourse during the stirring political events of that day. Keyes never spoke in public; and when his young friend held forth on political questions it was more than suspected that he was uttering the joint views of the two which had been fully matured in their perpetual conferences. They were both warmly devoted to the political fortunes of Martin Van Buren. As we know, the latter was always remarkably successful till he reached the presidency; and no man was more willing to acknowledge the value of the political skill of his two dextrous lieutenants than Mr. Van Buren himself. In a casual conversation which the writer had with Mr. Van Buren after both of these great men had passed away, he paid a glowing tribute to their memory. Ex-President Van Buren said of Keyes, that while his want of education was often embarrassing to himself and his friends, still his profound knowledge of the springs of human action always seemed to be an ample compensation; and that he had never met the man whom he thought the Almighty had created shrewder than Perley Keyes. Mr. Van Buren had likewise a profound reverence for the memory of Silas Wright; and declared that he united with the greatest simplicity, disinterestedness and purity of character, the highest order of talent and statesmanship. When reminded that Mr. Wright had utterly refused to allow himself to be a compromise candidate for the presidency, and, after Mr. Polk had been nominated emphati-

cally declined the formal offer of the vice-presidency, Mr. Van Buren said that he had always regretted that decision, and if he had only been in communication with Mr. Wright while the question was before him he certainly would have exerted all the power he might be supposed to have with the man to induce him to accept. Those who knew Mr. Van Buren best never doubted his sincerity in uttering these views. Probably it was in reference to his action in this matter that Col. Benton, (who might be supposed to have been in some degree a rival of Mr. Wright,) denominated him "the Cato of America."

The removal of Mr. Wright from the U. S. Senate to the gubernatorial chair of New York was doubtless against his own judgment and wishes. It was a movement which divided his friends and caused considerable friction among the party managers. But those who insisted on this action were fortified by the general conviction that it was a political necessity, inasmuch as there was little prospect of carrying the state against Mr. Clay without the aid of Mr. Wright's great name and popularity with the masses. Besides a large number of sagacious Democrats whose representatives were such men as Wm. L. Marcy and Erastus Corning, believed that without holding Mr. Wright as a hostage the hearty support of Mr. Van Buren's followers could not be relied upon in the state of New York. This shrewd policy barely saved the electoral vote of the state, and thus secured Mr. Polk's election.

The writer of this political reminiscence was a delegate from Jefferson County in the state convention which put Mr. Wright in nomination, and subsequently heard him in substance say he deemed it his duty to submit to the evident will of the party, while he had little doubt, even if he were elected, that "this change would terminate his political career." This prediction proved but too true, for he was defeated for re-election in 1846, when he retired to resume the occupation of farming, for which he had always cherished such a deep-seated love. In this he was contented and happy, and in the estimation of his most intimate friends was not a disappointed and heart-broken man, as many of his contemporaries have believed or affected to believe. The truth is, he was the victim of one of those political accidents which cannot

always be provided against by the most astute or prudent political managers. The growing discontent and restiveness at the policy and power of Mr. Van Buren and his family and immediate friends had not escaped the observation of Mr. Wright. He foresaw that he could not administer the office and dispense the patronage of chief executive of the state without either aggravating this feeling and transferring to himself more or less of the hostility generated thereby; or taking a position of a *quasi* or positive opposition to his life-long friend and political tutor. But he was not the man to hesitate about his action, or affect less confidence in Mr. Van Buren than he had shown in the days of the political prosperity of that remarkable statesman. This feeling of gratitude toward his patron had moved him to turn a deaf ear to all entreaties to become a compromise candidate for the presidency in 1844, or to accept the nomination for the vice-presidency after Mr. Polk was named. As has been shown, Mr. Van Buren himself deeply deplored this decision, and would not have permitted it if he had had the power to prevent it.

There was nothing in Governor Wright's administration relating to his treatment of Mr. Van Buren's friends or enemies within the party which provoked open criticism, and so there was little or no opposition to his renomination. But, smouldering below the surface, there was intense and bitter opposition to continuing power in the state, wholly or partially, in the interest of the Van Buren family and the prominent members of the old Albany regency, who were yet as much as ever devoted to Mr. Van Buren's fortunes. If this element had declared open warfare upon Governor Wright and his re-election it would pretty surely have failed in its purpose; for with the masses of the people Silas Wright was quite as strong as he had ever been. But other circumstances, largely reducing the Democratic strength and vote in many localities, combined with secret treachery in nearly every county of the state, effected the object predetermined on by the dissatisfied Democrats. In several of the river counties almost the entire rural population was in open rebellion against the laws which enforced the payment of rent and the fulfillment of contracts, which had become extremely odious and doubtless very oppressive. These "anti-renters" were constantly seeking redress at Albany from the executive and

the legislature. Of course the Governor treated them with the greatest courtesy and kindness, patiently hearing all their complaints, but he firmly refused to violate or promise to violate sacred contracts in their interest. John Young, the acknowledged Whig leader of the assembly at that time, and a man of remarkable shrewdness and political skill, dextrously managed to avoid the opposition of the conservative Whigs to his policy, and yet to satisfy the discontented tenants that they could accomplish all they sought if he succeeded to the chief executive power of the state. As a consequence of this policy he easily secured the Whig nomination for governor. He entered the canvass ready to negotiate with all elements which could openly or secretly bring him political strength.

There was such confidence among the personal and political friends of Governor Wright in his unimpaired strength with the masses, that few or none could believe that he really had been defeated till the returns attested the astounding result.

The regret and despondency over his defeat was by no means confined to the Democratic party. Good men of all parties saw that a lamentable mistake had been made, and if a reconsideration had been possible the defeated candidate would doubtless have been vindicated by an overwhelming majority. But the vote was a remarkably light one in the aggregate, though in the "anti-rent" districts, (which without the influence of the landlord and tenant issue were generally Democratic), went heavily for Governor Young. But this diversion would not have prevailed against the Democratic nominee but for secret and systematic defections of a portion of a Democratic faction, especially in the canal regions west and north of Albany. In no case was the purpose to defeat Governor Wright publicly avowed; but by a secret understanding and well devised system the Democratic vote was kept away from the polls, or simply thrown against the Governor, and this in so many localities that it resulted in his defeat. Before this election the party in New York had differed on questions of national, and still more on a state policy, especially on the question of state debt and taxation. But hitherto the Democrats had presented an unbroken front at the polls and had triumphed with candidates of far less strength than Silas Wright. The result was a

surprise to everybody except the small *coterie* which had successfully contrived and consummated this treachery. Many were suspected, but few were known; and the indignation of Mr. Wright's friends and the great mass of the most influential leaders of the party was not only strong and demonstrative, but it became a lasting element in the warfare which not long afterward split the party in twain and defeated General Cass for the presidency.

In the next Democratic state convention the bolters were arraigned and bitterly denounced for their hypocrisy and treachery. The late General Wadsworth, in the course of an animated speech on this question, said: "It may be too late to do justice to Silas Wright, but it is not too late to do justice to his assassins." Yet all his home friends and numerous visitors who enjoyed his society for the few months which intervened between his retirement and his death agree that during this period of his life he was uniformly cheerful and apparently happy. No complaint ever escaped his lips, and he became more and more absorbed in his favorite occupation of farming. To show the current of his thoughts at this period, he had prepared the manuscript of his address before the State Agricultural society at Saratoga, which he expected to deliver at their annual meeting which occurred at about the date when death silenced his voice forever. Most appropriately the paper was read and the sad circumstances attending his sudden demise recited by his lifelong friend, the late Governor Dix. It was said that no abler or more finished address had ever been produced by its distinguished author.

It is doubtful if any other statesman has flourished in our day who has enjoyed to such an extent the love and admiration of his immediate neighbors, the profound respect of his colleagues in the government, and the leading spirits of both great parties with whom he was brought in contact.

A personal friend of Henry Clay once related to the writer the following incident: He had called at Mr. Clay's rooms and inquired of him if he was going to the Senate to hear some distinguished Democrat, (it may have been Col. Benton), on a political question which had brought out the leading intellects of both parties. "No," said Mr. Clay, "I have heard Senator Wright on that question and I have no belief

that any other Democrat will add much of importance to what he has said. He never fails," continued Henry Clay, "to present such matters in the strongest light and to exhaust his side of the subject."

It should be remembered that Mr. Wright served in the Senate in the last years of Gen. Jackson's administration and throughout Mr. Van Buren's—a period marked by extreme partisan bitterness, when there was a warfare against both Jackson and Van Buren and their measures and policy, conducted by the ablest men of the nation; and these, it must be acknowledged, were mostly arrayed upon the Whig side. No one who knows Governor Wright ever accused him of lacking "the courage of his convictions." And on all the questions of the day, (like that of rechartering of the U. S. bank, the tariff, the removal of the deposits and the annexation of Texas), he defined his position in elaborate and masterly speeches. More than this, as a Democratic leader of the Senate and an organ of the executive, he was recognized quite as frequently as Col. Benton, or any others of the few prominent Democrats in the Senate. Few men could have occupied such a position and mingled in such partisan controversies, (when the feeling which grew out of them often found vent in threats of impeachment,) without ever being drawn into a personal altercation and never having a personal collision with those really great men like Clay and Webster, who, doubtless sincere, were terribly in earnest and not always in full control of their tempers. Perhaps the danger was still greater with smaller men and bullies, who would have gloried in the notoriety of a quarrel with such a man as the senator from New York. It is doubtful if Washington himself ever exhibited more courage coupled with complete self control than Governor Wright in passing through this ordeal.

He left the Senate with no scores to settle with political opponents and naught but respect from his political friends. With all his unaffected modesty he must have been conscious of this, and unquestionably this just conviction added greatly to his reluctance to leave the senate and assume the duties of governor of New York. In addition to the necessity of distributing the patronage of the chief executive among party friends, (a task to which he had an undisguised aver-

sion), many able and influential Democrats who had more than once shown their devotion to the Governor resided in the canal districts, and sympathizing with their immediate neighbors in their views of state policy, differed essentially from other equally sound Democrats on the mooted policy of debt and taxation. This question had arisen to a great extent after Gov. Wright had taken his seat in the Senate, and hence he had no occasion to take part in that controversy. But as chief executive, (unless he could give reasons satisfactory to himself and the people why he should abandon the principles which had governed him only a few years before he was comptroller, and thus separate himself on this important issue from such friends as Van Buren, Flagg and Dix), he knew that he must array himself on the side of a conservative, debt-paying policy. When the expected test came he did not hesitate, for it was not in his nature to temporize on any great public question. He firmly adhered to the policy which in his absence had followed the return to the councils of the state of such men as Flagg and Young. Michael Hoffman, John A. Dix and Arphaxad Loomis in the legislature had already formulated the Democratic policy in regard to debt and taxation, and in the second year of Governor Wright's administration this became the most prominent feature of the new constitution. The adoption of this policy and the other changes in the organic law of the state were popular with the people; and yet important interests suffered, as was inevitable in such changes. This fact probably added a considerable number, (especially in the canal districts,) to those Democrats who were disaffected with the new order of things. While Flagg, Hoffman and Young were regarded as more immediately responsible, there was a secret determination to punish Governor Wright for having acquiesced in measures which militated against their real or fancied interests. Knowing the party was greatly demoralized in the anti-rent districts, they saw there the opportunity to strike down this able and upright man, and they deliberately embraced it, probably neither comprehending nor caring for the far-reaching consequences to the state and to the Democratic party.

Many statesmen have flourished and acquired a popularity among their neighbors and personal friends equal to Gov.

Wright. But it would be difficult to find another instance where personal devotion to a statesman was quite as marked among his colleagues in the government—including many men who might in some sense be regarded as rivals. Among Gov. Wright's life-long official and political associates was the late Governor Dix, and among his younger friends was Governor Tilden. Now it so happened that the latter succeeded Dix as governor of New York some twenty-eight years after Mr. Wright's death. In formally accepting the great trust Mr. Tilden said: "It is he who has completed a period of distinguished public service and having gathered all its honors, has nothing left to him but to lay down its burdens, that is to be truly congratulated on this occasion. I cannot stand in this hall, to assume the chief executive trust of the people of this state now to be transferred by you, without my thoughts turning upon him—Silas Wright—your friend and mine, and my father's, who held it when in early manhood I came here to sustain his administration." When Governor Tilden was uttering this brief allusion to that illustrious man his emotion interrupted his delivery for a moment. The power to inspire such sentiments in those accredited with a selfishness which valued all men by the test of utility, was certainly peculiar to Silas Wright. But in this manifestation of the tenderness of a woman, in speaking of a departed statesman, Gov. Tilden was by no means alone among those who had enjoyed his intimacy, especially in the later years of his life. It is a significant fact that the class of politicians and men of the world once associated with this extraordinary man seldom or never speak of his virtues and character except in terms of the deepest reverence and highest admiration. Nor has the lapse of years since obliterated this homage. The politicians of the valley of the St. Lawrence known or believed to have shared his confidence, have to this day been in the line of promotion. And it has often been charged that many of these have attained positions for which they would scarcely have been thought of, if they had hailed from any other part of the state and had been unassociated with Mr. Wright.

In the ordinary acceptance of the term the Governor was not an eloquent man. His force as a speaker was entirely due to the strength of his reasoning and manifest earnest-

ness. What he said did not simply please or fascinate his hearers for the time being, to be forgotten with the occasion. He always gave them solid mental nutriment to digest, and after mature reflection they seldom failed to be convinced that his theories and conclusions were right. In 1844 the writer listened to him for some two hours at an out-door assemblage of more than ten thousand people. A large portion of his audience were Whigs, warmly devoted to the person and the political views of Henry Clay. More than half of his speech was occupied with the tariff issue. After the meeting adjourned many of his political opponents frankly admitted that he had convinced them that his doctrines were sound. And the returns of the election which occurred within a few days bore witness to the effect of his appeal to their understanding.

Amiable and courteous as the Governor uniformly was, both in public and private life, he did not lack the courage, spirit or will to resent unjust attacks and in such a manner that nobody ventured to repeat them. During his earlier life, and when he was comparatively unknown, he had a brief controversy with Prof. Finney, the famous revivalist preacher. Mr. Finney, who was a man of learning and brilliant intellect, resided in a county adjoining Mr. Wright's. He had never seen him, and possibly had never heard of him. He was preaching in Canton, and in accordance with habit selected members of his audience and assured them that they were in the service of "the mammon of unrighteousness" and rapidly approaching that place of punishment about which theologians yet disagree. Mr. Wright chanced to be among his hearers, and Finney addressed him after his peculiar fashion. Mr. Wright quietly arose and took issue with his spiritual teacher, soon convincing him that he had made a mistake and that it would be most prudent to bring the controversy which he had so boldly provoked to an abrupt termination.

Many of the contemporaries of Mr. Wright, who in their day had acquired high positions in the councils of the state and nation promising enduring fame, have already been wholly or partially forgotten. But in New York there is on every hand evidence that its citizens cherish a singular pride in Silas Wright's career, and a deep-seated affection for his

memory—a sentiment which would seem to have suffered no deterioration in the long lapse of years since he was gathered to his fathers.

Mr. Wright did not marry in early life, having completed his thirty-eighth year before he became a husband ; and like many prominent men he died childless. He had already served two terms in the state Senate, two in Congress, one term as state comptroller, and had entered the U. S. Senate a few months before he married. His fame as a statesman, his elegant person, gentlemanly bearing and brilliant prospects would have enabled him at this time to secure the hand of the proudest lady of the land, or to have allied himself with the most wealthy and powerful families in this country. But he made no movement in this direction. He chose a partner for life from the little circle of his friends in the humble village where he had first sought a home. He married a Miss Moody the daughter of one of his early friends. "Esquire Moody," was a substantial and influential man of affairs in the community, in whose house he had boarded since his first appearance in Canton. He had doubtless discovered in her those marked and amiable traits of character the value of which he knew so well. She was indeed a lady of excellent gifts—intelligent, frugal and industrious, and of boundless benevolence. She bore her elevation as the wife of the famous senator and the honored and powerful chief magistrate of the Empire state with no indications of pride which repelled her early associates. Her devotion to her husband was fully appreciated and her affection was reciprocated. It was said by those enjoying the best opportunities to know, that never a word of reproach or unkindness passed between them during their wedded life. The simple but significant encomium passed upon her character by her neighbors was, that "she was in every way worthy to be the wife of Silas Wright."

THE SPECTRE OF MEMORIAL HALL.

BY LUTHER J. B. LINCOLN.

Dim waned the light.

I ceased to toil; the failing oil*

*To save space in printing, two lines, as with the double rhyme, are put into one.

Expired. The shadows of the night
Became a dark and dreary pall
Over Memorial Hall;
And soon I slept, and o'er me crept
Silence, and that was all.
A troubled dream my brain did seem
To sweep, as would a mighty stream
Hurrying on, with hollow moan,
To join the sea, alone.

Yet soft ! The rush
In the deep gloom of that old room
Stilled, and became the solemn hush
That marks the place of human death.
I held my breath,
For, clad in serge, with muffled dirge,
There stalked a mystic wraith,
With measured tread, and covered head,
And ghastly wound which constant bled,
While as it trod with heavy rod,
It groaned and cried, "Oh God!"

Nay, do not start!
This was my dream; yet it did seem
Of some dark evil tale a part,
It froze my blood, with sudden chill;
E'en now a thrill
Of morbid fear comes o'er me here,
Despite my strongest will.
I woke! The floor
Creaked under moving feet, the door
Rattled and shook, and every book
With ague seemed betook.

I heard the bell
Madly tolling, hoarsely rolling
Its tongue as in a taunting yell.
I started! In the darkened room,
Shrouded in gloom,
Was something, dread; like to the dead
Upon the day of doom.
And ere I stepped, up to me crept
A nameless, awful thing, that wept
With gasp and moan; a hand like stone
Touched mine, and I, alone !

With horror crazed
I backward sprung, yet still it clung
With icy grip. As one amazed,
I cried aloud, "What hideous spell
Is o'er me ? Tell,
Goblin or devil ! Good or evil !
Inmate of heaven or hell!

Whence come ye now ? or where ? or how ?
Speak, Spirit ! As the hemlock bough
Sighs when the breeze fans forest trees,
Were the words that came, aye, these :

“Long years ago,
One winter night, Deerfield was white
With ever deep'ning drifts of snow;
The man I loved—a sentinel;
Bravely he watched, and well,
With cautious head, and sturdy tread,
As midnight's hour fell.
I could not sleep, it made me weep
To have my love his cold watch keep;
And danger seemed like fancy, dreamed;
My sudden purpose gleamed!

He turned his beat,
With cheerful shout 'All's well' ! Without
The echo rose of manly feet;
Quickly I pushed the swinging pane
To call him back again;
A song I sang—which clearly rang—
A well remembered strain.
At length he came; not his the blame,
The curse be on *my* name!
For he was loth and almost wroth,
To keep my fatal troth.

We talked of love,
'Twas but a word; no other heard;
No echo came from sky above.
Ah, me! Those words are branded deep
In everlasting sleep;
Within my heart is bitter smart,
And I—I ever weep.
I would the Lord had snapped the cord
Of life ere came that night abhorred.
'Twas sinful pride, woe did betide
Me when my lover died.

Oh! shall I tell
The frightful flash! The deadly gash!
The Indians! With fiendish yell,
They struck him down. My senses gone,
I fell back in a swoon:
When I revived, or knew I lived,
The fated haunting tune
Rang in my brain its fevered strain.
Again, and once again,
With frenzied tones and broken moans,
That song still chilled my bones.

At break of day
A captive band, for distant land,
Did march, and mournful, move away;
The toilsome journey had no power
O'er me. At midnight hour
I could not sleep, but only weep
And near me there did cower
My lover's form. Mid howling storm,
In forest deep, in dark wigwam,
I heard that verse, a muttered curse,
A murdered soul, or worse.

I could not die.
My captors seemed to think I dreamed,
Or was bewitched. They did not try
To make me toil when we at last
Reached their dominion vast.
The very priest my soul released,
As though 'twere overcast
With evil deep, and there would creep
A shudder o'er him in his sleep
Did I but pass where'er he was!
But I was doomed, alas!

My cruel remorse
With bitter power did round me lower
To crush me, by my lover's corse,
Present ever, day and night,
Forever in my sight.
One day I tried in the swift tide
Of the river to take flight;
I hated life, with horror rife,
The awful sheen of savage knife,
Which always lies before my eyes,
Whene'er the scene doth rise.

Within my breast
Is no relief and naught but grief,
For, curst for aye, I never rest,
Bound by fate to his dread form;
And neither time, nor worm,
Can rust his corse. So fell remorse
Drives an unending term,
While neither sighs nor weary eyes
Affect my fate, which in him lies.
From room to room, such is my doom
To follow him in gloom."

Her voice at last
Ceased, while a light like graveyard night
Spread all about her as she passed.
Her veil thrown back, revealed a face
Where sorrow left its trace,

Yet beautiful, and pitiful,
And lighted with soft grace.
I longed to say, O Spirit, stay,
And let the light of modern day
Break in upon your features wan!
But when I looked, 'twas gone!

And yet the room
Was half alight with sickly white;
A breath as cold as from a tomb
Did fan my brow, and through the door
I madly tore
As one possessed; I could not rest
Till her I saw once more;
And, standing there, upon the stair,
I heard the runic, mournful air;
I saw her gown, and darted down.
Again the ghost was gone!

I paused to hear
Her song of woe. It stirred me so
My heart was turned to stone with fear,
I looked. She knelt by the Indian Door,
Which as she sighed before,
She sobbed aloud, and waved her shroud,
And muttered o'er and o'er,
"Father, brother, sister, mother,
Slain, all slain, and that fearful other,
Alas, they sleep; I madly weep,
And lonely vigils keep."

I stirred. She rose.
Ah me! her eyes, those weird eyes,
Such plaintive terror did disclose
I stood transfixed. Again she sang;
Her ghostly accents rang:
Again the bell began its knell,
The same unearthly clang;
Then muttered she, "Man, *thou* shalt see
The awful scene; aye, come to me."
My hand she took; her haunting look
No mortal eye could brook.

In phantom light
I plainly saw the cruel war
Which burst on Deerfield that dread night.
I saw the foe with bloody ax
Making his fierce attacks;
I heard the sound of steel, sharp ground,
Splitting in jagged cracks;
The bolted oak splintered and broke;
The voice of a dying woman spoke;

I heard a gnash of rage, the crash!
I saw the bullet's gash!

I saw the blaze
Of burning homes; like hecatombs
They lit the sky; a smoky haze
Hung o'er the town, while death did seem
A monarch all supreme.
The very snow, with crimson glow
Reflected back the stream
Of blood that ran from victims slain,
Mingling itself with sleet and rain.
I closed my eyes, but still would rise
The human sacrifice.

The picture fades
To sullen day. A weary way
They trod, those captive men and maids;
I saw the river's angry hue
They feebly struggled through;
I heard the cries of women feebly rise,
And of their children, too,
And last, a shriek from martyr weak,
When Eunice Williams' spirit meek
Rose in the air a silent prayer,
Leaving its prison there.

And one by one
That lonely band did point a hand
At my companion. Then 'twas done.
The spirit sank her down and groaned;
Wildly she sobbed and moaned
And ever cried, "Would I had died;
And have I not atoned?
I crave relief from this great grief;
O Heaven! it is past belief!"
I could but weep in silence deep.
Ah! did I wake, or sleep?

But she was fled;
I stood alone beside the stone
Which marks the roll-call of the dead;
The letters of *one* graven name
Glowed like to furnace flame,
And when I touched my hand, it scorched;
A shriek of anguish came,
And I could hear, with startled ear,
The muffled sound of a ghostly bier.
My panting breast with fear opprest,
Was filled with dire unrest.

Yet, 'twas no dream!
That plaintive song for ages long

Will ring its echo sad, and seem
As when she sang, that dismal night,
 Amid the spectral light.
And those who scoff, or jeer, or laugh,
At what I now recite,
May hear the bell, and mocking yell,
 And learn the truth of what I tell,
If they will all in slumber fall,
 At midnight, in Memorial Hall!

FIELD MEETING—1886.

REPORT.

Away up in the town of Ashfield, three miles northeast of "The Plains," is a sort of basin formed by the hills, with a bottom nearly circular, a half mile or more in diameter. Upon this bottom, on a little rise not far from its center, the savants will show you a half-dozen hollows in the ground, the largest of which a half-dozen cart-loads of earth would fill up, and a hole as big as a man's body and four feet deep. The hollows they will tell you were the cellars of buildings constructed within a stockade, and the hole was the well from which the water for the occupants was drawn. This stockade was the fort to whose protection the settlers would fly when danger menaced. From some of these early settlers it is supposed it took its name—Fort Ellis or Phillips. This was the spot of the celebration on Wednesday, Sept. 8, under the auspices of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

The day was a fine one, and the thousand more or less of people who assembled in the fragrant pine grove a few paces from the site of the fort, had a most enjoyable time. They feasted the inner man on the good things they had brought with them, or on the viands so bountifully provided at the table for the guests, and their eyes upon those worthies who occupy the seats of honor upon such occasions, and who by their labors and pre-eminence in this field are worthy to occupy them, of whom two good specimens are Hon. George Sheldon and Jonathan Johnson. The committee of arrangements, of which F. G. Howes of Ashfield was chairman, had made every provision in way of platforms and seats for the comfort and convenience of audience and speakers.

In the forenoon at about 10.30 F. G. Howes for the committee made the address of welcome, and in the absence of President Sheldon, who had not yet arrived, George William Curtis was designated to act as presiding officer. He happily introduced Prof. J. Stanley Hall of Johns Hopkins University, a native of Ashfield, to whom had been assigned the historical address. The following is a brief outline of what he said :

The history of Ashfield is preceded by a legend never

written or printed, the elements of which are clearly of great antiquity, but which is only loosely allotted to these hills. I was first "let in" to it this summer by an aged man, known and revered by all, only after long persuasion, for fear lest I should regard it or him as ridiculous, and after a promise not to connect his name with it. It runs about as follows:—

The world began in the vicinity of the "Tunnel Mountain," which first of all land in this part of the world rose out of the watery chaos. After many ages pale-faced men of great stature and sagacity appeared from the northeast and settled miles apart upon the best hills, one upon Indian Hill, one upon Catamount Hill, and others elsewhere, these two being the head quarters of all high hills and wild Indians. These two brothers were not satisfied with the world as they found it, and would make it better, and first sought to remould the great features of the landscape. What is now the Deerfield river was far larger than at present and flowed south of these hills, making a broad and deep lake over Buckland Bay, the only outlet of which was by the Richmond or Hermon Howes place into the pond. Thence its majestic current covered all the plain and South Ashfield, with a dangerous rapid between them, down to Dug Way, (the newer and narrower channels not being yet cut) and thence through Conway to the Connecticut. These two great squatter sovereigns agreed to employ large troops of Indians, working with sharpened sticks day and night for many years, first to drain Buckland lake toward the northeast, and finally to turn the river farther up at Catamount Hill into its present and geologically new and unnatural course. The Indians followed the river for new fishing ground as it washed over upon the barren wastes of Shelburne Falls and left Ashfield to the peace and solitude she still so devoutly cherishes, and with new and fertile acres. For several generations Ashfield flourished, till men grew idle, too comfortable, and therefore discontented, till the older families died out, public spirit languished, and reverence and love of truth had fled, and at length Indians and re-encroaching forests closed in and destroyed all trace of a period which, had it developed as nobly as it began, would have set an example in morals and industry that the world would not soon have lost.

A very brief sketch of the history of the town from its first set-

tlement in 1741 down to a period within the memory of the older inhabitants followed. The address closed as follows :—

We may well praise the educational value of the farm in such early communities as this. About such training as this the heroes of '76 had. This was about the ideal state of citizen voters contemplated by the founders of our institutions. Nowhere has the great middle class been so all-controlling and furnished so large a proportion of scientific and business leaders, been so respectable, so well combined severe industry with health, true patriotism, conservatism and independence as in such communities. The farm was the people's laboratory and university, especially tending to scientific tastes, foresight and perseverance, in which it has been said country excel city boys, if at the expense of versatility. As Prof. Brewer of Yale has said, it is often a question with city parents what useful thing their children can do, while in the country they are in great demand, and on the farm are in a sense members of the firm. Evenings are less dangerous to morality than in the city, but are in some way turned to good account, while during the rowdy age the boy tendency to revert to savagery can find harmless vent in hunting, trapping and other ways less apt to corrupt morals than in the city. The independent condition of these communities was just the reverse of that of the South at the outbreak of the late civil war, with its one source of income and one market. Such a people can never be conquered; war and blockade, if they come, only throw them back to more primitive conditions and restore the old independence of foreign and even domestic markets.

What we want in these communities, thought to be so conservative, is a true conservatism, not one which would return to and restore the past as it was, but which is reverent and pious to all the good that was in it. We need a really conservative party in tendency which, outside such sporadic societies as this, which are so beneficent, hardly has any existence in our country in any organized form,—a conservatism that is concerned that no political or religious or moral or educational force or impulse be lost—that no good thing be dropped; that finds as much good to learn from the past as it expects from the future; that would secure to all full

development from within ; that is faithful to the unborn and holds men to the normal conservatism of the race.

I know a very learned and zealous anthropologist who finds the key to all history in the evolution of the fish hook. So we should learn to see the laws of art in the forms of the scythe-snath and ax-helve, and all the philosophy of history in the records of Ashfield. I know and feel full well the liabilities and dangers of narrowness, and barrenness, and superstition, and intemperance, that threaten these communities. This would be a theme by itself. But if we rise to that high standard from which all arts and sciences, all government and wealth and religion itself, are but means wherewith to educate man up to his highest and best,—and their worth is measured by the degree in which they contribute to this end,—I am convinced that we may find in such early New England communities, the relics of which are so fast passing away, one of the best educational environments of boys at a certain stage of immaturity, and for adults one of the most thorough-going schools in hard, practical, roundabout common sense ever realized in history.

After the address came the intermission for dinner, and at about two the seats were all occupied and the platform fringed by those desiring to hear the speaking. The Shelburne Falls Band, which was in attendance during the day and frequently responded to the calls made upon it, opened the exercises, and then came an address of half an hour by Hon. George Sheldon, who had been felicitously introduced by Mr. Curtis as the master of ceremonies for the rest of the day. His address was in the historical line, and extracts are presented below :—

Through the joint action of the committees having in charge the exercises of this day, I have been assigned a part, in which it becomes my pleasant and grateful duty to thank the people of Ashfield for the cordial welcome which has been so gracefully offered, and especially to congratulate them on the possession of that spirit which alone made this gathering possible. As yet, I have found no sponsor for your name of Ashfield. It may have been named, as, according to tradition, were the towns of Athol, Orange, Cole-raine, Shelburne, Montague and Warwick, after some titled Englishman, in consideration for a church bell which he was to present to the town honored by his name. Now,

this is a pretty romance ; but to my knowledge, it has not been adopted by your people. I am sure, however, you have just as good a right to such a tradition as the towns named, provided you first catch the necessary Lord Ashfield. As I have not faith that you will succeed in that field, I will venture another theory to account for the name Ashfield—a theory, not a historical fact. But I give the facts on which the theory is founded :

The grant of Huntstown, now Ashfield, was to be laid out west of and adjoining Deerfield. When the settlers began their battle with the sylvan gods, it is recorded that it was “near the easterly bounds so to be near our Deerfield neighbors,” and consequently it must have been on the easterly tier of lots. The mighty oak, the towering pine, the dark, spreading hemlock, the fruitful chestnut, diadems in the glorious crown of a primeval age, bowed to the ground before their sturdy blows. The fierce flames assailed the prostrate giants, and in place of the green woodland nothing met the eye but charred stumps and a field strewn with ashes—an *ashfield* literally. It was this very clearing that Deerfield people claimed as being within their bounds, and while the process of cutting down and burning was going on, as we learn from a Huntstown petition, the Deerfield neighbors, near whom they were so anxious to live, would taunt them from the border woods, and cry out, “Clear away as fast as you can ; we shall soon come and occupy it.” They may have called it the “contested ashfield.”

I wish to here acknowledge the lasting obligations which the valley towns lie under to Huntstown. But for her valor the river settlements might have been all swept away in the last French war. I speak now of her own estimate of her own prowess, given under her own hand as found in history. It may be thought rather late in the day, but now, after 130 years have passed, as a representative of the valley, I tender grateful thanks to Ashfield, and no spot is so fitting on which to make this acknowledgment as that where we meet to-day. Here stood the bulwark of our safety. Here was shown, taking, as in common courtesy we are bound to do, Huntstown’s view of it—the patriotism and self-denial which assured our safe continuance in the land of the living. In the petition addressed by the people of Huntstown to the General Court,

asking aid in holding the fort, one of the prime considerations set forth was its benefit to the settlement in the valley below. They say, from their own situation, they are a "Spesil gard to Hatfield & dearfield, & thar viligses, to wit: a place cald roreing brook, a place cald Scras (?) & a place cald Moody brook, & the place cald the Bars & a place cald wopin." This was in 1756. For the information of the General Court, a map of this region was sent with the above. The Connecticut Valley, its base, was represented by two circles, with a dot in the center of each. One was marked "Hear is hatfield;" thence ran a straight road, marked "Northwest about 18 miles is Hunts town." The other circle was labeled "Hear is Dearfield," and a similar road thence was marked "About 8 miles west is Hunts town." The acute angle where these roads meet must be at this very spot. This map was evidently home-made, and I assume it to be the work of Huntstown's first highway surveyor, William Curtis, perhaps ancestor of one of our distinguished guests.

Our Association comes here to-day, Mr. Chairman, to awaken a new public interest in one particular event in the life of Ashfield, the erection on this spot of that fortification which was the ark of safety to the settlers in 1756. We trust the interest so manifestly shown to-day will not die out until some appropriate monument marks the spot, to the end that coming generations may seek this place and take note of the patience and fortitude of their ancestors, in battling against the forces of nature and a savage foe, and thence draw strength for their own warfare.

But from a different point of view this locality is worthy of another monument, to be dedicated to brave Chileab Smith, his faithful son Ebenezer and their compeers, who battled for long years to obtain what the Pilgrims sought afar—freedom to worship God after ways of their own choice; freedom to think for themselves. For this they struggled against the combined forces of church and State, which strove to stifle their thoughts and bend their consciences to one narrow creed. The men who planted themselves on this corner and on this principle were men of pluck, with iron wills and muscles of steel, with a tenacity which enabled them to hold their own against all comers,—the Indian barbarian,

the land grabber from Deerfield, the exactions of civil and ecclesiastical oppression. They were persecuted but not subdued. When their lands were sold and their cattle taken to pay Ministerial taxes to support a doctrine to which they could not subscribe, they submitted, but with solemn protest and righteous indignation expressed in strong terms. What though their theological integuments were as tough as their own buckskin garments, it matters not. They stood up manfully for liberty. They fought a good fight, for an in-born right—the right to think for themselves. They sowed good seed, but for them the harvest was scant. All honor, then, to Chileab, Ebenezer, the brave Remembrance and their fellows, for their vigorous tugging at the cords with which the standing order essayed to bind the thoughts and emotions of men. Liberty stands to-day on a broader foundation; thought to-day is more free all over our wide land for the earnest and incessant protest that went up from Baptist Corner.

Mr. Sheldon also gave an account of what he called the first Fourth of July celebration in Huntstown, when Ebenezer Smith, with Remembrance Ellis on a pillion behind him, with his father riding in front as a body guard, rode through the wilderness to Deerfield, where the two former were united in marriage by Parson Ashley. It was during the hight of the last French war and a bold adventure. "Go back to the deeds of chivalry," said the speaker; "explore the whole circumference of the Round Table, and among all the heroes, clad in silken doublet, encased in burnished steel and gleaming silver, where will you find a more daring and romantic quest? where a braver or more knightly heart than that which beat under the homespun butternut of your good Knight Chileab?"

At the close of Mr. Sheldon's address the St. Cecilia club of Shelburne Falls, composed of Mrs. Baker, Miss Bardwell and Messrs. Hawks and Hadley, sang most acceptably, repeating their success of the morning. Later they were called upon again, and made an excellent hit, proving once more that this is a musical combination of unusual merit.

The next speaker was Luther J. B. Lincoln of Deerfield, who was introduced as the originator of the Deerfield Summer School which was such a success. He read extracts from a letter from Hon. William W. Wright of New York, who had expected to be present, but was prevented from carrying out his plans. His missive was filled with sentiments of love for and devotion to the work

of the Association on account of the good he believes it will do the rising generation. Mr. Lincoln supplemented the reading with remarks substantially as follows:—

I should be untrue to the occasion did I not speak of Memorial Hall. Those of you who have visited it, as I presume most have, can realize what has been accomplished by one man, backed up by public opinion during the last fifteen years. It is a noble monument to the untiring labor, faith and enthusiasm of Hon. George Sheldon. I approve of the local museum as instituted by Prof. Hall in Ashfield. I wish there could be one in every town in Massachusetts, but the central core, the very essence of the P. V. M. Association, is and must remain Memorial Hall. And now a deep responsibility rests upon you, members and friends of the association. This priceless collection of relics must be preserved and its spirit carried on as a constant lesson to posterity. The first stage is completed; there it stands. I need not emphasize the value nor the importance of its many mementoes; to preserve it, and to carry on the work a fund is needed. It is absolutely necessary that there should be some regular and settled basis of income. Some individual or some combination or some legislature must eventually be reached to do this. Every day wealthy men die and leave vast sums to charities and institutions. I can conceive of no higher purpose than the objects of this Association. I would that within the sound of my voice there might be one man of means who would start the ball. But this duty is yours to do missionary work; to go home from this interesting day and talk, interest and influence every one with whom you come in contact to visit Memorial Hall, to help it and establish it upon the solid financial foundation it so highly merits.

Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield gave a brief account of the organization of the P. V. M. Association and a brief review of some of the celebrations it has been instrumental in holding, and closed with an exhortation to the young to make collections of relics similar to that at Deerfield for every village. Prof. W. F. Sherwin of the Boston Conservatory of Music, a native of Buckland, made a very felicitous speech, of which the main idea was that these gatherings are excellent for kindling anew the love for old-time things and the old-time virtues of the fathers. Hon. W. B. Davenport of New York city was presented, and he, too, dwelt upon the propriety of

keeping green the memories of the early settlers, through whose pluck and endurance we have this fair heritage. Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton of Harvard University, the next speaker, warmly urged that in the public hall of each town mural tablets be put up and under the inscription "These have done their part for Ashfield," or Charlemont, or Hawley as the case may be, the names of the men who have been leaders in the town's progress be chiseled, that succeeding ages may have constantly before their eyes an inspiration to do their part in bearing public burdens. Judge Chester C. Conant of Greenfield had a few words of the same general tenor, giving due credit to the P. V. M. Association, for the unselfish work it is doing. The closing address was made by George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis spoke of the pride New England takes in these historical places, hallowed by the virtue, patriotism and persevering industry of the fathers, and thought that while this feeling of reverence for these consecrated things remains there need be no fear for the safety of the Republic, but when Concord and Trenton and Bunker Hill cease to warm the feelings and quicken the pulses, a decay in patriotic sentiment has begun that will end in the downfall of the nation. Mr. Curtis spoke on this theme with great eloquence, fascinating his hearers by a magic power of oratory possessed by few other Americans, if by any.

It was a little after four o'clock when the gathering broke up, and all went away feeling as one man said that "it was the most enjoyable picnic of his life."

ANNUAL MEETING—1887.

REPORT.

At the annual meeting on the 22d of February, it appeared from the report of the treasurer, N. Hitchcock, that at the beginning of the year just closed the Association had in the treasury \$601.08. During the year about \$160 was received through contributions and fees. The expenses were \$503, of which sum about \$400 was paid for the preparation and printing of the new catalogue, a work which gives the names of the donors of all the articles in Memorial Hall and one that represents a vast amount of painstaking work. It was compiled by Mr. Sheldon and Luther J. B. Lincoln, and on their part was largely a labor of love. An edition of 2000 was printed and the public can obtain copies for a due consideration.

The report of the secretary, also Mr. Hitchcock, showed that two members had died the past year—Dea. Otis Arms of Bellows Falls, Vt., and Rev. J. P. Watson of Leverett. Three have become life members—Salome Elizabeth White of Brooklyn, R. W. Field of Buckland and Col. Edward F. Jones of Binghamton, N. Y. Jonathan Johnson presented a report as chairman of the committee of arrangements for the field meeting held at Ashfield, in which he noted the success of that occasion. He is an enthusiast on the subject of field meetings, and on his motion the president was authorized to appoint a committee of five to arrange for one to be held somewhere in this county the coming summer. Colrain is likely to be the place.

The matter of a publishing fund, to be used for the publication of papers that have been read from time to time before the Association, and which the Association now has in manuscript, was discussed, and the unanimous opinion seemed to be that an effort ought to be made to raise the necessary funds, some \$600 to begin with. It was finally voted that a committee of five be appointed who shall have charge of the work of securing a publishing fund that the records, papers, etc., of the Association may be properly printed.

The following board of officers for the ensuing year was elected : President, George Sheldon ; vice-presidents, Rev. Dr. Allen Hazen,

Hon. James S. Grinnell ; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock ; corresponding secretary, Rev. Edgar Buckingham ; councilors, Henry M. Phillips of Springfield, Henry W. Taft of Pittsfield, Samuel Carter of Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. R. Crawford, L. J. B. Lincoln, Chas. Jones, Robert Childs, Albert Stebbins, Winthrop T. Arms of Deerfield, Ruben W. Field of Buckland, Hon. William Hyde of Ware, Austin DeWolf, Rev. P. V. Finch, Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield and Charles E. Williams of South Deerfield. The following gentlemen were elected corresponding members : Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College, Daniel Seagrave of Worcester, H. H. Bancroft of San Francisco, Henry F. Waters of Salem, C. C. Baldwin of Cleveland, Benjamin H. Hall of Troy, Hon. Henry W. Taylor of Canandaigua, Stephen D. Hubbard of Hartford and Prof. J. Stanley Hall of Johns Hopkins University.

The report of Curator Sheldon showed that during the year past 160 books, 414 pamphlets, papers, maps, charts and pictures, had been given to the library, and 182 specimens of various kinds to other departments. The curator pronounced the year a very successful one. After the transaction of the business, the company indulged in story telling, bringing up the old myths and legends of the past.

The evening session opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Hazen, when the usual bountiful supper was served by Deerfield ladies. Promptly at 6.30 President Sheldon called the meeting to order and introduced Rev. Edgar Buckingham, who read a paper upon "Jonathan Ashley and his Times."

At the close of Mr. Buckingham's essay the volunteer choir sang "St. Michael's" from the Deerfield Collection, and were followed by Deacon Nathaniel Hitchcock, who read an interesting account of a trip in New York State *via* canal and railroad more than fifty years ago. His simple and natural narrative gave pleasure to the audience. Miss Hannah Clapp sang an ode to Washington, with rare taste and judgment. George B. Bartlett of Concord followed with one of his inimitable poems.

The honors of the evening, however, by gallantry and by right, belong to Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, of Deerfield, who in a most exquisite and appreciative manner, told the story of the old Willard house. Never were the words of Sir Phillip Sydney, "She cometh with a tale which will keep children from their play and old men from the chimney-corners," more applicable. In clear and choice English she told of the character, which from the first was put into the house, of the sterling honesty of the builder ; of Samuel Barnard who lived in it ; of his three blooming daughters, all married on a Sunday morning "in gowns of blue silk ;" of its final sale to the Rev.

Samuel Willard, whose life and influence, with its pathetic blindness, were beautifully and tenderly touched upon. But no words of ours can convey a proper sense of the devout and righteous undertone of the whole paper. It was a deep, holy, idyllic poem from beginning to end. Some entertaining reminiscences of "old time folk" in Deerfield, prepared by Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels, were well read by Miss Derby, and after "Adams and Liberty" had been sung to the echo by W. D. Harris, the audience was dismissed with "America," the general feeling being that the most successful exercises yet held had just been closed.

The president announced as the committee on field day for 1887, Austin DeWolf, Jonathan Johnson, Putnam Field, Joseph P. Felton and Simeon Phillips of Greenfield, Henry Wells of Shelburne, Reuben W. Field of Shelburne Falls.

REV. JONATHAN ASHLEY;

OR, THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REV. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.*

The life of a minister of the gospel in one of our country towns, a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago, would possess a very lively interest for us of this present time if we could receive any minute and clear idea of it. I don't think a story of a knight of the middle ages, with his vows of chastity and faithfulness, his defense of the feeble, his honor to womanhood, would be any more interesting to the common mind; and the story of kings and the story of beggars of other times would not surpass it. What was the minister in the early years of our history? Was he as kindly and beneficent as a student of the gospel ought to be? Was he as humble in his demands for support from the people? Was he as devout in his public services and his private life as many imagine him to have been? What was his literary proficiency? his eloquence of address? his power to hold the attention of his hearers in hot weather when the farmer was tired with haying, and in cold weather when the meeting house inside was nearly or quite as cold as the atmosphere without? And what was his influence upon the morals and manners of the people of his charge—on young men that tended to riotousness, young women that sighed for

*Pastor of First Church in Deerfield.

fashionable dress, old men that became sordid in their love for money, and old women that talked about their neighbors at the tea-table, and on the little boys and girls that were growing up to emulate the virtues, or fall into the vices of their elders? Did the ministry, a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, have more influence, social and religious, as it is supposed to have had, than the ministry at the present time? Such questions pressed upon my mind when I attempted to consider the labors in this place of Rev. Jonathan Ashley, the second minister of this town.

Mr. Ashley was born in Westfield, in this state, in 1712; received a collegiate education at Yale College, was graduated there at 18 years of age and was ordained at 20 years of age, in 1732, in this place. He was so young a man to become a settled minister of a parish that it will naturally be conceived he was a person of superior natural abilities and of attractive appearance. The parish at that time was by no means a small one. The number of church members alone, within a year or a little more than a year after the time of the ordination, was over one hundred, and though most respectable people in those days—and some not respectable, as we should now say—became church members, doubtless there were others, members of the parish, to swell its numbers to a hundred and twenty-five, or a hundred and fifty adults, whose views or whose votes had to be considered or counted in the choice of a minister. So far as his abilities were concerned, his successor, Rev. John Taylor, says of him, "Mr. Ashley had a discriminating mind, independence of feeling, and was a pungent and energetic preacher." Dr. Allen, of the Biographical Dictionary, speaks of him also as possessed of "a lively imagination as presenting the peculiar doctrines of the Christianity of that time with a tenderness and earnestness which was not merely the effect of his assent to their divine authority, but of a lively view of their excellency." That he was the minister of this town and parish for 48 years is no light proof of his ability and his success, and of the general confidence and respect of the people. For though a minister in those days was settled for life, and it was not expected at his settlement that he would ever, till death, be dismissed or resign his position, yet records show that the ministers did often fail to retain their

positions as long as life, and that changes in pastorates were, indeed, common; and, although in the course of 48 years—a long period in the life of a man—instances occurred where—in Mr. Ashley and the parish did not agree, and individuals at times found themselves greatly aggrieved, yet he must himself have been a man of some practical wisdom and real goodness to have obviated the friction of all such difficulties, at least until the last great upheaval of the American Revolution, and to have died in office at last.

It seems to have been thought by some who have considered his life and character, that he was a man of imperious manners; and such manners are thought to be faulty in the extreme, as proving on the part of one who exhibits them a want of respect for other people, a disregard of their rights, a denial of that equality which the Declaration of Independence declared we are all born to, and which the gospel instructs us in, as one of the greatest commandments. But a minister of those days may easily be forgiven for feeling a loftiness of character and position, such as few or none entertain at the present day. For the Declaration of Independence had not then been written, nor did it appear till almost fifty years after the ordination of Mr. Ashley. The whole social spirit of the community was different then from what we find it at the present. Ranks in society were somewhat definitely divided. The community belonged still to England, and king, lord and commons were well-understood divisions. Many persons of noble name and rank had visited this portion of the domains of Great Britain; many of them had been in the highest authority here as governors of the various colonies. The pomp of official dignity was carefully observed, and made great impression on the public mind. Any person who visits now an old graveyard and reads the inscriptions there, and finds the names of captain, lieutenant, corporal, esquire and all other names of military and legal position carefully recorded on the stone, will easily see with what punctilious regard the ranks of society were observed, and among all public honors none was higher than that which belonged to the minister of the gospel. He was settled, as I have observed, for life. He was put in office, not usually by some small denomination or by a particular church; he was a town officer, chosen at regular town meet-

ing ; at town meeting by vote of all the inhabitants his salary was assigned ; often land for a farm and a house were appointed to him, by the town, and so many cords of wood to be drawn each year through the deep snows of winter, perhaps by a bee of the inhabitants, granted to him for his household use. His style of dress usually marked him out for a distinguished individual. It was the fashion then for men to wear colored clothing, as bright as the scarlet of the English soldiery, and the minister dressed himself in black, so that it became a proverb "that a black coat shows spots most distinctly." The wig, too, that awful deformity, was worn by the minister to correspond to the dignity of his position, at a time, too, when probably no farmer, mechanic, or day laborer ever wore one. If he was a worthy man, he was all the more honored and loved because he was a minister. If any found fault with him, with or without reason, it was a high affront to speak ill of him, and such a speaker might be called upon to receive the public censure of the church, to make a public apology, and to be debarred from the communion service until the church should vote to receive him to the public favor. The position of the minister, indeed, was somewhat like that of a school master among little children, only more dignified, more authoritative. As master in his place, he said to one man "come, and he cometh, to another go, and he goeth," and woe be to the man who refused to come to the minister's house, to give an account of his conduct, and to be reprimanded, if the minister sent for him. Even in the public assembly of worship on Sunday the right and the duty of the minister to reprimand offenders was acknowledged by the public, and was not infrequently exercised. So that it was not altogether personal pride and love of power that gave to Mr. Ashley's conduct in our present view the appearance of imperiousness. The humblest, most tender-hearted and loving of men might, as occupant of the pulpit, have exhibited an equal appearance. Even the duty of the minister, at that time, to govern in the sphere, may have impelled him to exercise authority which he would have been glad to forbear from using.

In this connection, to illustrate the relation 150 years ago of minister and people, and to throw some light also on the personal character of Mr. Ashley, I quote the following record :—

"Sometime in the latter end of August, 1739, there happened a contention between Joseph Younglove and Samuel Smead, church members in full connection, in which they threatened and assaulted each other, which contention made great disturbance in the town, upon which an information was brought in against them to me [as Mr. Ashley records it], the pastor of the church; whereupon, I sent for the accused persons, who both justified themselves, manifesting no shame nor sorrow after all I could say to convince them of their sin and the scandal they had brought upon religion. Upon the 16th of Sept., 1739, I advised the church to meet at my house on the 17th, the day following, who being convened and Joseph Younglove appearing and endeavoring to justify himself; but upon hearing the case they unanimously declared the following judgment with regard to said Younglove:—

"Judgment—That Joseph Younglove in his contention with Samuel Smead, in August last, has publicly dishonored God and brought a public scandal upon religion, by threatening said Smead, and needlessly exposing and wasting his substance, and thereby breaking the sixth and eighth commandment; and that it is his duty publicly to humble himself and manifest himself penitent before God and this church.

"During the time of considering this case, and after our judgment was declared," Mr. Ashley continues, "said Younglove manifested a very ill temper, by the most uncharitable reflections upon the pastor and this church, saying our proceedings against him were from an 'ill affection to him.'

"The case of Samuel Smead was not considered, but deferred, hoping he might be bro't to a sense of his duty; but he no ways manifesting any sorrow nor sense of shame of having done evil in threatening and laying hold on his father Younglove, and also a complaint being bro't against said Younglove for his abuse to his wife in pounding of her and kicking of her, I desired on the 30th of September, 1739, that the church should meet at my house on the 1st of October and I required Joseph Younglove and Samuel Smead to be then present.

"Oct. 1st, 1739. The church being convened and the case of Joseph Younglove in kicking his wife being laid open

before them, said Younglove acknowledged that he had done sinfully, and was willing publicly to confess his fault.

"The case of Samuel Smead (notwithstanding the great provocation he had from his father), has inconsiderately been guilty of a breach of the fifth commandment, in threatening to strike his father, and throwing him on the floor; and that he has thereby publicly dishonored God and religion, and ought publicly to confess his fault before God and this church.

"After which judgment was declared, said Smead acknowledged and manifested a willingness to confess said fault."

But it seems that members of the church who were charged with being offenders were not always willing to go to Parson Ashley's house and appear before the assembled church, to be put on the coals, and so the question was proposed at a church meeting, Jan. 10, 1742-3, viz.: Whether a minister has not a right to send for such persons as he wants to confer with about any matters relating to the church, and whether it be not disobedience to a minister to refuse to come, except they have a reasonable excuse for not coming?

At the same meeting the question was still further agitated, whether persons so sent for are not obliged to give in their testimony to their ministers with respect to such matters as relate to the church, provided they be not secrets, which ought not to be divulged; and it be not disobedience to a minister to refuse to do it.

This question was referred to Jan. 17, 1742-3, for further consideration; the church then met, but after much debate and agitation nothing was determined. "May God give peace to this church," says Mr. Ashley in his record, "and save us from contention."

Let us refer to another case: It was that of Oliver Hastings.

The church met Dec. 25, 1744, at the desire of the pastor, to consider the case of Oliver Hastings.

No charge is brought against him, so far as the record shows, but he had been sent for by the Rev. Mr. Ashley three times, and he refusing to come the matter is referred to the church.

Upon his attending the meeting, and being questioned as

to the reason for his refusing attendance, he replied he did not think himself obliged to attend ; to further questions he refused to give any answer.

Upon which it was voted that he was guilty of contempt of the authority of Christ, and that he ought publicly to humble and take shame to himself therefor.

These things having been voted, the pastor sent for him again by the deacon, but he refused to come.

On the Lord's day, Feb. 3, says Mr. Ashley, "I admonished him publicly." Then Mr. Ashley writes: "I waited some time upon him, hoping the admonition might have its effect," but sometime in the beginning of March, hearing he was going out of town, the pastor went to him and admonished him again.

The town became uneasy in respect to what was done, so Mr. Ashley called the church together and the church voted to call a council, on the 2d of April next, so that the churches could give their advice by pastors and delegates.

The council was not convened, however, at the time appointed, by reason of the occurrence of a public fast on that day.

Mr. Ashley, nowise daunted, called the church together again, and the church voted to call another council for the 17th day of April.

Thomas Wells, Esq., Deacon Samuel Field, John Catlin, Thomas French, Ebenezer Barnard, John Catlin, 2d, were voted to be a committee, together with Mr. Ashley, to present the case before the council.

Only a few of the churches invited, however, appeared on the occasion ; Northfield and Northampton did not come. But though the vote was passed to proceed to take cognizance of the affair, only a long blank page appears where the proceedings and the result should have been recorded, and the world will probably remain forever ignorant of what became of Oliver Hastings in his quarrel with Parson Ashley and refusing three times to attend at his demand.

The class of offenses to which the church attended in its official ministrations was something which in these later days has passed quite beyond the official cognizance of the church. The drunkard and the liar and the thief and men that quarreled one with another, and people that slandered one an-

other, were reported to the church and the minister, and were examined by them and required to make confession in public of their repentance. The worse irregularities of social life which now never occur in respectable society, or if ever are spoken of with bated breath, were then matters of public ecclesiastical consideration, and were not infrequently required to be confessed in public; or what to the people of that day was a most serious excommunication, the guilty were debarred from sitting at the table of the Lord's supper, and as it were cast out into outer darkness. In all trials for such offenses the minister was chief judge, probably chief accuser and jury all in one and the members of the church, old men, old women and people of younger life listened to his representations and demands, received humbly the law from his mouth and honored his decision. It is amusing as well as painful to look over old church records—not of this church alone—and see the work of the church and minister in regard to social morals and their endeavor to guide the people in the ways of morality as well as religion.

I shall not undertake to defend the ministry from the charge of imperiousness as shown by them in those days; we know too little of the minutiae of personal life from any records now to be procured. The charge against Mr. Ashley is urged sometimes with greater force from his treatment of a large number of his parishioners who resided in the district of Greenfield, before that town was incorporated, and of Rev. Mr. Billing, whom they desired to have installed in that place as their minister. To understand the difficulty it is necessary to go back to the earlier days of the settlement of the New England Colonies. It is well understood that the first settlers left their homes in the Old World to avoid the oppressions to which they were subjected on account of their religious views and practices. They came to this country not to maintain the general principle of liberty of conscience,—and not for liberty of conscience at all, but for the sake of enjoying and maintaining what they believed to be the truth, incumbent on them to maintain, and equally incumbent on all other people to receive. One element in this truth of theirs, as they esteemed it, was, that none but religious people should govern the world; the children of God ought to

have the pre-eminence and power. Hence, none but church members were eligible to civil office, and none others were to enjoy the elective franchise; and religious people were held to be such as were not only regenerate by the power of the Holy Ghost, but were capable of giving an account before the church and making profession of their experience of regeneration. But others than those who believed themselves regenerate by the power of the Holy Ghost, and others than those who could give an account of their experience, came over to live here, and such wanted their share in the power of the government—not to be taxed without their own consent; not to be subject to trial for presumed offenses; or mustered into military service and sent away to war, except as they had power to vote on their own liabilities. And this class became a large one—often, evidently, as moral, as well educated, as able in mind and in substance as the church members were; often, too, perhaps quite as religious, though not having any religion *to speak of*. They were debarred from the communion service, like moral offenders of whom we have spoken. The deprivation of that privilege they could endure; but they were also deprived of a privilege, the loss of which they could not endure—and that was the baptism of their children. Time and eternity, apparently in their view, depended in some degree upon the baptism of the young. As baptized, they were under the guardian care of the church, and the church held itself responsible for their lives and conduct. This class of non-professors grew to be very large and powerful. The right to the baptism of their children was defended in the course of time by many ministers and church members themselves. To debar these children from baptism, to have them grow up altogether outside the church, not subject to it, nor cared for by it, was maintained by many ministers and church members, to be throwing them out into the world and even making heathen of them. This latter view, this more liberal view of the rights of non-professors, was the view entertained with great force by our Mr. Ashley. Jonathan Edwards, minister of the First Church in Northampton, afterwards the celebrated President Edwards, maintained what was the stricter, the more religious view, viz.: None to have their children baptized except church members.' The agitation and excitement on this

subject throughout the colonial churches was immense. Ministers of the severer class were ejected from their parishes and sent into the woods, or wherever else it might be, to get a living and do good. Jonathan Edwards, in this way, was ejected, and Parson Ashley, his neighbor, was assenting to, or vigorously urging his ejection.

At this same time the people at Greenfield were becoming a fixed and important settlement. The residents there had been till lately inhabitants of the town of Deerfield and were still members of Parson Ashley's church. They were believers in a different class of doctrines from his, and, both because they lived so far from this village and because, also, they were earnest in believing in the stricter and exclusive view, they wanted a friendly separation from the church in Deerfield. They wanted a formal letter of dismission and recommendation, so that they could establish a new church—which church the people of the Congregational order could not then establish without such letter from the church from which they came out. But the church in Deerfield refused to give such a letter in full and satisfactory form. It apparently did not dare to refuse a letter testifying to the perfectly good standing of all these applicants in the church; it went further; on the 11th of December, 1753, in connection with the certificate of good standing which it gave, it voted to attend the installment of Rev. Edward Billing, chosen to be pastor at Greenfield; nevertheless, it gave no letter of dismissal, so that, apparently, whenever an attempt should be made to proceed to installation, Parson Ashley could make objection that the Greenfield members had not been properly dismissed; and while the church at Deerfield voted to attend the installation of Mr. Billing, it chose three delegates instead of one, as it had been requested to choose, and as was the custom of the churches at that time in holding councils. Capt. Elijah Williams, Capt. John Catlin and Capt. Thomas Williams were chosen delegates. This readiness on the part of Mr. Ashley to throw obstructions in the way of forming a new church and settling a new pastor was a great grief to the Greenfield people, which they expressed in a letter to the Deerfield church in January of the next year, 1754. Though this irregularity in refusing letters of dismission, and in choice of an unusual number of delegates,

was, in form, the action of the church, it will be supposed that all this action was due to the personal decision and influence of Mr. Ashley. But at the close of the month of February, seven weeks after the Deerfield church had chosen its delegates to the council at Greenfield, and had expressed its entire satisfaction with the church-standing of the applicants, the Deerfield church held a meeting, February 28, and charges, entirely indefinite, so far as the record shows, were brought up against the Greenfield church members, of being "guilty," as the language is, "of several things" "in their unreasonable conduct towards" Mr. Ashley and the church. Therefore, it was voted that "this church do not think it *convenient* to recommend them,"—an agreement, however, which it had come to seven weeks before,—"*do not think it convenient* to recommend them till those matters can be enquired into, and the Deerfield church desire their Pastor to send for those persons, who, it is said, are able to give information in those matters, and the persons themselves who are said to have offended." About a fortnight afterwards a church meeting of the Deerfield church was held, and Daniel Wells of Greenfield, one of these applicants, was dealt with for having made reflections upon the church and minister of Deerfield and it was voted that he ought to confess his fault for his indecent expressions before the church. And the church proceeds now more distinctly to deny a letter of recommendation until the applicants please to attend and answer to charges, or until authority obliges them to do it, and the church expresses itself as willing to have a council to judge between Deerfield and Greenfield.

In August, on the 21st day, so many months, eight or nine months after the Deerfield church had voted to send delegates to install Mr. Billing, application being made by individuals to be recommended to the new church at Greenfield, Parson Ashley and his church represent that whereas the new church had been formed without the consent of the parent church, the parent church do not think it necessary to give letters of recommendation to the new one—"and we let you know," Parson Ashley and his church state: "*We let you know* we cannot recommend you or anybody else to that church," and much more spicy language follows from the church here, that is from Mr. Ashley and the reply closes:

"All we have to add is we should be glad to see a more Christian temper towards us whom you call you brethren."

So the church in Greenfield sailed into harbor and Parson Ashley could not help himself. The church records do not let us into the secret of his opposition. It is understood to have originated in the fact that these Greenfield people were desirous of maintaining the doctrines of Jonathan Edwards and the like-minded people of exclusive doctrine; that is that no people but professing church members should have their children baptized; others, no matter how good, pure and religious, who would not profess themselves to be regenerate should be debarred from the baptism of their children. This exclusive view was that of Mr. Billing, who had been compelled to leave his church in Belchertown because his people were determined that they would have the rite of baptism administered without the necessity of profession. Mr. Ashley was exceedingly active in defending the more liberal view and it was, undoubtedly, a personal matter on his part, very exasperating to his feelings to see his rival installed over what he considered a rebellious portion of his own people.

Do we interpret aright the proceedings of Mr. Ashley and his followers on this occasion? I would not maintain the correctness of the explanation which we would give. Such is the explanation usually given and which I suppose to be the true one. But the refusal of the minister here to allow so important a portion of his flock to seek a new fold elsewhere with a new shepherd, and with fences of new and sharper barbs, availed nothing and though no vote of consent is on record here, it seems that Mr. Ashley and his church at last overlooked the offenses charged and all irregularities in the establishment of a new church without the formal consent of the old one, and the first church at Greenfield began its course and lives and prospers to this day.

I refer now to another trouble between Mr. Ashley and his parish, that is between the minister and the town of Deerfield, the same that not infrequently took place between ministers and the towns that settled them in those old times. At the time of invitation to settle, the town that invited a minister to become their town officer and pastor made offers to induce the minister to accept the invitation;

so much money, so much wood annually, a parsonage to live in and perhaps so much of a wood lot. But for many years the value of money, reckoned in paper, very greatly fluctuated and the parish often wanted to pay in paper at only its nominal value. To insist upon it, on the part of the parish, might often be a convenient way to dismiss a pastor who had ceased to be satisfactory to the people; in other words he might be starved out if he would not take the hint that the parish would like his room better than his company. Under such circumstances, however, the minister, who having been settled for life, had some rights, would address the people and state his necessities. Sometimes, doubtless, a parish might inadvertently have allowed the minister's salary to depreciate and an amicable settlement could be made over again.

In the year 1751, the nominal value of money having greatly changed and Parson Ashley having found his salary insufficient, he appealed to the town to remedy the deficiency. The town listened to his appeal and in a figure of speech took measure of the capacity of his family for food and clothing and other necessities; that is by a committee, calculated how much a man ought to have for the respectable support of seven persons, the number of Mr. Ashley's family, viz.: A man, a woman, four children and a maid. Allow me to give you a few items from their report made December 7, 1751. They estimate every item they can think of—so much wheat, so much beef, 500 pounds, so much pork, so much mutton, veal, fish, Indian corn, malt, 100 lbs. sugar, 200 lbs. butter, 2 quarts of milk a day, so much tea, chocolate, rice, spices, cheese, apples, turnips, raisins, salt, pease, clothing for the family, doctor's bill—I suppose Mr. Ashley was expected to pay his doctor; I am unable to pay mine for Dr. Newell, often called to my house, (I wish as a neighbor he would come oftener), continually declines to make charges against me. But I go on with the estimate of the parish 135 years ago. The committee count up tallow for lights, I suppose; so much needed by the minister, so much for clothing for the family, blacksmithing, housekeeping, books, paper and ink, schooling for the children, maid's work, hired man's work, and even pocket expenses. They were liberal in allowing pipes and tobacco, four pounds not

in weight, but four pounds in money. Mr. Ashley must have been a great smoker; he needed tobacco I suppose to calm the agitation of his mind disturbed by Mr. Younglove, Mr. Smead, Mr. Hastings and Mr. Billing, and the Greenfield people. But another item or two are interesting; the committee calculate an allowance to him of cider, how much? twelve barrels—a barrel a month, and (I suppose the committee judged by their own habits), an amount of rum, wine and other intoxicants to the amount of £20 a year—which by our present valuation might have been worth a quarter of a dollar a day. So much intoxicants with a gallon of cider a day! Oh, liberal parish! Thirsty church members to come to the house and help drink so much! But then it must be remembered that a minister in those days kept tavern for all travelling ministers. I do not profess to make a correct calculation of all their value, but 12 barrels of cider, a barrel a month, and £20 of money for rum, wine, and metheglin, tell a story, unless all this account was intended as a joke and a sarcasm. The sum of all allowed by the committee of the town was £587 6^s 0^d. But the final answer of the town to Mr. Ashley's application for an amount of salary in accordance with the terms of settlement I do not know. It is said that in the few last years of his life and pastorate he received very little from the parish and that after his death quite a large sum, comparatively, was voted by the town to be given to his family.

I proceed to another subject, illustrative of Mr. Ashley's character and the older times. The spirit of Toryism, it is well-known, was rampant in this neighborhood, and Parson Ashley had a large degree of it. Our honored antiquary, Mr. Sheldon, tells us how large in number, and how respectable were the Tories here, of that day—the minister, the judge, the sheriff, the esquire, the three doctors, the town clerk, the treasurer, the store-keeper, two of the three tavern-keepers (and to be a tavern keeper in those days, was to be a man of credit and renown), most of those who had held commissions from the King in the late wars were Tories, and, generally, Mr. Sheldon says, the young bloods, who were looking forward to places of honor or office from royalty; all these were loyal to the source of power. A large proportion, adds Mr. Sheldon, of the civil and military offices in Western Mass-

achusetts was held by men of the same mind, and there were many ties of marriage between them and the Tories of this place.

But Toryism and Whiggery were at that time, in this part of the State, in some degree matters of theoretical opinion. I doubt not here were honest men, pure-hearted, kind-hearted, devout people on both sides. I do not judge a man to have been a bad man because he was a supporter of the King, Lords and Commons. Almost from the beginning of the world, almost everywhere, it had been thought that a powerful government was essential to the good of the people; only a powerful government could restrain the thief, the burglar, the murderer, and all the foes of the peace of society, or mete out to them just punishment. The morals of society, the happiness of households were thought to depend upon a powerful government. It is very slow that the truth has dawned upon the minds of our people, that that government is best which governs least, which depends on the good will of the people at large. The world outside of America has made slight advance in this direction. Large numbers of parents in their own families, large numbers of college dignitaries, teachers of academies and schools are slow to understand that the people must be converted rather than governed; large numbers of our people now think that the morals of the community can be sustained only by the exercise of power, and that morals and religious teachings are ineffectual to that end.

Was it a bad thing, in those days, for Parson Ashley to fear the advent of popular power, the dissolution of the ties between the people and the royal authority? I shall not decide that he was less devout in his prayers, less kind in domestic or neighborly life, less thoughtful for the poor, than if he had been a convert to the rights of the people and had sustained the cause of John Hancock and John Adams. The way in which he manifested his loyalty seems to have been imperious, even contemptuous, or of an ugly temper. He was locked out of the church at Greenfield one Sunday afternoon, where he had preached in the morning and had displayed his loyal sentiments too clearly or too coarsely. He preached severely, in his own pulpit, in 1775, about the patriots who fell at Lexington, and it is *said* that he said they

had gone to hell for their impiety. He found his pulpit locked against him in the afternoon, and the blacksmith being present and declining upon the request of Mr. Ashley to use his tools to open it, upon the ground that he never worked upon the Sabbath day, it is said he burst it open himself and proceeded with the usual service. There is a story told about his having or attending a tea-party, after the celebrated overthrow of the tea in the Boston harbor—a proceeding on his part, if true, wanting in respect for the patriots and in a conciliatory spirit, even if he knew that they were ruinously in the wrong.

These stories, whether true or not, demonstrate the temper of the man, as the people believed in it. And I have to add, that, while the mob spirit prevailed largely in this part of the State, a wiser man of gentle temper might have taught the Tories themselves to be more wise in the proper expression of their sentiments and made the people more considerate in their action against them. A minister we believe should keep the peace and help the people keep it. But in such times as those of the American Revolution, you will allow, it was too much to expect so much of human weakness and human wisdom.

All this closes what I have to say about Parson Ashley. But in considering the ministry of those long-since passed days, I am led to ask, not whether ministers then were more pious, more learned, more kind in disposition and life than now, but were they more influential then? We look around upon our churches and their pews, which a hundred years ago were regularly occupied by the ancestors of men and families who now have deserted the church and who decline to subscribe toward ringing the bell, sweeping the church, making fires, getting fuel, as well as to the salary of the minister, who, so far as they are concerned, are ready to say farewell to all the religious institutions of the land, to allow the ministers to change if they will to politicians or rumsellers, and the church to any sort of secular uses, and to bring up the children without the Lord's Prayer or the golden rule, and consider has the influence of the minister declined? For one I cannot say. I come to the conclusion that piety and goodness will never cease to have an important influence in society.

The ministers are not now gossips or scandal-mongers in society, as apparently their relationship to the church made them a hundred years or more ago, and if the ministers are not better now, the people are better, and I am inclined to think the ministers are more respected and are personally more loved, and that in consequence their influence over private character is more deep and effectual. If it is not so now it will be so I most heartily believe. The church is eternal—religion is eternal. There will be more than 7000, or 7,000,000, or million of millions, that will not bow the knee to Baal, and will worship righteousness and truth.

A VISIT TO RIDGEWAY, NEW YORK, IN 1834.

BY NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK.

In May, 1834, Aunt Charissa Swett, my father's sister, who married Dr. Jonathan R. Swett of Ridgeway, N. Y., made him a visit of some weeks. She invited me to return home with her and make her family a visit.

Not a foot of iron railroad was laid from the Connecticut River to the Niagara River. In the summer of 1825 there had been a survey made by the State of Massachusetts for a canal to Albany from Boston. Andrew J. Allen of Boston was one of the first public men who took hold of the plan of building a railroad. He went alone in a sulky to Albany to look over the ground, and had a conference with Governor De Witt Clinton. Henry Williams, a native of Deerfield, took a very active part in starting the road. The original petition to the Legislature, which resulted in the charter of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, will be found to be in the handwriting of Mr. Williams. The road was finished to Needham and the first train of cars, drawn by horses, was run there April, 1834.

At this time a line of stages ran up and down the Connecticut River. Two lines of stage coaches ran to Albany, one from Greenfield, the other from South Deerfield.

About the first of June we were carried to Conway to the house of Rev. Luther Hamilton, whose wife was Delia Williams, daughter of Dr. William S. Williams of Deerfield, who invited us, my aunt being one of her early play-mates. Mr. Hamilton's house stood on the bank of the

river. Later this was the residence of Gen. James S. Whitney. I spent a night with him, and suppose that the present Secretary of the Navy was one of the children that came to the breakfast table.

At 3 o'clock a. m. we took the old four-horse stage for Albany, N. Y. Leaving Conway we went west, stopping at the old taverns of every town in our way to change horses or leave the mail and passengers, and take more, while some like ourselves who had a through ticket were made fast friends for the day, giving our personal history to each other, and plans for the future. The stage was heavy and stout, hung on leather thorough-braces. Three seats were inside, well trimmed and stuffed; on one the passengers rode back to the horses; all were uncomfortable and crowded; almost every woman had one or two children to hold, but no lap dogs. Daylight finds us still moving west. We drive up to the taverns with the stage horn blowing and the driver's whip cracking over the heads of the horses. The inmates of the house come to the door to get the news. The mail left and one taken and off we go with perhaps some new passengers, until the house is reached where we are permitted to move our benumbed limbs and stand upright. After dinner with fresh horses we take our seats and go west through towns and villages; the hot sun's rays come down upon the top of the coach making it very warm inside, but rejoicing the hearts of the farmers who are now getting into the barn the new hay from the fields we pass, while the long day is coming nearer its close. It is evening when we stop in Troy, N. Y. We drive through its streets to the Hudson river. We cannot look upon its historic waters, for "darkness was upon the face of the deep." A boat takes us across the river. We go down on the turnpike on its bank to Albany and arrive there at 11 o'clock p. m.—twenty hours in the old stage coach.

There we meet Capt. Richard Swett, son of my aunt, who owned a canal boat, and who took us on board, giving us a good supper and comfortable berths. He at once started his boat west. This boat had cabins at each end, one for cooking and eating food, the other for berths and a sitting room; between the two was a large room for freight. A part of the passengers boarded with the Captain. Three families

of Dutch emigrants were in the freight room with their household goods. They were happy and made the boat ring with songs. At last we got out from the great basin of the Erie and Champlain Canals. The basin is from eighty to three hundred feet in width, and 4,000 in length, averaging ten feet of water, connected with the canals at the upper end by a boat lock, and with the Hudson river by a sloop lock. We pass by the mansion and through the lands of Gen. Van Rensselaer and go through twenty-six canal locks and arrive at Schenectady about noon of the next day. Here more freight was taken ; myself going about this old Indian town of Mohawks which was abandoned by them at a very early period. Before 1620 fifteen or twenty persons, twelve of whom were Dutch, came direct from Holland and settled here.

I soon found that canal men were not peacemakers, but were looking out sharp to quarrel with other boat crews. When we left Schenectady late in the evening, we had a fight with another boat's crew, using guns.

The Erie Canal was completed in 1825 at a cost of \$7,602,000. Its length 363 miles, its width forty feet, depth four feet ; it has eighty-four locks of stone masonry ; burden of boats eighty tons. It was enlarged in 1848 to seventy feet wide, seven feet deep. The tow path built upon one side is two feet above the water, and eight to twelve feet wide ; great care must be taken to prevent the banks from wasting away by the wash of the water, by the boats and by burrowing of animals. The canal presents a level of sixty-three miles without a lock, and at Lockport where it descends from the level of Lake Erie to that of the Genesee River, there is a succession of ten double locks overcoming a difference of elevation of sixty feet. Boats are towed by two horses, going at a speed of two and a half or three miles an hour, loaded with fifty to seventy tons ; cost of transportation in 1852, three and a half mills per mile per ton.

I was about six days on the canal, going from Albany to Niagara Falls. At the locks I would get off the boat and walk on the tow path and wait at the first bridge across the canal and jump upon the boat when it came under. This the Dutch men and women would do, visiting, perhaps, some wheat field, the women showing that they could bind a sheaf,

tossing it up making it turn a somersault and stand upright.

I saw a rough set of men and women on the canal. At the locks a little village would grow up where provisions of all kinds could be bought, and also liquors. This made the boatmen more quarrelsome. There were rules to observe on the meeting of boats; one of the horses is to stop before meeting, letting the draft rope drop into the water so the other boat can pass over it, for if this is not done the rope will pass over the deck taking all things into the water. Life on the boat had much to interest us as the days went by. We had for sleeping three berths put up on the side of the cabin, and woe to the person in the lowest if the rope gave way, and in the upper one if the deck was washed after we had retired, as often the hot sun of the day made it leaky. The food and the cooking were good. I believe no food was put on the table but once, then cast into the canal.

Among the passengers was an Englishman, wife and small son. He was a believer in the lost art of using the rod very often; I asked him why so often; holding up the rod, he said, "This is the best friend he has, and he will say it himself when he is grown up." I think he was right. Reading matter on the boat was scarce; not a newspaper was seen. I purchased at Utica, Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and a member of the Mormon church lent me his bible.

We left the canal at the town of Ridgeway, about twenty-two miles east of the Niagara River. The ridge road or Alluvium Way goes through the center of the town. It extends from the Genesee River to the Niagara River from six to ten miles south from the present shore of Lake Ontario. Perhaps the town received its name from it. By some of the historians of fifty years ago, it is described as one of the grand works of nature. It is composed of common beach sand and lake stones, worn smooth by the action of water, and the whole intermixed with small shells; its general width is from four to eight rods. Its general surface presents a uniform level, and is found to be elevated about 120 feet above Lake Ontario. It was made a post road in the year 1817. Post coaches carried the mail three times a week between Lewiston and Canandaigua. Between this road and Lake Ontario lay the farm of Dr. Jonathan R. Swett, my uncle. His house and barn stood near the road. Lake

stones and shells were found around it, while his fertile farm extended north in the old bed of the lake. I saw some of the heavy crops taken off from land where many ages ago the waters of Lake Ontario lay one hundred or more feet deep. The ridge road was once the south shore of the lake, but I think it was raised and enlarged by that unknown race, the mound builders, making it a post of communication and observation between the Niagara and Genesee Rivers, and upon the lake; its connection with other wonderful works of rock cutting nearer the Niagara river, and the many stone implements left upon it and not found north of the road, showing that they were left before the lake shore receded farther north.

While I was making my visit, I was invited by my cousin to a ride to Niagara Falls, she to take her own horse and carriage. I think I was allowed to hold the reins, but am not sure. This ride was upon the ridge road to Niagara river, then up the river past the building at Lewiston, where William Morgan, who revealed the Secrets of the Masons in 1826, was confined, before he was taken by Masons out in a boat upon the river with weights fastened to him and cast into the water, and past the site of Suspension bridge, and three miles on the bank of the river, passing but few buildings, where last summer I rode in a horse-car over the same ground with buildings standing thick. We arrived at the Falls about noon, remaining there over night at a tavern kept by a native of Conway, Mass. We visited most of the sight seeing places then visited, with much interest, returning the next day.

I became acquainted with some of the young people of Ridgeway, who invited me to a ride to Lake Ontario. It was a long walk over the beach of small, smooth, thin stones to the water. I visited Oak Orchard creek for the purpose of getting one of the large pickerel of that creek. I was provided with a stout pole, a strong line and a large hook. A frog was put on the hook. I cast my line into the water. Soon I saw a large fish moving towards the frog and took him in; I began to pull him to the shore and landed him, but he started for the water again; but I could work on the land better than he, and subdued him. He was over two feet long.

In starting homeward I took the packet boat on the canal, this boat going much faster, the horses making a slow trot. No freight was taken ; it was fitted up for passengers alone. It went east no further than Schenectady. When I arrived at this old city, I saw the almost first attempt at railroad work, then but little known, but now running almost world-wide. Then all its parts were unlike anything now in use.

March 27, 1826, a bill was passed by the New York legislature incorporating a company with a capital of \$300,000 with the liberty to increase it to \$500,000 to build the Mohawk and Hudson river railroad. On the 26th of June, books were opened for subscription to the stock, which was taken by capitalists, on July 29, 1830. The ceremony of breaking ground took place near Schenectady by Stephen Van Rensselaer, using a silver spade. But the Dutch settlers of both cities who had taken stock in the Turnpike road between the two cities opposed the railroad, knowing that it would kill the Turnpike. The length of the railroad was sixteen miles. It is said the road bed ran over elevations, and into valleys without much attempt to bring the ground to a uniform level, making it necessary to get horse power and a stationary engine to haul the cars up the hills. Wooden rails were used with strap iron spiked upon them ; this at the ends would come off and run up into the cars, called snake heads. If I should describe the engine, I should take a hand car like the one now in use, make it fifteen feet long, with higher wheels, put upon the car a stationary engine with a smoke pipe and connect the piston rod with the wheels of the car by cogs, wheels or belt. Wood and water was near the furnace. I think there was no roof over any part of it. The passenger cars were about fifteen feet long, the wheels perhaps two and a half feet high. The cars were hung upon leather thorough-braces, the body coming so low that a person could step into it easily, and having a roof over it and leather curtains on the sides ; the seats ran the whole width of the car and passengers came in on the sides. I think they ran but one car. The Turnpike still carried many passengers. When we were all aboard a horse was hitched to the car, taking us out of the city so far that no sparks from the engine could set the buildings on fire ; here the engine put its power to the car, but how many hills and valleys we

were helped through I cannot tell. As we neared Albany our steam power was taken off, and a horse took us into Albany.

I had formed an acquaintance on the canal with a young man going to Conway. We wished to take the stage for Greenfield; we put up together at an old-fashioned tavern; we had a long time to wait, having arrived here about noon and the stage to leave at 12 p. m. The position of Albany was first chosen for a military post for trade with the Indians. A stockade was erected about 1614. Many of the streets of the city ran parallel with the river. The sound of the stage horn was heard with joy. We were soon aboard and driving through the dark streets to the river. Daylight finds us many miles east of the Hudson river. We stop at all the towns on our way to leave the mail, take and leave passengers and change horses. In the afternoon we pass the mills at South Adams. The Hoosac mountain is in sight; we arrive at its foot and begin to climb its side, at length reach its top, pass one or two farm houses; some corn and oats were growing, not looking very heavy. I had not one thought of the great bore that would be made through the mountain fifty years later many feet below us.

We went down the east side of the mountain at full trot. I was glad and perhaps thankful when we reached the bottom. We arrived at Greenfield at 11 p. m. Twenty-three hours in the old coach.

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

An upright wheel of foreign make in silent protest stands
Among the antiquarian ones made by less skillful hands;
And those who look upon it once, are sure to come again
To wonder at its curious form, and rusty crimson stain.
But few its dreary story know of fadeless love and fear
For its sad yarn is only spun but one night in a year.
Go! listen at the midnight hour of February third
If in a solemn monotone the legend may be heard:
I came from sunny Brittany in sixteen ninety-one
With household gear of lovely maid, brimful of joy and fun,
Who loved a gallant officer, as well she could do,
For he adored her with a heart, constant and fond and true.
But when the lady sailed away across the stormy main,
She soon forgot the absent love she would not see again
And to a stalwart farmer boy, her foolish fancy gave

Regardless of the promises to her devoted brave;
 Who soon enlisted with the troops in French and Indian strife,
 Hoping to find some trace of her, his only hope in life.
 He wandered through Canadian woods, with Indian scout as guide
 And deep in snow he tramps across the pathless meadows wide.
 In old brown house the firelight glow lights up a loving pair,
 Beside her wheel the maiden sits so faithless and so fair,
 The tender look he knew so well, still in her soft brown eyes
 Uplifted to another's gaze, he sees in fierce surprise;
 With deadly aim he fires at him, she rises with a start,
 The fatal bullet penetrates the lady's fickle heart.
 The lover seizes from its hooks, the trusty musket down
 And shoots the soldier whose life blood still stains the threshold brown,
 The crafty savage leaps on him, with all his might and main
 And burys deep his tomahawk, in his unlucky brain.
 Their triple graves lie side by side in ancient burial ground
 And Mr. Sheldon probably the tomahawk has found
 Just where he did the hatchet of which he told the school,
 And made of many a romancer an antiquarian philosopher.

THE WILLARD HOUSE.

"For of the soul, the body form doth take,
 For soul is form, and doth the body make."

SPENSER. *Hymn in honor of beauty.*

The philosophy comprised in these two lines from our beloved old English poet, although somewhat scorned in these days by the robust materialist, still gives its hints of truth and beauty to all organic structures, and even invests houses with suggestive interest. For houses although they may be perfect in all the laws of architectural form and fitness, and beautiful as to situation, accessories and appointments, do not take hold of our hearts and become a part of our memories and history, until we find woven in and around them, signs and records of human industries and uses, of personal experiences in love, friendship, in valor, fidelity and all the noble integrities that make home, neighborhood and country themes for song and story. This locality is rich in illustration of this theory. These ample, venerable houses and barns, what stories they tell of old-time labor, thrift, independence, hospitality! We feel that they are full of vital love of wit, social companionship, joy and sorrow. When our illustrious Antiquary shall have finished his faithful and stately history of Deerfield, there will still be left to the Idealist, in stories from living lips of heroes and heroines, dramatic situations, and in rich common life, all that winsome soul of romance and poetry, of which the world never tires.

It will be many a day before I shall forget the high-bred courtesy of the dark-eyed, delicately featured woman, who told me with eloquent enthusiasm, something of the early history of the Manse, called most frequently and fondly "The Willard House." We were standing in the open door of the post-office, while she pointed out to me the stately structure, from the base of which a terrace sloped away on the north side, covered with a rank growth of trees, shrubs, weeds and wild grass. The harmonious proportions of the house, although dimly outlined through this long-neglected tangle, still impressed me with their intrinsic poise and dignity. I thought of the castle of Macbeth and of these words of King Duncan :—

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

Banquo replies :—

"This temple-haunting martlet does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage but this bird hath made
His pendent bed and procreant cradle, where they
Most breed and haunt I have observed the air
Is delicate."

We must substitute the "hang-bird" for "martlet" and for "jutty, frieze, buttress, coigne of vantage" the mighty branches of the old elm tree spreading over the roof of the house, and then we have the sweet sentiment quite complete. Subsequently I entered this famous house, of which an architect had said—"It was built in the best style of old Colonial art." I must admit I was disappointed at my own trivial and ignorant way of looking at it. The high rooms, the elaborate wainscotting and cornices, the long large halls, the exquisite hand-carved newel post, the bulls-eye glass over the front doors, the brass latches, the hand-wrought nails, and ornamented scrapers on the stone door-steps, and other old forms and designs, and workmanship so dear to the genuine lover of old things, failed to give up their secret to me. It was not until I was told that Joseph Barnard, the man who built the house, was three years selecting the lumber for it, and that he purposed not to have a knot in the wood-work

of the whole house, that I can say I was fairly initiated into the sacred mysteries of the Manse-builder. When I saw that the first ideal of the future home was conceived in honesty, and the very beams and floors were hewn and laid in righteousness of quality and condition, then a great light broke on my darkness, and in that light I learned to know the values of mouldings, cornices, shutters, window-seats, all shaped and fitted by hand, and of the broad panels over the fire-places, scarcely cracked by over a hundred years of damp and dryness, heat and frost. Then I saw that the boards of the floors had not shrunk and rarely showed a crack between them, and that a foot-fall was scarcely heard on them, so well seasoned, well laid were those boards of hard yellow pine an inch and a quarter thick. I seemed to hear the noble forest that yielded up its treasure a hundred years ago and more to the wood chopper's axe, resounding from the early frosty morning to set of sun, the man and nature equally giving to the world their best. And so it was with the joiners, the carpenters, the masons, and the master mind that controlled them, and with the neighbors, who, when all was ready, came to the "Raising" and helped to lift the mighty frame, their stalwart arms responding in obedience to the—

Heave, heave away! Heave with a will! to which grand rhythm of voice and motion, beams and rafters, and joists and sleepers took their place in the eyes of men, and became a house to live in and to love until many generations should come and pass away. It interests one to know that probably the head carpenter in the building of the house was a Mr. Locke who lived at "The Bars," and was the great-grandfather of David R. Locke, whom we know as the fine humorist, Petroleum V. Nasby.

Here then stands the house squarely confronting all the points of the compass. Opening in the centre of each of the four sides of the house, are heavy outside doors of two thicknesses of the seasoned wood defying wind and weather. From the front door on the west side directly across and a little distance from the street, stood the "Old Indian House" or "Fort." On the north and south I am told houses were standing then on the same sites we now see on each side the long, shady street. On the east, as now, the door opened on the sunrise, which doubtless all the early dwellers saw every

fair morning. If our Yankee blood has any of the virtues of its ancient Aryan ancestry, we may, without being too fanciful, think it not unlikely that hymns of praise would often in the bright "Dawns," rise from the hearts and lips of the men doing their "chores" about the house and barn, and the women shaking the tablecloth at the door, looking up at the "Bright Ones," as the sun, moon and stars and the dawn were called in the Vedic hymns, very likely felt some kindred gladness of worship and expressed it in speech and song in their simple, homely puritanic way.

In each of the four square rooms and chambers we can still see signs of the great beam overhead called "The Summer Tree" although now quite covered with the plastering of modern days. In what must have been called "the living room" the hearthstone before the cavernous fire-place measured originally ten feet. Painters have discovered that the original color of the outside of the house was a dark yellow, and the doors appear to have been always painted green, as was the custom of that time. And now who are the happy people for whom this honestly built, this stately house awaits? Who will, living in these sunny rooms, sing with the poet :—

"Shine! Shine!

Pour down your warmth, great sun!

While we bask, we two together.

"Two together.

Winds blow south or winds blow north,

Day come white, or night come black,

Home, or rivers and mountains from home

Singing all time, minding no time,

If we two but keep together."

We find through our historian, Mr. Sheldon, that a rich man of Salem, Samuel Barnard, whose ancestry lived in Deerfield, left by his will to his nephew, Joseph Barnard, this house-lot which had been in the family thirty-six years. He willed to his nephew a vast amount of other property in land on the Deerfield river, the Connecticut, and Green river, in different towns, Deerfield, Greenfield, Northfield, Millers Falls, Hatfield, beside ware-houses, wharfs and silver plate connected with the estate in Salem. This property was entailed to the male heirs of the family. Joseph Barnard built the mansion, as we have seen, and we are told it cost a thou-

sand pounds. It is thought Joseph may have lived in the house, but as it was built in 1768 and in 1773 Samuel Barnard, son of Joseph, was living in it, its occupancy by Joseph could have been but for a very short period. In our historian's twenty-second chapter of his history of Deerfield now appearing in the Greenfield Gazette and Courier, I find the following:

May 12, 1773, a town meeting was held in Deerfield and Samuel Barnard, "Lawyer Sam" as he was called, was chosen representative to the general court.* At this meeting a paper was read setting forth the wickedness of the Slave Trade. The discussion going on in the country about "The natural Rights of Man" having called attention to this traffic.

From this extract we may infer that "Lawyer Sam" represented the "Natural Rights of Man" in the General Court, especially as it is stated farther on that "he came home from Boston charged with news and stories and also with copies of the famous letters of Tories, Bernard, Hutchinson, Paxton and Rogers." These letters had been discovered by Franklin and sent home to Samuel Adams. "Lawyer Sam" was born in 1746. He was graduated from Harvard college in the class of 1762, making him sixteen years old at his graduation. He became a lawyer and as we have seen was sent to General Court in 1773. At this time he was twenty-seven years old, was married, had two children and was living in the Manse. Our question then as to the occupancy of the "House Beautiful" is answered quite to our satisfaction, for even the name of the wife of "Lawyer Sam" is in quaint keeping with all the rest, for it is "Nabby," Abigail Upham, perhaps on dry records, but in our story always "Nabby." When "Lawyer Sam" and "Nabby" set up housekeeping the taxes on their house and lot must have been paid under a Colonial Government. When the house was sold in 1794, we had declared our independence, had fought our way to freedom and had a country all our own. All of which "Lawyer Sam" "saw, and a part of which he was." "Nabby" too, must have seen some troublous times during the war and we cannot help wondering what she thought and how she talked

*Later investigation shows that Lawyer Samuel Field was chosen Representative at this meeting, and "Lawyer Sam" the next year.

about it, as she sat with her family around the great log fire in the north "living room." Often perhaps, on the long winter nights a woman, spinning in a kitchen near, quavered forth in melting tones some ancient ballad, as she walked back and forth, whirling the light rim of the big wheel and deftly drawing out the soft, white rolls of wool. And the family group around the roaring fire in the great chimney, heard the blood curdling wail surging in and out with the night gusts of wind rattling at the window-panes as the song ran thus, perhaps:—

"My name was Robert Kidd, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My name was Robert Kidd when I sailed,
My name was Robert Kidd, so wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid when I sailed, when I sailed,
God's laws I did forbid when I sailed." &c., &c.

Or it might be that other very ancient, but rather more complex ballad which was a great favorite at that time. My father learned it from a woman spinning in the evening fire-light of pine knots. As there are eighteen verses of it, many a weary knot must have been beguiled in even threads to the swift spindle, while the spinner sang:—

"I'll tell you a story, a story of one,
'Twas of a great prince whose name was King John,
A great prince was he and a man of great might,
In pulling down wrong, and in setting up right,
To my down, down, down derry down."
&c., &c.

At any rate, however Mistress Nabby may have spent her evenings, we may be very sure that "Lawyer Sam" when at home from Boston, was gathering and discussing the exciting political news among the neighbors, probably often at David Hoyt's tavern, which was the "Old Indian House," opposite "Lawyer Sam's" Manse. Here the villagers awaited the arrival of the post-rider who came once a week from Boston to Deerfield with letters, papers and packages.

It is to be hoped that "Nabby" in all the twenty-four years of her life in the beautiful home and in the care of the nine children born here, had some intelligent interest in the country and its future, even if only for conversation's sake with her husband and among her children, some of whom in all these years have become companions. "Nabby," being the wife of a rich man, doubtless had plenty of service

in the many industries common to the households of that period, but even the superintendence of them, must have been occupation enough. Oh, that with all the baking and brewing and butter-making, the spinning and weaving and knitting, the coloring and quilting, the making of gowns and trowsers, and pin-cushions and "huswifs" and the pretty embroidering of babies' caps and slips, and whatever other industries were the blithe custom and allotment of women of that day, our "Nabby" had written a diary! For had she been sybil enough to have seen in her visions, this Memorial Hall and its Genius, our historian and antiquary, who like the Ancient Mariner fixes his "glittering eye" on the living revellers at life's feasts, or on the ghosts of the past and compels them to yield up their secrets; had she seen all this, would she not amid all her lively cares, have preferred to give the little idyl I am about to recount, in her own sweet simple way, rather than to have it coldly set forth in exact figures and dates. Alas, I have nothing but dates and names for the idyl. It is Sunday morning, Dec. 13th, 1792. The oldest daughter of the Barnard family, Nabby, aged twenty-one, the second daughter, Rachel, twenty years old, and Sally, the third daughter, eighteen years old, all arrayed in sky blue silk gowns, are married here in the Manse, doubtless in the parlor, before the church service. Nabby married Joshua Clapp; Rachel, Hart Leavitt, and Sally, Dr. John Stone, all of Greenfield.

This "symphony in blue" as Whistler might name it, waits for its artist and its poet. To the dullest brain a little flash of fancy reveals the picture of the three bridegrooms in scarlet, blue or claret colored coats, and long silk waistcoats of some rich hue, with ruffles on their shirt fronts and at their wrists. They wear knee-breeches and silver buckles at the knees and on their shoes. I must confess to quite a sentimental interest in these three young brides in sky-blue silk, and the grooms in their ruffles and buckles and otherwise handsome costume celebrating their nuptials together in such a fraternal and sisterly way, with December out of doors and June in their hearts.

Since this last sentence was penned, the following poem has been handed me on Nabby and Rachel and Sally:

BY H. ISABEL WILLIAMS.

The years they roll over our hilltops and leas,
And fresh grow the dates on our family trees,
Soon we shall belong, all we girls of the valley,
With dear little Nabby and Rachel and Sally,
To the dim Long Ago.

I suspect that this age is much like the last,
As far as concerns the girls of the past.
Though the list of their studies may then have been shorter
Like the waists of their dresses, than ours, by a quarter,
In that quaint Long Ago.

The girls once called Sally are Sadie to-day,
But what's in a name, I am sure you will say,
And with neighborly pride in the three sisters sweet;
Let us think of them all as girls of "Our Street."
For they were, Long Ago.

You don't think of them there in the Manse at high noon,
As you pass; go again by the light of the moon,
And you will say they are yet in the town,
And in their old home, with the moon shining down,
As it did Long Ago.

I walked by alone, but this December last,
And lo! the white pathway led into the Past,
This century vanished, and I seemed a mate
Of the three dainty brides who were married in state,
On a morn Long Ago.

A Sunday it was, and though not at the Manse,
All had seen them at meeting; some envied their chance,
And the preacher's black clothes lacked the charm of those blue
That gave a most heavenly look to one pew,
All those hours Long Ago.

Gazing down I considered what fine things brides were,
How like angels they looked, in those cloaks trimmed with fur,
No wonder Hart Leavitt thought Rachel a prize,
And Dr. John Stone had such very fine eyes,
So I thought Long Ago.

When thus in the Past with the brides and John Stone,
Steps neared o'er the snow, as I stood there alone.
Yet the few words of greeting seemed nothing strange,
And into my vision brought never a change,
Still it seemed Long Ago.

"Well wasn't she lovely?" I looked up and said,
'Twas my brother who musingly nodded his head,
I knew what he thought of a maiden to-day,
Had been thought of others in just the same way,
In a sweet Long Ago.

Doubtless the house was lonesome enough to "Lawyer Sam" and "Nabby" after the three daughters went away, but there were still left six children, Samuel and Fanny and Charles and Thankful and Cata and Francis.

Two years after this, 1794, "Lawyer Sam" sold the Manse to Ebenezer Williams, great-grandson to Rev. John Williams, the "Redeemed Captive" of History. The Barnard family had been in possession of the property 77 years. Samuel, the original proprietor, and rich man of Salem, was born in 1684 and was twenty-seven years old when he bought the place. He died in 1762, leaving as we have seen this place with other large bequests to his nephew Joseph.

But this bequest in money is not all that Samuel Barnard, the opulent man of Salem, gave to Deerfield incidental to the history of the Manse. I have been looking over a yellow, time-blurred little book of manuscript of eight pages, very curiously spelled, in the ancient fashion with u for v, and with capital letters freely used in the middle of sentences, without any apparent uniformity, but sentences were generally begun with small letters. I have been looking this book over, and debating with myself a long time the wisdom of making extracts from it as a part of my little story. It seems on the one hand too personal and sacred for this use, having evidently been written in that solitude of spirit which all earnest souls of earth must sometimes know, but which cannot at all times be repeated or appreciated. But I am anxious to preserve as far as possible in their entirety, the social, intellectual and spiritual elements that make this history worth writing. May I not then be justified in considering this bit of purely religious aspiration as an essential part of the heritage that goes with the house we venerate and love. Let us take as mildly as we can the theological phrasology of the earnest man, thankful that he is so earnest. Goethè in his theory of an ideal school, says to his newly initiated pupils,—*"Go back, go back into life and take holy earnestness with you, for holy earnestness is eternal life."* Have we, in this day, any of us, too much holy earnestness?

My little time-stained diary then shall give up the solemn sacred record. It begins thus:—

"o most dreadful God for the passion of thy dear Son I beseech thee accept thy poor prodigal son prostrating himself

at thy door. I have fallen from thee by mine iniquity & am by Nature a Son of Death & a thousand fold more a Child of Hell by my wicked practices but of thine infinite mercy thou hast promised Grace to me in Christ; if I will but turn to thee with all my hart. therefore upon the Call of thy Gospel I am now Cum in & throwing down my weapons of Rebellion submit my self to thy mercy and because thou Requirest as the condition of my peas with thee that I should put away all Idols & be at defiance with all my enemies; which I acknowledge I have wickedly sided with against thee, I hear from the bottom of my hart Renounce them firmly covenanting with thee not to allow my Self in any known sin but conscientiously use all means that I know thou hast provided; for the death and utter destruction of all my Corruptions & whareas I have inordinately let out my affections on the world; I do heareby Resign up my hart to thee that madst it humbly protesting before thy Glorious majesty that it is the firm Resolution of my hart (& I unfaindly desire grace from thee to inable me fully to Comply with this my Resolution) to forsake all that is dear to me in the world; rather than to turn from thee to the ways of Sin & that I will watch against all its temptations; wheather of prosperity or adversity least they should withdraw my hart from thee."

These pages are followed by five more of confessions and promises, concluding in these words—"I will order and govern my whole life according to thy direction & will not allow myself in the Neglect of anything that I know to be my duty.—thou art now become my Covenant friend & I (thro thy infinite Grace) art Become thy Covenant servant, amen. So be it & this Covenant which I have made on earth Let it be Ratified in Heaven through infinite Rich grace and mercy to my Soul."

SAMUEL : BARNARD.

SALEM, Noum 28 : 1753.

Two years after the date of this diary Samuel Barnard made his will, and the first bequest was to the poor of Salem and Deerfield.

It is pleasant to find human beings bowing modestly to some regnant ideal of right and duty that carries with it a conclusive "Thou shalt." I, for one would preserve this

Puritan trait, freed from some possible dangers of intolerance and bigotry. And here in bidding farewell to the Barnards, I would like to emphasize the fact that the Manse from its first conception has had almost always a witness, in its occupants, of this power of conscience. It was not only planned and built nobly, but we may infer that "Lawyer Sam," an educated man, occupying places of public trust, knew also how to build up a home in befitting grace and dignity. At least we may assume that he did, and that "Nabby" was a typical wife and mother of those days of useful industries and reciprocal duties among all members of the family, and that she taught her children those virtues of reverence and obedience which may now be numbered among the "Lost Arts." But we can only conjecture what this quaint home history, wrapped up between the dates of 1770 and 1794, may have been in its details, for "Nabby" did not write her diary. We drop the Barnards gently and lovingly from our story with gratitude for their pleasant deeds, for their names and ages, and especially for the "Three Brides in Blue."

I have now to turn from the Manse proper to enquire about the northeast Wing or L part, with its hip-roof projecting over the front, its three dormer windows, with their heavy sash and very small panes of glass. Evidently this building antedates the Manse by many years. Our very first introduction to this ancient house, now a wing, is a chapter of tragedies. From dates furnished by our historian, I read that Robert Hinsdale was the first owner of this lot, that he drew it by "lot" in 1671, and two years after sold it to Joseph Gillet. Both these men were killed with Capt. Lothrop and "The flower of Essex," two years after this at the Battle of Bloody Brook, in 1675.

The son, Joseph Gillet, Jr., sold the lot, "with a house on it" to Samuel Carter in 1694. This house was not destroyed when the Indians burnt the town in 1704, and must therefore be at least 193 years old, probably it is considerably over two hundred. In the attack and massacre of that night in February, Samuel Carter's wife and six children were taken captives, one child was killed, the rest were taken to Canada, one came back, two were known to have married Indians.

This story of a night, how short it is in these few lines,

and yet between those lines what sights and sounds we see and hear. Scared faces at midnight, looking through these small window-panes at the rising, spreading flames of the burning houses, and, with wild dismay, suddenly seeing among the moving figures, Indians nearing the house. It is all soon over ; the house has been rifled of property, the wife and all the children are captives on their way to Canada. Hearthstone and roof remain, we see them to-day, and, standing on the ancient door-stone we must often think of the solitary man, who, the morning after this terrible night, walked helplessly around his desolate house, and looked at the long stretch of snowy wilderness between himself and Canada, vainly asking, "Where are they, my helpless ones?" and we, too, even down to this far time cannot but echo—"They the helpless ones," as we think of those nights and days in the wintry forests. It is no surprise to read that Mr. Carter the next year sold his despoiled and desolate house and went to Connecticut. His successor was Samuel Allen. His son, Joseph Allen, was born here, and was the father of Ethan Allen, the soldier and patriot of Revolutionary fame, whose birth-place, however, was Connecticut. From Samuel Allen the house passed to Samuel Barnard, as has been told, and here unite our two little rills of history, and the Manse and The Wing become henceforth one house. The successor of "Lawyer Sam," Ebenezer Williams, had the tragic honor of being a descendant of Rev. John Williams, and was a graduate of Harvard College. In 1807 he leased the Manse to Hosea Hildreth, preceptor of the old Deerfield Academy. His son Richard Hildreth, whose history of the United States we all know, was born in the Manse. He was graduated from Harvard in 1826. Beside the History of the United States he wrote some works of fiction and was Consul to Italy, where he died. The wife of Mr. Hildreth was an artist of very delicate perceptions and well-known merit, and the aunt of George Fuller.

In 1811 Mr. Williams sold the place to the Rev. Samuel Willard for \$3,333. This distinguished scholar and divine, who now became the owner of the Manse, occupied it from 1807 to 1859 excepting an interval of seven years spent in Hingham. The Manse now became known as the "Willard House," and as one of the most interesting and hospitable of

homes, and in many ways the dearest roof in Western Massachusetts. I hesitate on the threshold of this narrative of lives that many in this audience knew intimately, and the sacred import of which they would not like to see uncomprehended, feeling that some other pen could have served you better.

The expression, "A good man," sometimes receives a just emphasis, although often slighted in our common thought and speech. At the burial service of Deerfield's most illustrious citizen, George Fuller, Rev. Mr. Buckingham spoke with singular felicity of the genius of the artist. He prefaced all these eulogiums with a modest "I am told" he was a master in color, or "It was said of him" he was original, sincere, conscientious in study and method, &c., and then he added—"It is a great thing to possess genius, to be called a great painter, to have honor and praise from critics and men of renown. But is it not a greater thing to know and to say of one—'He was a good man.' " After the services an eminent artist, a sculptor of New York, commenting on the tribute to his friend, added—"Could I hope to have it said of me—'He was a good man,' " he paused, his eyes filled with tears, and the sentence was left unfinished. I find this word "good" always added as the supreme characteristic of Dr. Willard, although there is abundant testimony to his talents, learning, and other rare accomplishments. He was a graduate from Harvard in the class of 1803. His uncle, Rev. Joseph Willard, D. D., was then president of the college and Samuel Willard lived in the home of the president during a part of his college course.* In the summer of 1807 he accepted the pastorate of the parish in Deerfield, which then comprised the whole town. The Unitarian Review of February, 1881, gives a very interesting account of the conflict in the ordination of Dr. Willard, which was really the beginning of the "Unitarian movement in Western Massachusetts," as this theological departure was called. We may judge of the character of Dr. Willard when we find the council although refusing to ordain him, yet say-

*Harvard conferred on Dr. Willard the degree of A. M. in 1810; of D. D. in 1826.

ing—"The Council having attentively and patiently examined the pastor elect as to his religious doctrines, found him to be a gentleman of rich talents and acquirements in theological knowledge, and of a most amiable temper and disposition, and of an exemplary frankness and sincerity in communicating his opinions."

This estimate of Dr. Willard, given in the beginning of a polemical agitation that involved many churches in the surrounding towns, and lasted many years, was never changed. The heretical minister was always the courteous, dignified gentleman, the benevolent neighbor, the generous advocate, and in time his most bitter theological opponent became his warm friend. Dr. Ware, senior, in a letter to Miss Susan Barker of Hingham, about the time of her engagement to Dr. Willard, says—"I need say nothing about his talents, his scholarship or any of his qualifications as a preacher. You know very well that in these respects his rank is among the first of his age and profession. In one who is to be your companion for life, learning, taste, good sense, and professional distinction must hold an important rank." In the spring of 1808, May 30th, Dr. Willard's diary contains the following record—"This day I married the lovely Susan Barker." Miss Mary Willard, daughter of Dr. Willard, has written a sketch of the life of the Willard family in the Manse, from which I am permitted to make extracts at my own discretion. The vividness of the personal experiences and the charming style of the narrative will be, I trust, as interesting to others as they have been to me. And this is what she wrote of her mother—"She was one of the loveliest and most unselfish of women, although she was an only child, and had been brought up very tenderly by her parents, and petted by a circle of more distant relatives. She was a great favorite in society, and had rejected the addresses of three gentlemen before she met my father. One of these was a fascinating Portuguese who boarded in the immediate neighborhood for a year and paid her devoted attention. Though her fancy was a good deal captivated, she dared not trust herself to him, and used to say she thought her experience with Mendonça prepared her to appreciate and love my father's sterling qualities unadorned by outward graces."

The acquaintance of Dr. Willard with Miss Barker began

May, 1806, and in May, 1808, the petted daughter and much loved maiden, and society's favorite, became the wife of the minister of Deerfield. They made the journey from Hingham to Deerfield in their own chaise in four days, we read ; but let us pause here a moment and think of the beauty of it. Through town and village and forest, "up hills and down dales," through meadows, and along the banks of streams, with birds singing their epithalamium from every fresh budding tree.

Think of the may-flower, the spring beauty, and the yellow coltsfoot on the mossy banks, their only interviewers and reporters. The shy creatures that cross the still and solitary roads are too wild and happy in their own way to stare or wonder much. Think of the quaint old taverns where they rested; of the ploughmen and wood-choppers, in their picturesque blue homespun frocks and brown linen or tow trousers, of the blooming young school girls and boys, dropping their respectful bows and courtesies to the travellers in the chaise, as they were taught to do in those times by school teachers and parents. Oh, the quiet dignity, the poetry of it ! No morning paper has published the "bride's trousseau" and its cost to a vulgar, curious world, or enumerated and specified the bride's presents and their value. No railroad, telegraph, or telephone betrays their coming or going. A cigar, or a report of politics or sports, or a column of the latest fashions were not necessary to give zest to the bridal journey.

Very likely some robust housewife, spreading linen on the young grass in the broad sunshine, may have stopped with her hands on her hips to gaze wonderingly and with respect at the chaise and its occupants, divining at once that they were "gentle folks."

But the minister and his bride having arrived among his people, who would not wish to have seen them as they appeared on their first Sunday at church? Fortunately we have a description of the bride, given by Mrs. Starr to her daughter, Miss Eliza A. Starr, who is widely known as an artist and lecturer on sacred and legendary art. She was formerly the fellow-citizen and student of many here present, but is now a resident of Chicago. Here is the picture in her own words—"My mother has told me that she was dressed in a fawn-

colored silk spencer and white skirt, and wore a leghorn hat trimmed with white. She was of a lovely, graceful figure, and charming innocence of face and expression. Her whole appearance was characterized by modesty and sweetness." She adds—"The bloom, the freshness, the mortal beauty of that perishing frame passed away with years, but the same spiritual beauty lighted the mild, affectionate blue eyes, and gave to the frail figure a tender gracefulness which many a youthful person might envy."

Certainly our Three Brides in Blue and the dear, gentle one in fawn color and white, make a pretty page in our records of the Manse.

It was May at the time of the bridal. The light of four sunny windows of the south parlor of the Manse, was softened by the tender leafage of the two majestic elms that interlocked their branches in a verdant roof higher than the house. The furniture is arranged, "a pretty kiddermminster carpet covers the floor, there is a sofa covered with chintz, a mahogany table or two, and a set of plain wooden chairs painted white. There are a few ornaments, a mirror, and a new English piano, the only one in town for many years." Frequently of a summer evening a row of delighted listeners, leaning on the palings of the picket fence, found box and balcony and parquette outside the house. If we follow the dainty young wife in her household, arranging and fitting, to the spare chamber, we shall find "a mahogany bedstead with high carved posts, and gilded cornice, from which hung a full, long suit of white dimity curtains, gracefully festooned and trimmed with a deep fringe." There are other handsome pieces of furniture including a toilet table with a heavily embroidered cambric valance. A bedspread and suit of curtains in the grandmother's room was a very Trumbull gallery of pictures. There were medallions of heroes of the Revolution, a full length figure of Washington, with Goddess of Liberty in the very act of crowning him with a chaplet of laurel. Interspersed among these divinities and heroic scenes were munitions of war of tragic import. We are not given the furnishings of other parts of the large house. But a pretty story is told of after years when our bride had become a mother, and was sometimes lonesome in the absences of the husband on his parochial duties. It is said she used

to take her baby in her arms and make a tour of the house, through the large rooms and long hall, up the wide stairs, in chambers, around chimneys, back in narrow passages into the old wing, and, turning again, she would pass through more chambers, and, climbing more stairs steep and narrow, she would wander under the roof of the attic, all the while counting the closets, which she found were nineteen!

We turn from this charming interior for a brief glimpse of the outward environment, and I quote the words of Miss Willard in the description, for the exquisite personality gives much value to it. She says—"The extensive yard on the south was levelled, and a still larger one on the north was terraced, with grass steps, made by my father's own hands, leading down to an artificial fish-pond. In addition to the two noble elms on the south side, already venerable, he planted many shade and fruit trees and flowering shrubs, including a great variety of roses, to which he added some of the handsomest wild flowers. He induced the people to set out shade trees along the street, working with them himself."

We pause, after reading this, and lay our paper down to think a minute. Learning at this time was not divorced from Use. The young minister, fresh from the study of languages, the classics, and from the company of scholars and study of philosophies, and competent to cope with theological councils in a question of spiritual freedom, carried, it seems in founding a home, precisely the same kind of integrity, zeal and self-sacrifice into his work, as in his ministerial profession, as if a home, too, was worth a man's thought, and the work of his hands. A spade and a hoe in making walks and terraces, in planting roses and trees for family enjoyment or for the public were apparently as potent for physical development as the modern gymnasium or a ball field or a tennis court. We read and hear much of Dr. Willard's physical activities and power of endurance. Can it be, then, that there is really some deep, divine meaning in the word Use? Can it be that only through the constant reciprocal service of members of families, of neighbors, of citizens in state and country, the highest ideal of living and being is attained? Judge Holmes, son of Dr. Holmes, in his address before the law school of Harvard University during its re-

cent celebration said—"Culture, in the sense of fruitless knowledge, I, for one, abhor." Is not this the sum of much wise thinking and teaching?

The Willard house soon took on all the attractive airs of a prosperous, cheerful, hospitable home, we read—"The household stocked the barn with hay and several kinds of grain, and the cellar with apples, the garden supplied vegetables, and the cow, milk and butter, and the poultry, eggs." This, Miss Willard says, "eked out the small salary, six hundred dollars, which, however, was a much larger sum than was paid to most country ministers of that day." She mentions another remunerative resource in the tuition of young men from Harvard college, they being mostly from the best families of Boston,—the Jacksons, the Codmans and the Thorndikes. The fathers paid well for the tuition and care of those sons. The sketch of the child-life at the Manse was an unconscious and most beautiful illustration of the philosophy of Froebel, in his theory of kindergarten. The whole description of it by Miss Willard is natural and delightful, and I give it in her own words:—

"In the course of six or seven years after the marriage, three children, Susan, Mary and Samuel, came to make the old halls ring with their mirth; for never were children born into a happier home, the abode of comfort, peace and love. I think my father must have been an exception to the fathers of that day, in never keeping his children at a distance.

He made us his companions, and was ready to enter into our plays. I remember his accepting an invitation to dine with us on a mite of beef cooked in our little tin kitchen, and served on a doll's plate the size of a half dollar. A walk with him in the meadows was often the reward for a good lesson. Our pleasures were of the very simplest kind. Hour after hour we played on the hay in the barn; still more hours were spent in the dear old garret, so large it was quite a journey for our little feet to visit each other from side to side; there we had our doll-houses and toys, our little mahogany bed-stead for our dolls with bedding made partly by ourselves. A Chinese puzzle, a dissected map, a mug of variegated beans, or a Noah's ark were unfailing sources of entertainment. On gala days we would dress a room with evergreen, cut out and paint birch-bark birds, and affix them

to the branches. One evening we had a representation of a king and queen royally decorated with painted and gilt-paper crowns, and sitting in state on a throne made of two chairs covered with a table-cloth. Susan was a shepherdess with a very intractable cat as a dog. We invited our father, who did not decline our invitation, although he told us afterward it came just as he was composing a 'Hymn on the General Judgment!'

One of the most intimate of our playmates was John Williams, now bishop of Connecticut, one of the most eminent and devoted of clergymen, and the most agreeable and genial of men."

The studies of the children were conducted by Dr. Willard personally, excepting French and music, which their mother taught. Mary, it appears, was studying grammar when she was five years old. She also began Latin when very young; and, when eleven years old, her father gave her Enfield's Natural Theology, which, she says, gave her "great delight." That is not quite as startling as John Stuart Mill's calm statement that he began to study Greek when he was four years old! Miss Willard says—"The last winter of my sister's and my own regular studies with my father, before I was fifteen years old, was one of the pleasantest of my life. We continued our Latin and began Italian and Spanish, my father joining us. We read to him Stewart's and Brown's Intellectual Philosophies with great interest. In the family we read several of Scott's fascinating novels, also Miss Porter's, and the first of Cooper's. It was an interesting fact to us that, after my father was eighty years old, he took up with my sister and myself his favorite essay of 'Cicero De Senectute' in the very room where we had studied with him in childhood."

We read in Miss Willard's notes that Dr. Willard advocated anti-slavery principles long before a general protest was heard. On the date of the emancipation of the slaves of the West Indies, by the British government, the Willard family celebrated the event by sitting up until midnight, and at that hour singing a hymn composed for the occasion by Miss Mary Willard. The son, Samuel, although strongly anti-slavery, did not sympathize with the occasion, and to emphasize his dissent went to bed at sun-down. The wit and

humor of the family took many delightful forms of joke and repartee in the refined and studious life of the Manse. Samuel was fitted for college at home and in the academy, and he was graduated from Harvard college in 1835. His eyesight failing him, he was obliged to resign ambitions; but he lived a scholarly, gentlemanly life. He was very brilliant in conversation, and his letters, some of which I have read, were models of a graceful, witty style, with touches of sentiment and philosophy very rare and beautiful.

Dr. Willard was a pioneer in temperance, and gave up the custom of using wines and liquors of all kinds in his own house or at entertainments, when it was universally considered an indispensable sign of hospitality, and protested against it in his own fearless, wise way.

Miss Willard with extreme delicacy, forbearing even to give a date, thus speaks of her father's blindness:—"One of my earliest recollections is of my father's loss of sight so far that he could neither read nor write, nor see the faces of his friends, though he could discern large objects for years afterwards. Great as the privation must have been, with his deep love of study and nature, he did not allow it to cast a shadow over his own cheerful spirit or the home, or to lessen his activity or range of helpfulness. Dr. Willard's parish extended over a distance of six or seven miles up and down the Deerfield Valley. On the east some parishioners lived beyond the mountain. On the west, beyond the Deerfield river which had to be forded in the summer, and crossed on the ice in winter, other parishioners lived among the hills. One intensely cold day in winter, Dr. Willard was obliged to attend a funeral over this eastern mountain. The grandmother lent him her large bear-skin tippet, which protected his shoulders and muffled his face and ears. Thus equipped, he went on his long walk, and found his way to the house of mourning—alone and blind. On another occasion he crossed the river on the ice to visit his parishioners beyond. He could distinguish the snow-path going over, but on his return night overtook him, and with his dim sight he could not discern the path. He went on the river but soon knew by the sound of running water that there was an opening in the ice. Not daring to move he stood some time hoping for some human help, but the cold and the approach of night

compelled him to go on. By the aid of his cane he found the path and reached home in safety."

One of the first efforts of Dr. Willard in his parish was in a reform of the church music which had been degraded to the light compositions of the day. He restored the old state-ly tunes, training the choir, leading in church, holding singing schools, sometimes Sunday evening after the two services of the day. He afterward published a collection of sacred music called, "The Deerfield Collection of Sacred Music," and a small volume of hymns of his own composition. He also published several school-books. A series of four reading books were of such general and long continued use, they passed through thirty editions, perhaps even more than that. Dr. Willard was the sole superintendent of schools, and besides visiting them throughout the town, he had to examine the candidates for teaching, some of whom, Miss Willard says, were grievously disqualified for their office.

Our minister, as we see him writing sermons, composing hymns, publishing school books, teaching his children and college students, working in his garden and orchard, visiting his parishioners seems a reasonably busy man; but the extraordinary hospitality of the Manse must have sometimes added to his soberer cares, exhausting social responsibilities.

A great part of the travel, says Miss Willard, was by private conveyance, and every respectable traveller, in his transit through the town, felt at liberty to call on the minister, expecting an invitation to dine or to pass the night as the hour might suggest,—a wife and child or children adding to the pleasure or depression of the hosts. "The latch of the great gate," Miss Willard writes, "would fall, and, looking out, one might see, perhaps, two chaises driving in filled with unexpected guests; or it might be a carriage and pair belonging to my father's and mother's best friends, Judge and Mrs. Lyman of Northampton, bringing as many persons as the seats could hold." She adds—"I recollect one such arrival, in particular, when Mrs. Lyman appeared as we were seated at the dinner table, bringing four young friends with her, and how my mother rose and welcomed them although some of them were total strangers. She used to say she never felt easy in sitting down to dinner or tea-table without having made sufficient provision for the arrival of unexpected

guests." This Mrs. Lyman was the remarkable woman whose life has just been written by her daughter, Mrs. Susan I. Lesley of Philadelphia, who under the title "*Recollections of My Mother*," has not only given a graphic and delightful history of a thoroughly original and rare character, but has made a valuable contribution to literature in the history of a New England village in a past picturesque period, very precious in its influences and traditions. Judge Lyman and his wife attracted illustrious men and women from all parts of the state and the Willards are mentioned in the social interchanges of the family by Mrs. Lesley.

These constant interruptions from company, and Dr. Willard's professional duties, Miss Willard says—"caused their lessons to their father to be desultory," but she adds, "We had compensation in hearing the conversation and observing the manners of some of the most cultivated men and women of their time," and, indeed that was ample compensation.

We all remember what Madame De Staël is reported by Saint Beuve to have said to Monsieur Nohl—"If it were not for respect for human opinions, I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time; but I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a person of genius whom I had not seen." Can we rate too highly the rank conversation should take in education and social intercourse? It is such a common coin in street and shop and field, and in base living and uses, we forget the royal image on the worn and tarnished surface, and cease to "render unto the divine the things that are divine." But the stamp is there, the superscription and seal. Conversation is a fine art, as we all learn when we read or hear the perfectly fit words clothing facts and truths in divine glory of meaning, illustration and consequence. And to think every poorest day and poorest home can have, in large or small degree, this abiding grace and power of speech. Conversation, of all the arts, is the most precious and the most debased. Miss Willard speaks of the intelligence, originality and wit of the people of Deerfield. And yet if they and we had met in the parlors of the Manse Dr. Channing, who was often a guest there, I am sure we should have learned some new dignity and purpose in the use of speech that served that good man in his leadership in pulpit and press. Dr. Henry Ware, Senior, and the son of the same

name, both Professors of Divinity in Harvard College, were also visitors at the Willard House at different times. Rev. John Pierpont, poet, philanthropist, as well as teacher and minister, was a friend there. Dr. Francis Parkman, whom Miss Willard calls "my father's dear friend," was one of the company of visitors. Charles Sumner glorified hall and parlor and table by his stately presence and weighty conversation. Horace Greeley passed a night there and slept in the cold northwest chamber in mid-winter, taking his usual bath in cold water in the morning without a fire. His speech would have been a lesson and a study for the bravest and strongest intellect. But, oh that we knew the golden year, the month, the week, the day that clasp the great experience given in these words—"Ralph Waldo Emerson once spent a week with us, before we knew how famous he was to become."

Those of us who have read Emerson's Essays carefully for forty years or so, can understand perfectly the attraction that made that week's visit. And I think many of us could, out of Emerson's prose works and poetry, gather the qualities and characteristics together in words, that made Dr. Willard's life so exceptionally noble and inspiring. Emerson must have found this illustrator of many of his own inward thoughts, not yet given to the world in books, very well worth study, and how could it be otherwise than that. Emerson spoke many words here in the Manse of infinite worth. He, the master and interpreter of this world of facts; he, who could make them bud and blossom into truths as deep as man's holiest reason and desire, as high as his highest hope and aspiration; the one mind in this age whose limitations have not been in any fatal degree, discerned or indicated.

But we must come from our company of poets, prophets, priests and seers to the solid highway of facts and dates again. On September the 23d, 1829, Dr. Willard resigned his pastorate in Deerfield and moved with his family to Hingham. Here he opened a school with Luther B. Lincoln, afterward his son-in-law, who is always described as a gentleman and a scholar,—this definition including the word saint, although invariably great stress is laid on the word "gentleman." Many anecdotes are told of his extreme kindness of heart. It is said he would turn out of his path to avoid tread-

ing on a worm. He was principal of the Old Academy of Deerfield for many years, and was also a member of the State Legislature. He was a graduate of Harvard College of the Class 1822. The Willard family returned to Deerfield in 1835 or '36. Miss Willard writes—"Among the most gentlemanly of my father's parishioners was Col. Hoyt, who for twenty years represented Deerfield in the State Legislature. He always came in and spent an evening on his return from Boston. The news from the great world was very acceptable and entertaining to my father who did not visit Boston more than once a year and that generally at the May Anniversaries. Col. Hoyt occupied the Old Indian House or Fort. It was kept with exquisite neatness by Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Julia. We were very fond of going to see them, and of looking at the old door with the opening cut through by the tomahawks, notwithstanding the door was thickly studded with nails; and we also enjoyed the parlor with its antique furniture, and the bullet-holes in the walls, one of them still containing the bullet.

"The stage-coach would often, in passing through the town, set down its load of passengers at the door, and many were the ridiculous remarks made, or questions asked. I remember hearing a woman say as she came out of the house that 'It was a great natural curiosity.' Another asked a young man born more than a hundred years after the Indian attack on the house, if he was in the parlor when the bullet was fired. He answered, 'No. I slept up stairs that night.'

"The old Fort stood and was occupied long after it had ceased to be really habitable." It surprises us to read at this day that an attempt was made to raise money to purchase the Old Indian House but failed. "Very sad," writes Miss Willard, "was the day when the walls still strong and filled with brick, yielded to hammer, axe and crowbar and fell with a great crash."

A lady has told me that she used to be a constant visitor at the Old Indian House when she was a child, and that she often sat in the deep chimney corner on a little stool always standing there, and scoured to a speckless white. She would be told to count the stars, and looking up the sooty blackness of the sides of the chimney, to the far-off opening at the top, she would announce now so many, again how many

more. The firelight shining on her young, rosy face, upturned and framed in fair curls, with the accessories of the fireplace, the crane, the pot-hooks, the tall iron andirons and big shovel, (slice) and tongs, with the dim figures in the shadows of the room, ought to make a picture by some of the artists of Deerfield, to be hung in this Memorial Hall. And the child, now a woman with white, where there used to be brown, curls, still has a fashion of looking up and counting the stars, instead of looking at the smoke and ashes below.

I will briefly mention only three other families that have given interest to the Manse. Col. Wilson's family and the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson lived in the house while the Willards were in Hingham. Col. Wilson was a man of affairs and engaged often in large enterprises, and had many remarkable experiences. He was, just before the war of 1812, in Canada with two companions on some mercantile business. He and his friends while witnessing the review of some British troops, were arrested and thrown into prison as spies, where they were detained for three months. His written defense in the Court of enquiry, before which he was summoned, is a remarkable document, still preserved in his own hand, writing. It is very concise, direct and dignified in matter and diction, and procured his release. He was acquitted and returned to Deerfield, where he was met by a military escort and welcomed home with many honors. While the Wilsons lived in the Manse, Col. Wilson was engaged as civil engineer for a Boston company, and laid out the city of East Boston at that time. The family of four daughters with their two cousins of the Dickinson part of the house, have left stories of dance and song and jest, of reading and embroidery and other elegant needlework, and most generous hospitality associated with every room and hall of the house. The great beams have echoes in their silent forms that we cannot evoke again; the old chimneys have borne away in their towering heights, stories of love and romance enacted in the light of their fires which we cannot recover. We only know that the six girls had youth, beauty, wit and buoyant dispositions that made life bright wherever they moved. There was reading and study among them as well as gaiety. One might often be found under the attic roof reading Scott, Moore, Byron and other poets, and sometimes writing verses,

or drawing and painting. Love at first sight is a part of the story associated with the Wilson girls at the Manse.

Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, who lived in the south part of the house, was an Episcopalian clergyman, a graduate of Yale college. At one time he preached in Greenville, South Carolina, at that time the home of John C. Calhoun, who was a member of Mr. Dickinson's church and a personal friend. Rev. Mr. Dickinson was a lawyer at one time and Clerk of Courts, and published some books on legal forms. He also wrote a Compendium of the Bible which passed through five or six editions, and published a translation of the New Testament, and wrote one work of fiction. He was a man of great refinement and dignity, and had poetic and picturesque tendencies and habits, which furnished many stories and anecdotes.

Jonathan A. Saxton lived in the south part of the Manse in later years. He was a scholar, a graduate from Harvard, a thinker, and, we may say, a seer. In an article written by him in 1833, and published in O. A. Bronson's *Quarterly Review*, his deep insight into the principles of our form of government, and in the abstract idea of liberty, foresees and explains many problems that we are now trying to solve. He understood the "Slavery Question" and its progress, and the solution verified his prophecies and justified his opinions. He saw the natural evolution of the Woman Suffrage question, and was fully abreast of all the wonderful attainments we have made in that direction. He was one of the contributors to the *Dial*, with that brilliant group of writers, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Dr. Hedge, Thoreau, Alcott, Ripley and others of the Transcendental school who seemed to get the souls of men and women out of pits and dens and caves of doubt and hopelessness, into the sun and air. They saw largely and thought hopefully as only the wise can see. And it is pleasant to think of Jonathan Saxton at the Manse sitting among his books, piled high in the window-seat, writing essays we now read with profit. He was the father of Brigadier General Saxton, Military Governor of Beaufort in 1864. At the celebration of the Negroes of their first Anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation General Saxton assisted. It was a great occasion, and the description of it, written by Jonathan A. Saxton, and published in a pamphlet

form, is most thrilling reading to any one who loves liberty, courage, and the welfare of the whole human race.

We will have no farewell in this story of the Manse-builders and Manse-dwellers ; no ending of the life of the Willard house ; no separations, no cessation of activities, no pause in our sympathies with the people whom we must love and honor forever. For so far as their lives were worth living, or worth recording, they will forever be a part of other lives that will be lived here in Deerfield; for, as Emerson says,—

“ Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,

* * * * *

For what is excellent,

As God lives is permanent.”

ANECDOTES BY L. W. EELS.

The programme for this evening requires the continuation of stories of the olden time, and in accordance with this requisition, I relate a few anecdotes heard in my childhood, the dates of which I cannot recall. But before approaching the subject, let us linger in imagination awhile in the radiance of the old-fashioned fireplace, the scene where such stories were often repeated, where the resounding laugh echoed from the glowing chasm, and the scene of many an interesting drama in the social life of that olden time. I can hardly conceive of an influence more powerful in the formation of personal, or even national character, at least in New England than the associations that cluster around the homes of those early days with their genial open fires. The open fire is also replete with the memories of a later period, as my sketch is from personal recollection. Although the kitchen fire did not supersede that of the dining and sitting room, or the more esthetic parlor, which, however, was reserved for rare and distinguished occasions, it was on many accounts more attractive, with its capacious jambs containing the giant backlog and the scarcely less superincumbent one, and the large forestick with its intervening accompaniments, and the substratum of kindling wood, constituting a pile around which was a group of Fire Worshipers as devout as ever knelt before a Persian “Shrine of flame.” There, of an evening, the mother sat, with her knitting, sewing, or perchance

the spinning wheel by the candlestand with its single tallow candle of home manufacture; the father at his writing desk arranging his daily accounts, or reading the weekly newspaper, or perhaps chatting with a neighbor, upon current topics; the children released from school and their struggles with Colburn, Murray and Webster's spelling book, were indulging in games, or proposing to each other, puzzles for solution, which were perfectly familiar to all from frequent repetition; one perhaps withdrawn from the group was absorbed in the pages of the *Scottish Chiefs*, or some other popular romance. But the occasion of the greatest interest was the monthly drawing of books from the Social Library, when the father returned laden with his literary treasures. How eagerly we hailed the advent of the latest Waverly Novel, the author then "*The Great Unknown*"—and those of Cooper, and Sedgwick, and the poems of Byron, Moore, Scott and Mrs. Hemans. The only periodical that I remember was the *European Magazine*, now preserved in Memorial Hall. The picture of the fireplace, with which I introduced these remarks is not complete without the closing scene. When the burning brands are covered for the night under the mounds of ashes, to be exhumed the following morning by the earliest riser, greeted by the glowing coals and a pyrotechnic display from impersonal sparks. This was before the evolution of matches, and in case of a failure of this supply a resort to a flint and tinder box, or to the nearest neighbor rekindled the flame.

At an earlier period than I describe, the fireplaces were even more capacious. Sitting or standing within the cavernous recess of one in the Old Indian House, I could count the stars through the broad expanse of the chimney.

A current story of Deerfield Street.—A company of young men formed an association that would now be termed a club, undoubtedly, for moral and intellectual improvement, and it was thought not inconsistent with the object of this organization to meet occasionally at their respective homes and partake of a supper furnished by a member. Wild turkeys abounded in the neighborhood, and it was agreed for the encouragement of manly sports and innocent recreation that special efforts should be made to provide one for each entertainment. To make this desideration more sure, it was finally

agreed that a turkey pen be built in the ravine up Bijah's Brook, which should be visited every morning at daylight, by members of the club in turn, and the one who found a captive should serve it up for the entertainment of the company the night following :

It fell out that Dr. Barnard, in his turn, was the fortunate discoverer of a fine specimen of this noble game ; the doctor wore on that morning a red bandanna neckerchief with the flaming ends flowing freely. As he approached the trap he heard with glee, but with some surprise, the gobble gobble of a prisoner, and soon saw the head of a cock turkey protruding between the poles of the pen,—gobble gobble says the turkey as the visitor drew near—gobble gobble gobble—gobble gobble gobble—I'll gobble you, says the exultant doctor drawing out his knife, and after a brief struggle the fat prize was headless—all this to the great delight of some watchers concealed in a thicket near by who had been trembling for fear the familiar voice of the old gobbler would be recognized. This was the first catch for a long time and the doctor marched off in triumph with his prize. Notice was given and in due time the turkey was smoking on the board. The club was out in force and, after grace had been said, it was a jolly, appreciative circle which partook of the feast. The excellent quality and condition of the game was discussed, many comments made on the superior flavor of the wild over the domestic fowl, which all agreed was eminently illustrated by the specimen in hand. Under the mellowing effects of the liquid compounds which always graced such occasions, the fun grew more hilarious, the hints grew broader, meaning glances were seen about the board and the doctor grew reflective. When at the close of the banquet and thanks were being returned by one of the party, he noticed that after the usual formula, a petition was being added for the forgiveness of trespasses, and light came to the doctor. Springing upon his feet he exclaimed : "*Damn your trespasses! I thought the old gobbler acted as though he knew me!*"

Cracking nuts and jokes.—Surprise parties have not been unknown in the olden times, and the following may have been one of the episodes of the movable club we have just referred to.

A citizen was the fortunate possessor of an abundant sup-

ply of butternuts and a corresponding amount of what seemed its counterpart, a beverage termed cider. Our young knights resolved one evening to call upon their esteemed friend, the owner of these luxuries; but in order not to overwhelm him with a too sudden and powerful demonstration of their regard, and to avoid the suspicion of a preconceived plan, they dropped in one at a time at intervals. At length the last one entered bearing upon his shoulders a sack, which being emptied on the floor revealed as many hammers as assembled guests. Whatever hint this action may have conveyed, it was doubtless comprehended by the generous host, and in accordance with natural laws the supply was equal to the demand.

A woman of the past.—A gentleman had paid attentions so long and exclusively to a lady as to leave no doubts in her mind, and in that of the public, with regard to his future intentions, but the declaration of his sentiments was so unreasonably delayed as to have become a source of great annoyance and embarrassment to the lady, and she determined that there should be an understanding in the case. The gentleman rode one day to her door without alighting, and after a short conversation, she asked his advice with regard to some yarn she had prepared for the loom, saying, if the cloth would be needed for housekeeping purposes such as its furnishings would require she should weave in checks, otherwise she would stripe it in. The cavalier immediately put spurs to his horse replying as he sped away, "*Stripe it in. Stripe it in!*"

Literature.—At a social gathering around an evening fire, a literary member of the assembly proposed that each one compose an impromptu verse; things went on swimmingly with due applause until one victim of this requisition, looking about the room enquiringly for some object of inspiration, observes a culinary implement hanging on the wall, and exclaims with poetic fervor,—

"There is a skimmer
And it looks very bright."

This was considered a failure by contemporary critics, but time has reversed this decision, for it is the only surviving

gem of that evening. It has stood the test that defines literature to be "that which endures."

The Wild Wit.—The following incident exhibits the wit as well as the wildness of one young man :—Riding through the village street, with the branch of a tree attached to the tail of his horse, he was accosted by an acquaintance with the remark, "I thought you had got through sowing your wild oats." "So I have," was the reply, "and now I am brushing them in."

The editor is reminded of another story which may or may not apply to the above equestrian agriculturist.

A young man of Deerfield once made a visit to a lady born and brought up in Old Deerfield street, who had married and settled in a distant town. When taking leave to go home, the lady called after him, "Give my love to everybody in the old street."—"I'll do it," came back.

Faithful to his trust, the morning after reaching home, the wag mounted his horse and riding up in front of each house in the village in turn, aroused the occupants with a startling halloa! halloa!! On their rushing out into the front doorway, and down to his stirrup, to learn the cause of the alarm, the rider raised his hat politely and quietly remarked,—“Good morning, Aunt Jerusha sends her love to you,” and dashed away to the next victims.

FIELD MEETING.—1887.

REPORT.

Nature bestowed her most eloquent benediction on the field-day assembly of that well-known institution, the P. V. M. Association, held September 8th in Colrain, at the hospitable farm-house of George Washington Miller, on the site of the old town tavern, which used to deal out about 50 hogsheads of liquor to the passers-by every year. From an early hour until afternoon the antiquaries, historians and residents of Franklin's hillsides and valleys congregated to do honor to the day and the occasion. The wood-crowned hill-tops, the verdure-clad meadows, the rugged rocks, towering in majestic grandeur over the historic valleys, all formed a setting in every way suited to the historic incidents of which this day was commemorative. Here, reposing at the foot of a precipitous hill, rest the mortal remains of those sturdy ancestors whose labors, toil and privations settled these fertile valleys and planted the germ of their present civilization. While the occasion was one commemorative of their valor, of their labors and their trials, fittingly expressed in eulogy and song, the visitor to the ancient cemetery could but comment on the evidence of decay and the carelessness apparent on every hand, that had allowed the "silent city of the dead" to overrun with weeds and brambles and become choked with the accumulated debris of years. Over the silent mounds the cattle and sheep stray and desecration marks the spot. There for over a hundred years have slept those ancient worthies, and the moss-clad tombstones, scattered hither and thither, some occupying their original setting and others fallen by the remorseless touch of time—are a sad satire on the spirit of an occasion which while commemorating the virtues and valors of the past, allows the monuments of their perpetuity to lie shattered and vandalized through all these years. From time to time this gross neglect has been the theme of discussion in the town meetings, but the cry for decency and respect has been in vain, and with a view of reviving the interest and if possible renovating the spot, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has sent its savants up from Deerfield to-day. Historically the spot has interest in the fact that near this cemetery was built the first house of worship in the town, and a

part of the original structure was used in the erection of Mr. Miller's house.

The exercises of the day were held from the commodious porch of the Miller house, and presided over by the leader of such gatherings hereabout, George Sheldon of Deerfield. Lorenzo Griswold handsomely performed the pleasant task of welcoming the people. Rev. D. K. Nesbit of Greenfield offered prayer, after which Austin DeWolf of Greenfield defined the object of the Association, and referred pleasantly to the invitation extended by the people of Colrain to meet with them in this reunion. Then Mr. Sheldon gave a grist of Colrain history, concerning the early settlers, speaking particularly of their fortitude and patient endurance in adverse circumstance, and their warm devotion toward those principles of human liberty that underlie all our institutions. The principal address of the day was that of Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield.

After a concert by the Griswoldville band, a generous repast and a tramp over the historic spots, the afternoon was given up to more speaking of an informal nature.

Rev. Dr. Hazen of Deerfield, vice-president of the Association, was assigned to the post of presiding officer for the remainder of the exercises, with commission to call upon such as he chose for remarks. He gallantly gave preference as first speaker to Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham of Colrain, who, with rare fluency and much poetic embellishment, dwelt upon the thought that there is in nature no loss, and she strikingly illustrated how the valor and heroism, virtue and vigor of the fathers who toiled so hard and nobly on these hills did not die with them, but are constantly being reproduced in the sons, just as the light and warmth of our firesides come from the coal which is but the imprisoned sunshine of former ages. Samuel T. Field, Esq., of Shelburne Falls was another speaker and he paid a warm tribute to the pioneers who cleared these hills and planted the institutions of church and school. Rev. David K. Nesbit pointed out in his keen yet humorous way the pity of allowing such desecration of the graves of the ancestors as the eye beholds in the cemetery near by.

Charles H. McClellan of Troy, N. Y., a native of Colrain and the author of a small book upon the early history of the town, told something about the settlers and avowed his warm attachment to his native hills, towards which his thoughts often fondly turn. He exhibited a map he had caused to be prepared, showing the location and lots of the first settlers.

Among the others who responded to their names were Francis J. Hosmer of Greenfield and Rev. P. Voorhees Finch, who, from his

large fund of clerical stories told some capital ones. The speaking was closed by remarks from Arthur A. Smith of Colrain, whose duty it was to "speed the parting guest."

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY LORENZO GRISWOLD.

Mr. President, Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and Ladies and Gentlemen :—

As I arise to perform the honorable and pleasant task assigned me, my heart is thankful that the mistake of not being born in Coleraine, or Colrain as we may be told, has been forgiven me, and I am considered worthy to appear with those who were and to share with them the pleasures and honors of the day. I presume that the committee of arrangements took into account the palliative circumstance that, at a very tender age I sought to counteract my unfortunate beginning by moving here. And here I am, so much like the real natives in color, taste, disposition, sentiment, religion and hospitality that they raise me up to their level by saying, "Here, you know how we feel about these people coming here, you can speak our language, tell them whether or not they are welcome." And that is my commission to speak as I now do.

In the name of the people of Colrain, I bid you welcome ! Welome all ! Whether you come as a society or individuals, white or black, we bid you one and all a cordial, hearty welcome !

There, ladies and gentleman, that statement has gone forth as a fact and is as irrevocable as a law of the Medes and Persians. We cannot take it back even though you come on an errand of war instead of peace. In the outing you are taking to-day upon this grand old mountain and beneath these noble trees, we hope you will enjoy yourselves and find strength and inspiration. Surely you cannot look eastward from this summit to where mountain rises beyond mountain, or gaze into the deep and charming valley almost at your feet and not feel that Colrain is at least, the peer of any neighboring town in the grandeur and beauty of her

scenery. This is but one of many striking and delightful views.

But perhaps you would stop me and say that you are not bent on recreation or pleasure at all; that your object in coming here, albeit at our invitation, is to sow the seed to regenerate Colrain. What! Colrain need regenerating? In heaven's name what is going amiss here? Can it be there are so many long named societies that we are apt to get one confounded with another? That there are members here of that organization which has for a part of its work, "village improvement," and possibly farm and town improvements? We have heard of that society and that it recommends farmers to take down their stone walls. Is that bomb-shell to be fired at Colrain to-day?

There is another suggestion that that society makes, and that is that we wall in the dust of our early ancestors, and erect monuments over them. We certainly should do this last.

But perhaps I have guessed wide of the mark again, and you have come, meaning to relate to us some interesting facts of history not yet come to our knowledge, and to tell us about our forefathers. If so, you will find us ready to listen; we shall do that to whatever you tell us. But you will touch a tender and reponsive chord when you speak of those stong, sagacious, patriotic and brave men who resembled in their rugged and deep natures, the mountains and valleys about them; you cannot talk too long of them. But, humiliating admission and hardly agreeing with the praise justly bestowed upon these famous men, if as a historical and memorial society you shall want to look up some date or data, and ask to see the monuments of these men, we shall have to confess that they have been mislaid and cannot be found. Our mortification is so great on this point that we shall stand a good deal of criticism, and not talk back much.

Well and finally, ladies and gentlemen: Welcome all! Make yourselves happy! And when you gather around the bountiful board that you have yourselves supplied, in the language of the store or restaurant card, "Ask for any thing you want but don't see," and if it be either tea or coffee, your wants shall be supplied.

PRESIDENT SHELDON'S RESPONSE.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Colrain:—

In behalf of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association I thank you for the cordial reception of this day. Although you do not offer us the "freedom of the city in a box of gold," you give us the freedom of this ancient center overlooking the "city," in a more fitting enclosure; this broad amphitheatre with its hundred hills which swell up like so many bosses on the shield of freedom, these hills which breed brainy heads and brawny forms to dominate the valley below.

We visit you to-day to shake hands, have a free talk, get better acquainted, and perchance to learn the secret of your content, your prosperity and your power.

More than a century and a half ago, when these fertile lands were but a wild waste, another party of men and women came up to make *their* acquaintance. They were a people with the blended characteristics of two races; giants in stature, strong in muscle and in will; frugal in habit, active in industry, ready and able to fight the grim forest, the fierce panther, the prowling bear, the lurking Indian, the fever of summer and the cold of winter, and even to fight one another if necessary, to establish homes for their wives and little ones.

No merchant had been provided, and probably each family went to Deerfield for every article of use not the product of their own skill and industry. There was little or no money in circulation, so that everything was charged to the account of the buyer. On old account books of the period, now in Memorial Hall, may doubtless be found the name of every householder in Colrain. From these charges I take my text and draw my conclusions, following where their suggestions lead. On the pages of these simple account books the analytic student can find abundant testimony of the character, habits and occupation of those sturdy men who cleared the farms you occupy.

We also get a good idea as to what sort of stuff the women were made of, as well as what sort of stuffs they wove, and what it brought them a yard at Maj. Williams's store. Take a single item: In 1767 the wife of Archibald Lawson wove for him 33 1-2 yards of tow cloth, at five pence two

farthings per yard. We see how faithful Betty Morris was paid for six weeks' work, ending in July, 1757—2 s. 9 d. 2 f. per week, and how for good service her wages were increased, so that for the six weeks ending October 1st she was paid 2 s. 11 d, an advance of one penny two farthings a week.

In 1755 we find Thomas Morris charged "To a sheep you had at your ordination," which he paid for two years later in "work at the South fort." And Andrew Lucas is given credit "for work at your fort," which settles a doubt raised by your historian.

Here also appears the long conceded fact that men of Colrain did often fall into that unprincipled condition described by your able historian as being so near akin to sin as to be a real disgrace—they *did* often "*get out of pork.*" But I will do them full justice. I hasten to add that the accounts from which I quote were kept in *war time*—that while they were buying pork, they were also buying those other sinews of war, powder, lead, flints and "Rhum." Page after page is filled with evidence that your ancestors had laid down the swine hook to take up the musket, and the balance sheet shows that these stores were paid for by service under arms.

These seemingly commonplace entries have for us of to-day a far deeper significance than at first appears. To the thoughtful reader they stand for the ward by day and the watch by night of the sturdy pioneer, in the time when carelessness was a crime and negligence was death. We see the soldier settlers on duty ; with watchful eye and cautious tread, with every sense alert, they scan each hill, thread each thick-et and explore each gloomy glen ; struggling on snow shoes through the entangling forest, buffeted by the cutting sleet or the freezing rain, tramping through drenching showers or fervid heat of summer, month after month, year after year. Tilling their fields or tending their flocks, always and everywhere burdened with harassing fear and under the shadow of death. We see them in their extremity appealing to the General Court :—

"We are willing, both minister and people, to make good & keep our ground, & Endeavour to stand in defence of our Lives, Liberties & Properties, & our King & Country, & as far as enabled, to play the man for the Cities of our God, the chhs. of our L. J. Christ, in this land ; so that the wild Boar

of y^e Forest may not break in upon and waste our Heritage at Pleasure ; if we can be supported, which must be done by a Miracle, if y^e Excellency & Honors, under God, do not succor or help us."

Turning to other pages of this crumbling record we are glad to note bright bits of color against this dark background. We find charged sundry yards of scarlet broad-cloth, of flowered serge, of swanskin, of green serge, of scarlet and blue shalloon, of laces and taffeta, "skaines" of white silk and mohair, strings of beads and white necklaces and silk rumalls ; divers pounds of tea, chocolate, sugar and tobacco, with pipes and snuff-boxes and other things suggestive of comfort or solace, and packages of brimstone—which suggest, perhaps, some national characteristic.

During the French and Indian wars Deerfield was headquarters for operations on the northwest frontier and it was there, doubtless, that the post commanders were required to carry their periodical reports. Our mute witness testifies to the times of these meetings at the store of Maj. Elijah Williams. One was Dec. 14, 1756, when ten Colrain men were present, and a larger one, Jan. 13, 1757. Capt. Hugh Morrison arrived just at nightfall with a broken gun, which he took across the road to the shop of gunsmith Bull, to be mended. After seeing his horse well cared for and eating a generous supper, he joined the others who were gathered about the blazing hickory logs in Maj. Williams's fireplace. It was a notable company, having as representatives of the service, Col. Williams, Maj. Williams, Lieut. John Hawks, Lieut. John Burke—soon to be Captain of Rangers—Capt. Wyman—by his agent, Gad Corse, from Fort Massachusetts—Lieut. Ebenezer Sheldon of Fall Town, Lieut Ebenezer Bardwell from Hatfield, Sergt. Othniel Taylor from Charlemont, Sergt. Benjamin Hastings of Greenfield, Ens. James Stuart from South Fort, Andrew Lucas from Fort Lucas and Rev. Alexander McDowell from his fort. Other Colrain men were Thomas McGee, John and Eliot Harroon, Samuel Stuart, Mathew Bolton, John Workman, Henry Strongman, John Cochran, Alexander Thompson, Alexander Clark and Joseph McCowan—the same captured two years later. Our witness does not testify to the number of Deerfield men, but it is safe to assume that of those absent from their commands

most of the following named had dropped in to make their reports or learn the news: Capt. Catlin, Lieuts. Field, Barnard, Clesson, Childs and Hoyt, Ens. Barnard, Serpts. Wells, Sheldon, Hoyt and Smead. The roaring fire was in cheery contrast with the biting cold without, the flip circulated freely, but none of the merry tales or rough jokes of the frontier were heard.

It was a sad gathering. The red firelight upon the bronzed faces revealed thoughtful and anxious lines. Upon these men largely depended the issues of the war—in this region. The official reports were soon disposed of, and we may suppose the long evening was spent in telling and listening to stories of fear and danger, hairbreadth escapes, captivity or death. Many could speak feelingly from personal experience.

We see Capt. Morrison eagerly questioning each new comer, if perchance he might get, through some captured enemy or Englishman returned from Canadian prison, some tidings of his long lost son David. Hope was still strong that he should again behold, in the land of the living, the face of his first born son. But it was, as you all know, a vain hope.

Capt. Morrison was aging fast. These ten years of hope deferred had left their mark, and now we see a new grief coming upon him. The old account book shows charged to him, May 31, 1757, a bill of £6, 1s. 6d. Some of the items are: "Two gallons rum, six pairs of black silk gloves, four pairs of men's black gloves, 10 yards cypress, 4 gauze handkerchiefs, 1½ yards black lutistring." Six score years and ten have passed since Capt. Morrison went down to Deerfield to make these customary preparations for the funeral about to take place in his afflicted family. How easy to recall the last pious offices for the dead. We see the tearful gathering, we hear the voice of the man of God in tender supplication that the eye of faith might be opened to see that He doeth all things well. We see the bier—its precious burden covered with a dark flowing pall—borne by four stalwart men, while four walk in front as occasional relief. Following are the mourners, clad in deepest black, the minister and his body guard, the sorrowing friends and neighbors. We see this funereal train winding its way down the narrow path by the river, through the dark wood, across occasional clear-

ings, until it climbs the last hill and halts beside an open grave.

With a wider view and a keener eye we may discover more, for the whole region is alive with scouts. Lieut. John Hawks, to whom the defence of Colrain had been entrusted, has news from his Colonel of an expected raid from Canada and is awake to the responsibilities of the occasion. Since the dawn those of his men best versed in woodcraft have been on the alert, traversing every thicket and exploring every wooded morass—the natural lurking place of the foe. Corporal John Taylor and Archibald Lawson are charged with the safety of McDowell, while the main guard flank the procession on the right and the left.

Perhaps it is by virtue of this vigilance that we have seen the funeral train arrive at that spot on yonder hill, which the settlers, with a sentiment in common with all peoples in every age have set apart as sacred grounds to be consecrated forever by the ashes of their household dead. The last rite is performed—earth to earth, dust to dust. This last act of consecration is finished and the amen said, and Capt. Morrison goes back to his broken circle.

The years roll on. We see his family again united, for, one by one, all save David are brought to this final place of rest. Here, also, sleeps the minister, and here the people. Here the compeers of Capt. Morrison are gathered in a final meeting and all that is mortal left to the care of the living. Let each judge for himself how well the trust has been fulfilled.

Your ancestors, as I have tried to impress upon you, were men of mettle, who played well their part in life. Before their vigorous strokes the primeval forest vanished, the ardent sun came in and wooed the virgin soil, which brought forth abundantly of grass and grain, of fruits and flowers. The bear, the panther, the wolf and wildcat disappear, and in their place appear the flocks and herds of civilization. Their graves are on yonder hill. You have entered on their heritage and you should keep their memory green.

What spot so e'er holds sacred dust,
Which children give, as give they must,
To mother earth, in solemn trust,
Be dedicated evermore!

Hedge it around with filial care,
 God's acre 'tis! Let none e'er dare
 For private greed, or public, there
 One jot divorce for baser use.

There patriot sires and grandames sleep
 In furrows, narrow, dark and deep;
 Let sylvan gods in quiet keep
 Their vigils o'er the long low mounds.

When garnered in like ripened corn—
 So shall your sons, and theirs, unborn,
 Death's granary with pride adorn,
 And keep for aye your memory green!

THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

BY HON. SAMUEL O. LAMB.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The story of the early settlers of this good town of Colrain—of their enterprise, trials and hardships in the wilderness, as the pioneers of civilization—of how they fought with savages and cleared away forests, of their courage, fortitude and patient endurance in adverse circumstances—of their defeats and their victories, and of their warm devotion to and their steady support of those great principles of human liberty which underlie our social, religious and political institutions—has already been well told by one of their own lineal, loving and loyal descendants, who has paid, in eloquent and befitting terms, a well merited tribute of remembrance, affection and respect to their labors, their character and their worth.

No memorials of those early settlers may be found in high and costly monuments of sculptured stone or marble; the burial ground in which their mortal remains repose may be neglected and desecrated, but their names and their virtues are preserved and perpetuated by their works which do follow them in the records of the town which they founded, and in the institutions, which they, with worthy co-laborers, established, and which they in their day, "cherished in all their hearts and defended with all their hands."

It is not my purpose on this occasion to repeat or enlarge or to dwell upon this interesting and instructive story of those early settlers. It has been placed within reach of us all. It is well worthy of our careful study, and may well be

treasured in our memories, to animate, encourage and strengthen us in the performance of the duties which devolve upon us, in our day and generation to preserve and transmit, unimpaired, to those who may come after us, the rich inheritance in land and liberty, which has come to us from those grand, noble and true men,—“great in courage, great in piety and faith, and great in all that is expressed by a noble manhood.”

I propose, in the performance of my part in the exercises of this day, to present to you some facts in the history of the Scotch-Irish—so called—and to trace briefly the events that moulded in a great degree their character as a class and finally impelled so many of them to leave their native country, cross the broad Atlantic—broader then than now—and seek new homes and their fortunes in the wilds of this western continent.

The execution of my purpose necessarily involves the consideration, to some extent, of the histories of the countries of Ireland and Scotland. Those histories, insignificant as the countries themselves may appear in the respect of territorial area, are, as I have learned by recent study, full of interest for the thoughtful student of historical, philosophical, legal, religious or political questions.

The northern part of the island of Britain, so long known as Scotland, was, when it first came within the range of historical light, called Caledonia, and the uncivilized tribes by whom it was then occupied were principally called Caledonians. The reddish hair and large limbs of those people led the Roman annalist Tacitus, who first speaks of them, to believe they were of German origin. They were brave and warlike in character, and in many battles fought in defense of their own country and their liberties they proved themselves foemen worthy of the Roman arms.

In the year A. D. 85 they rallied to the number of 30,000 or more fighting men, in a position on or near one of the hills in the Grampian range, under Galgacus, a chieftain distinguished by his birth and valor, to resist the advance of the Romans under command of Agricola, one of the most able and successful Roman generals. No battle was fought in those days without a speech from the general in command, to rouse and animate the valor of his army, and the address

of Galgacus on that occasion, as preserved and transmitted to the world by Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, is one of the masterpieces of patriotic eloquence, not surpassed by any like effort of Greek or Roman or other general. It presents a striking picture of Roman oppression, paints in glowing colors the various acts of those ambitious conquerors and the vices of their government in the several provinces of the empire, and displays in full perfection the art of compressing in pathetic language with precision and energy all the topics that can inspire the heart of man with a generous love of liberty. The striking expression applied to the Romans, "When they have made the world a solitude they call it peace," is found in this speech, and I am not aware that the expression or the thought has been traced to an earlier or different origin.

The ensuing battle, of which Tacitus gives a vivid description, resulted in the triumph of the Roman cohorts. The Caledonians were defeated, and those not slaughtered on the bloody field fled in different ways to remote places for personal safety. "The following day," says the historian, "displayed to view the nature and importance of the victory. A deep and melancholy silence all around; the hills deserted; houses at a distance involved in smoke and fire, and not a mortal discovered by the scouts; the whole a vast and dreary solitude."

The Caledonians, though defeated and scattered, were not subdued, and were not followed. The season was far advanced, the Roman army was withdrawn, the campaign was closed, and we do not read that the Romans and Caledonians ever again met in battle array. In after years Caledonia was invaded by hordes of Cymbrians, otherwise called Danes, and also at other times by the Saxons, but was never conquered by either of those tribes, and of those days, at a still later date, a national poet sings:—

"In former ages and ancient reigns,
When sense and honor graced Ierne's plains,
When her high monarchs and heroes stood
In streams of Cymbrian and Saxon blood,
Proud of her heroes, old Caledonia dared
The haughty foe, nor foreign insult feared.
Her monarchs then to lineal honors grew,
And conquest graced each hero's brow."

I presume that some, if not many of you, who have followed me in this brief reference to the early history of Caledonia have inquired in your minds, with some curiosity, when and how it happened that the name of the country was changed from Caledonia to Scotland, and I turn to the history of Ireland for an answer to that question.

The early history of Ireland has furnished to historians and antiquarians an interesting and almost unbounded field for research and speculation. The Irish have been particularly tempted to indulge that vanity which has induced all nations whose foundations were laid in pre-historic ages to deduce their history from the earliest periods and the most honorable origin. They have recurred with enthusiasm to the monuments of their ancient glory and spoken in glowing style of the noble actions of their ancestors. O'Flagherty, a celebrated Irish antiquarian, in a manuscript which Dr. Leland says he had seen, speaks with enthusiastic zeal of his country as "the venerable mother of Britain that engendered of her own bowels one hundred and seventy-one monarchs for above two thousand years to the year 1198, all of the same house and lineage, with sixty-eight kings and one queen of British Scotland, (omitting Burns and Baliols,) and four imperial kings and two queens of Great Britain and Ireland from her own loins." In the reign of Edward the second of England—1307 to 1326—the Irish claimed a still greater antiquity. An Ulster prince of that time boasted to the Pope of "an uninterrupted succession of one hundred and ninety-seven kings of Ireland to the year 1170."

I shall not attempt on this occasion to consider the extent to which these claims of Irish antiquity and ancient greatness may have arisen from the exuberance of Irish imagination.

Dr. Leland, in his discourse on the ancient state of Ireland, published in 1773, asserts that no literary monuments have yet been discovered in Ireland earlier than the introduction of Christianity into that country, and that evidence of any transactions previous to that period rests entirely on the credit of Christian writers, and their collections from old poets, or their transcripts of words deemed to have been made in times of paganism.

It is, however, as Dr. Leland admits, generally asserted

that about a thousand, or, to speak with more moderation, about five hundred years before the Christian era, a colony of Scythians immediately from Spain, settled in Ireland, and introduced the Phœnecian language and letters into the country; and that, however the country might have been before that time peopled, whether from Gaul or Britain, yet Heber, Heremon and Ith, the sons of Milesius, gave to Ireland a race of kings, distinguished by the name of Gadelians, Scuits or Scots. The most ancient name of the island, and the name to which its inhabitants still cling with the attachment of veneration, was Eri or Erin, derived from the Celtic Iar or Ier, which signifies western, and to which the Saxons affixed the termination land, and called the country Ireland. It was at a later period called and known by the name of Scotia, or the land of Scots, or the land of Saints.

Irish writers trace from the settlement of the Scythians or Scots, a gradual refinement of their country from a state of barbarous feuds, factions and competitions, until the monarch celebrated in their annals by the name of Ollam Fadla established a regular form of government, erected a grand seminary of learning and instituted a triennial convention of kings, priests, and poets at Tarah, in Meath, for the establishment of laws and regulations of administrations.

I must now pass over the events of several centuries upon which history casts but a flickering and uncertain light, and come to the reign of Cormac O'Conn, a grandson of the hero celebrated in the annals of his time as "Conn of the hundred battles."

Cormac O'Conn is said to have been the most renowned of all the pagan monarchs of Ireland. The annalists date the year of his reign from about the year of Christ 254. "They speak," says Leland, "with rapture of the splendor and magnificence of his court, his three warlike sons, his ten beautiful daughters, his grounds, his palaces, his formidable militia and their illustrious general, Finn, the son of Cremhul and father of Ossian the immortal bard, his revision of the laws and endowments of learned seminaries, his resignation of his dignity and his philosophical retreat." The efforts of the instructions, example and influence of such a father were, it is said, honorably displayed in the conduct of his son and successor, Carbry Lissecar. But the wisdom and policy of

these princes were not sufficient to establish stable institutions and save their country from the evils which always flow from the strife of contending factions. Carbry and his immediate successors fell by the sword. Those who, by reason of superior ability, energy and good fortune held the sceptre for years, at last fell by treachery or in war. The country was wasted by the contests of ambitious rivals. The stately palace of Emanea, near Armagh, said to have been erected by Kimbath, was destroyed by fire. Crimthan, an ambitious and successful prince and soldier, carried his arms into Gaul and Britain and died by poison. "Neal of the nine Hostages," distinguished by his brave enterprise in support of the Albanias or Scottish Dabraid, fell by the hand of an assassin. Dathy, his successor and the last in the line of pagan monarchs of Ireland, had a long and peaceful reign, was then led to engage in foreign wars, and was killed by lightning near the Alps.

I have mentioned only a few of the events recorded in the poetic annals of Ireland for the several centuries immediately preceding the introduction of Christianity into the island. The picture of the manners of the people furnished by these annals of three centuries is worthy of attention, and I present it in the words, substantially, of Dr. Leland. "They describe," says he, "a brave people driven from their native land in search of new settlements, establishing themselves by their valor in a fair and fertile island; the chieftains parcelling out lands to their attendants, and the whole collection of adventurers from the moment of their perfect establishment, devising means to give stability to their acquisitions. From one family more distinguished and revered than the rest, they choose a monarch not with regard to that primogeniture suited to times more composed, but the ablest and the bravest of a particular race as the man most likely to protect, or to avenge them. To guard against the sudden confusion of accidents in a time of violence, a successor was appointed to this monarch during his life, who on his demise was instantly to take the reign of government. But the power of the monarch was considerably limited. His associates in adventure of their own merit, claimed a share of dignity as well as of endowment. They paid their tributes to that provincial king, whom they choose monarch of the

island. In the other provinces they exercised all royal authority by virtue of a similar election. They had their rights independent of the monarch and they frequently vindicated them by arms against his invasions. The monarch, sensible of the danger arising from their turbulent spirit of freedom, endeavored to secure his authority, sometimes by dividing their powers, sometimes by uniting the various independent states into one general interest by national conventions. In this state of things, a robust frame of body, a vehemence of passion, an elevated imagination were the characteristics of the people. Noble instances of valor, generous effusions of benevolence, ardent resentment, desperate and vindictive outrages abound in their annals. To verse and music they were peculiarly addicted. They who possessed any superior degree of knowledge, they who operated on their fancies and passions by the liveliest strains of poetry were held in extraordinary veneration. The ministers of their religion were accounted more than human. To all these they submitted their contests, they consulted them as oracles of law and policy. But reflection and the gradual progress of refinement convinced them of the necessity of settled laws. The principles of equality and independence implanted in the human breast received them with delight, but the violence of passion proved superior to their restraint. Private injuries were revenged by force, and insolent and ambitious chieftains still recurred to arms."

Such was the character of the people of Ireland when St. Patrick and his coadjutors appeared among them as missionaries preaching the great doctrines of the Christian religion. This was about the year of Christ 432. The people had been in some degree prepared for the preaching of St. Patrick by the labors of former missionaries, by the gradual progress of the gospel, and, if we may believe the annals of the period, "by the liberal and philosophical spirit of Cormac O'Conn, who first taught his subjects to despise the rites of paganism." The preaching of St. Patrick was followed by most remarkable results in the conversion of the people and the rapid spread of Christianity and gained for him the title by which he is so well known in history, of "The Apostle of Ireland."

Archbishop Usher has shown that the system of doctrines

taught by St. Patrick was free from the erroneous novelties of the Church of Rome. But pure as his preaching may have been, the doctrines of the gospel, which if their influence be not fatally counteracted, tend to refine, humanize and elevate the human mind, do not appear to have wrought a thorough and permanent reformation of the people of Ireland. It restrained, however, for a time at least, and in a marked degree, the popular vices. "Ecclesiastics swarmed over the whole country, frequently became umpires between contending chieftains, and when they could not restrain them within the bounds of reason and religion, at least terrified them by denouncing divine vengeance against their excesses. An ignorant people listened to their tales of pretended miracles with a religious horror. In every provincial contest and in every domestic strife their persons were sacred and inviolate. They soon learned to derive their own emolument from the public veneration. The infant church was amply endowed and the prayers of holy men were repaid by large donations. The riches thus acquired were applied to noble purposes.

Monks constituted an active and influential element in the religious organizations of that age in all countries. And the monks in Ireland, we are told, "fixed their habitations in deserts, which they cultivated with their own hands and rendered the most delightful spot in the kingdom. These deserts become well policed cities. In these cities the monks set up schools in which they educated the youth, not only of the island but of neighboring nations." The testimony of the English historian, the venerable Bede, is unquestionable, says Leland, that about the middle of the 7th century, a dark period of the dark ages, many nobles and other orders of the Anglo Saxons retired from their own country into Ireland, for instruction, or for an opportunity of living in monasteries of stricter discipline; and that the Scots, as the people of Ireland were then called, maintained them, taught them and furnished them with books, without fee or reward. "A most honorable testimony," says Lord Littleton, "not only to the learning, but likewise to the hospitality and bounty of that nation." Milman, the learned and accurate historian of Latin Christianity, refers to this time as "the period when Ireland is described as a kind of Hesperian elysium of peace and piety." "The labors of the Irish clergy were not con-

fined to their own country. Their missionaries were sent to the continent. They converted heathens, they confirmed believers, they erected convents, they established schools of learning, they taught the use of letters to the Saxons and Normans, they converted the Picts by the preaching of Columb Kill, one of their renowned ecclesiastics. Burgundy, Germany and other countries, received their instructions, and Europe, with gratitude, confessed the superior knowledge, the piety, the zeal, the parity of the Island of Saints."

St. Patick, whose zealous labors and unwearied devotion contribute so largely to place Ireland in its high and peculiar position, was native in North Britain, now known as Scotland. At the age of sixteen he was taken prisoner, with others, by "Nial of the Nine Hostages," one of the kings whose names I have before mentioned, conveyed to Ireland and held in bondage for the term of seven years, in the occupation of a keeper of swine. At the expiration of that term, he returned to his native land, and, after some years of study and preparation with his uncle, then Bishop of Tours, he again, and this time with the sanction and encouragement of the Pope, visited Ireland in the capacity and with the results which I have brought to your attention. His labors continued for many years and about that time, and perhaps through his influence, there commenced an emigration of Scots from the north of Ireland to the western shore of Caledonia. The tide having set in that direction continued to flow with rapidly increasing numbers and strength. It was fiercely resisted by the Picts, a painted (as is implied by their name) and warlike tribe, who occupied the portion of the country first exposed to the invasion. The contest between the Scots and the Picts was protracted for many years, with the varying fortunes of savage warfare, till about the year A. D. 843, when the two parties, the Scots having in the meantime, by continued accessions from Ireland, acquired a great superiority in numbers and strength were united under one sovereign, Kenneth McAlpin, a Scot, in whose veins, by one of those intermarriages which have so often and so greatly affected the destinies of kings and peoples, ran the blood of both the contending royal families. The triumph of the Scots was complete. They maintained their hold upon, and also, which is more

remarkable, gave their name to the country which has from that day been known and distinguished in history as Scotland. And I cannot but think that the emigration of the Scots from Ireland, when considered in its origin, its circumstances and its influence upon human affairs, must be regarded as one of the most important events of the kind in the history of the world.

I have already remarked that the doctrines of the gospel as preached by St. Patrick and his co-workers did not become so blended with the natural principles of the Irish people as to produce a permanent reformation of popular manners. The light which shone so brightly and with such beneficial results during the life of St. Patrick, who lived, it is said, to the good age of one hundred and twenty years, began to grow dim, soon after his death. In the course of years it was nearly extinguished and the country relapsed into a condition but little, if any, better than its former state of barbarism, and in that condition it remained for centuries.

During those years, the country was invaded at different periods by the Danes, who laid the foundations of Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork and Limerick, and by the Saxons and Normans. These invaders left traces in various forms of their presence on the Island, but their influence did not materially affect the social, moral or political condition of the people.

Henry the Second was one of the most ambitious, energetic and statesmanlike of the kings of England. He reigned from the year of Christ 1134 to 1189, and in the course of his reign, having obtained the sanction of Pope Adrian, he added Ireland, in form at least, to the possessions of the English crown. The history of this important transaction, including the story of the varied fortunes, misfortunes, intrigues and adventures of Dermot McMorrogh, Prince of Leinster, all of which were deemed by John Quincy Adams, after his retirement from the Presidency of the United States, a happy subject for a mock-herioc poem, I must pass over without comment.

The effects of the conquest of Henry, if that which did not conquer may be called a conquest, were marked and apparently favorable. It introduced new leaders and new ideas into the island. The Celtic chiefs were driven into the

mountains and public order was, to some extent, restored and maintained. Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork and Limerick, whose foundations were laid by the Danes, were enlarged, strengthened, surrounded with walls and governed like English cities. The four provinces were marked out into districts, English laws and customs were introduced and enforced and many inland towns were provided with the forms, at least, of fine institutions. The prospect was, for a time, promising, but the later years of Henry's life were distracted and embittered by the quarrels and revolts of his graceless sons, his attention was drawn to other parts of his dominions, his strong hand was withdrawn from Ireland, the families of the old Irish chieftains gradually regained their ascendancy and for a period of more than four hundred years, covering the reigns of sixteen English kings and one queen, the history of Ireland is a story of rebellions and internal strife, with all their attending horror and distress, with occasional incidents illustrating the bitter traits of the Irish character. I dismiss this period with the single remark that the yoke of the Pope, which, through the instrumentality of Henry the Second, was fixed upon Ireland, has never been removed.

The later years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth were disturbed by serious rebellions in Ireland, the last of which broke out in 1596 under the machinations of Hugh O'Neil, one of the marked men and soldiers of his day, and continued for six years. The suppression of this rebellion, the last great act in the reign of Elizabeth, involved the expenditure of more than three millions sterling—an immense sum in those days—and the loss of an incalculable number of England's bravest soldiers. Ireland was reduced to a desert. It is estimated that one-half of the population had perished by the sword or by famine.

The submission for which Elizabeth paid such a price was accepted by her successor, James the First, of England, who ascended the throne in 1603. Hugh O'Neil and Roderic O'Donnel visited England, where they were handsomely received and treated by James, who created O'Neil Earl of Tyrone and O'Donnell Earl of Tyrconnell. The earls returned to Ireland with their new honors. The peace continued for four years, and during that period immigrants from England flocked into the provinces of Leinster and

Munster. But rumors or suggestions of plots disturbed the country. A letter accidentally dropped and found implicated, it was claimed, the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell in the proposed insurrection. Both the Earls, with some of their followers, fled to the continent. It may be asked why, if they were conscious of innocence, they did not remain and face the accusations. Had they been asked that question they might have replied in the words of an Irish chieftain of an earlier day, who, in reply to the same question in similar circumstances, asked "what chance a fat goose would have before a jury of foxes?"

The flight of the Earls was immediately taken as an admission of their guilt and furnished to King James an opportunity to indulge his passion of reforming Ireland by the introduction of English laws and customs. He immediately took advantage of the situation and dispatched judges to the scene of the alleged conspiracy. Some of the conspirators were seized, tried, condemned and executed. The two Earls were attainted by process of outlawry, according to the forms of the common law, and their vast landed possessions were formally declared to be escheated to the crown. Those possessions comprised six entire counties, namely: Tyrconnell, now called Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, now called Londonderry, Termanagh, Cavan and Armagh, containing about two million five hundred thousand acres of land, the greatest and most valuable part of the province of Ulster. "By the 'fugacy' of the Earls every land-holder in the six counties was regarded as having at once forfeited his lands, which became vested in the crown, to be granted at the pleasure of the King to whomsoever and on whatsoever terms he judged proper."

Time will not permit me to give all the details of the proceeds of this wholesale confiscation. It will be sufficient to state that the lands were divided among three classes: "First to English and Scots, who were to plant their proportions with English and Scotch tenants; second to servitors, so-called, in Ireland, who might take English or Irish tenants as their choice; and third, to natives of the counties, who were to be freeholders. The largest and fairest portions of the land were bestowed upon the favored few of the first class; lands of the second quality upon the second class; and to the Irish were assigned the bogs and mountains and the

lands of inferior quality. By a peculiar and stringent provision by which no sale or conveyance of land could be made to a mere Irishman or a Roman Catholic of any nation, the Irish, who had been despoiled of their homes and exiled to the most sterile spots, were in law deprived of all chance of regaining their confiscated possessions."

This immense scheme of spoliation was not consummated without a protest from its victims. The people of the County of Cavan retained an English lawyer, who, when the proclamation was published touching the removal of his clients, which was done in the public sessions House, in the presence of the Lord Deputy and the Commissioners, maintained that they had estates of inheritance in their lands which their chief lords would not forfeit, and claimed two things—first, that they might be permitted to traverse the offices which had been found of those lands; and secondly, that they might have the benefit of a proclamation made about five years before, whereby the persons, lands and goods of all His Majesty's subjects were taken into his royal protection. The answer to this claim, made by Sir John Davis, the King's attorney-general for Ireland, at the command of the Lord Deputy, is an interesting statement of the legal and other grounds upon which the proceedings were justified. He said:

"That he was glad that this occasion was offered of declaring and setting forth His Majesty's just title; as well for His Majesty's honor, (who being the most just Prince living, would not dispossess the meanest of his subjects wrongfully to gain many such kingdoms) as for the satisfaction of the natives themselves, and of all the world: for his Majesty's right, it shall appear: said he, that his Majesty may, and ought to dispose of these lands in such manner as he hath done, and is about to do, in law, in conscience, and in honor.

"In law, whether the case be, to be ruled by our law of England which is in force, or by their own Britain law, which is abolished and adjudged no law, but a lewd custom.

"It is our rule in our law, that the King is the Lord paramount of all the lands in the kingdom, and that all his subjects hold their possessions of him mediate or immediate.

"It is another rule of our law when the tenant's estate doth fail and determine, the lord of whom the land is holden may enter and dispose thereof at this pleasure.

“Then those lands in the County of Cavan which was O’Rilie’s country are all holden of the King; and because the captainship or chievery of O’Rilie is abolished by act of Parliament by Stat. 2d of Elizabeth, and also because, two of the chief lords elected by the country have been lately slain in rebellion (which is an attainder in law) these lands are holden immediately of his Majesty.

“If then the king’s Majesty be immediate chief lord of these lands, let us see what estates the tenants or possessors have by the rules of the common law of England.

“Either they have an estate of inheritance or a lesser estate; a lesser estate they do not claim, or if they did they ought to show the creation thereof, which they cannot do.

“If they have an estate of inheritance, their lands ought to descend to a certain heir; but neither their chiefteries or their tenancers did ever descend to a certain heir; therefore they have no estate of inheritance.

“Their chiefteries were ever carried in a course of tannistry, to the eldest and strongest of the Sept, who held the same during life, if he were not ejected by a stronger.

“This estate of the chieftain or tannist, hath been lately adjudged no estate in law; but only a transitory and rambling possession.

“Their inferior tenancies did run in another course like the old govel-kind in Wales, where the bastards had their portions as well as the legitimate, which portion they held not in perpetuity, but the chief of the Sept did once in two or three years, shuffle and change their possessions by new posilions and divisions, which made their estates so uncertain as that by opinion of all the judges in this kingdom, this pretended custom of govel-kind is adjudged and declared void in law. And as these men had no certain estates of inheritance, so did they never, till now, claim any such estate, nor conceive that their lawful heirs should inherit the lands which they possessed, which is manifest by two arguments:

1st. They never esteemed lawful matrimony to the end they might have lawful heirs.

2nd. They never did build any houses, nor plant orchards or gardens, nor take any care of their posterities.

“If these men had no estates in law, either in their mean chiefteries, or in their inferior tenancies, it followeth that if

his majesty, who is the undoubted lord paramount, do seize and dispose these lands, they can make no title against his majesty, or his potentated and consequently cannot be admitted to traverse any office of these lands; for without showing a title no man can be admitted to traverse an office.

“Thus, then it appears that as well by the Irish custom as the law of England, his majesty may at his pleasure, seize these lands and dispose thereof. The only simple which remains consists in this point whether the king may, in conscience or honor remove the ancient tenants and bring in strangers among them.

“Truly his Majesty may not only take this course lawfully, but is bound in conscience so to do.

“For being the undoubted rightful king of this realm, so as the people and land are committed by the Divine Majesty to his charge and government, his Majesty is bound in conscience to use all lawful and just courses to reduce his people from barbarism to civility; the neglect whereof, heretofore, hath been laid as an imputation upon the crown of England. Now civility cannot possibly be planted among them, but by this mixed plantation of civil men, which likewise could not be without removal and transplantation of some of the natives, and settling of their possessions in a course of common law; for if themselves were suffered to possess the whole country, as their Sept have done for many hundreds of years past, they would never to the end of the world, build houses, make townships or villages, or manure or improve the land as it ought to be; therefore, it stands neither with Christian policy or conscience to suffer so good and fruitful a country to lie waste like a wilderness, when his majesty may lawfully dispose it to such persons as will make a civil plantation thereupon.

“Again his majesty may take this course in conscience; because it tendeth to the good of the inhabitants in many ways; for half their land doth now lie waste by reason whereof, that which is inhabited is not improved to half the value; but when the undertakers are planted among them (there being place and scope enough both for them and the natives) and that all the land shall be fully stocked and manured, five hundred acres will be of better value, than five thousand are now. Besides, when before their estates were altogether

uncertain and transitory so as their heirs did never inherit, they shall now have certain estates of inheritance, the portion allotted unto them, which they and their children after them, shall enjoy with security.

"Lastly, this transplantation of the natives is made by his majesty rather like a father than like a lord or monarch.

"The Romans transplanted whole nations out of Germany into France; the Spaniards lately removed all the Moors out of Grenada into Barbary without providing them any new seats there; when the English Pale was first planted all the natives were clearly expelled, so as not one Irish family had so much as an acre of freehold in all the five counties of the Pale, and now within these four years past the Graemes were removed from the borders of Scotland to this kingdom and had not one foot of land allotted to them here; but these natives of Cavan have competent portions of land assigned to them, many of them in the same barony where they dwelt before, and such as are removed are planted in the same country; so as his majesty doth in this imitate the skillful husbandman, who doth remove his fruit trees not with any purpose to extirpate and destroy them, but that they may bring better and sweeter fruit after the transplantation."

The Ulster plantation was but one, perhaps the greatest of a series of similar transactions. In Leinster, in the time of Mary, two whole counties were planted with Englishmen. In Munster, after Desmond's rebellion, more than half a million of acres were confiscated and passed into English hands, and it may be said that by this process of confiscation so steadily and systematically pursued, nearly all the soil of Ireland was in the course of time wrested from the original possessors and bestowed upon aliens, and in the operation of this system of confiscation, with the various supplementary acts of explanation and restoration that followed may be found the main causes of the rebellion that broke out with such fury and with such terrible consequences in 1641, although the immediate effect, especially in the case of the Ulster Plantation, seemed to promote the good of the country.

The settlers upon the Ulster Plantation were not all from Scotland. Some were from France and Wales and many from England, Derry, "my beautiful Derry," with "its fair

old grove" and "its quietness and its purity," so dear to the heart of St. Columba, was granted to a London Company and was planted with Londoners, who gave it the name by which it has ever since been known, of Londonderry. The majority of the new comers, however, seem to have been Scotch, for whom the country had peculiar attraction. The counties of Antrim and Down were at that time largely occupied by Scots, who for three hundred years had been returning to the land from which their ancestors had emigrated about a thousand years before. The character of these settlers has been a matter of dispute among writers of the period. It seems to me, upon the whole, that they were as a class enterprising and industrious farmers, mechanics, artisans and laborers, well calculated to develop the resources and promote the prosperity of the country and that they conducted themselves like good citizens in their new home. This is attested, I think, by the fact that from that time Ulster has been the most prosperous province in Ireland, and that at the outbreak of the great rebellion in 1641 the Scots were at first passed by without serious molestation or harm.

I cannot dwell upon the administration of Strafford in Ireland, who by his iron will suppressed for a time the signs of that hatred of England that had been intensified by the confiscations and injustice of years, and which finally broke out in the great insurrection of 1641, nor upon the history of that insurrection which for eight years devastated the country and was suppressed by Oliver Cromwell with acts of inhuman atrocity, which, as a biographer says, "form the darkest blot upon his fame as a soldier," and he might have added, upon his character as a man.

The insurrection was followed by another great confiscation, by which two or three millions of acres of land were sequestered and distributed among the soldiers of Cromwell and adventurers from England, who flocked to Ireland in search of fortunes.

For a period of about forty years the condition of Ireland was comparatively peaceful and prosperous. The intelligence, enterprise and industry of the new settlers became manifest in the introduction and growth of various industrial pursuits, and the improved appearance of the country.

The revolution of 1688, in England, naturally produced

great excitement and divisions of opinion in Ireland. The majority of the people were Catholic in their religion, and, especially in the southern counties, favored the cause of James. The Protestants of Ulster, the descendants of Scotchmen and Englishmen, who were by the instrumentality of the first James of England planted in that province, a hundred years before, were the most sturdy supporters of the Protestant William. The people of Londonderry, the descendants of those brave Londoners, whose settlement in Derry was viewed with so much satisfaction by James the First, were especially enthusiastic in their support of the Protestant cause and rendered their city and themselves forever famous by their steadfast courage and unflinching endurance through that memorable siege whose history has no parallel in military annals.

The contest that commenced in 1688 in Ireland was not of long duration. The victory of William at the Boyne, on the first day of July 1690, practically settled the question between William and James; drove the latter from the kingdom and established the supremacy of English authority over Ireland.

The influence of England in matters of legislation had, before 1688, been of a character unjust and injurious to the industrial interest of Ireland, and it continued in the same direction and with the same effect.

Ireland with its excellent pastures was well adapted to the raising of cattle. The people gave their attention to that branch of industry, and the exportation of cattle soon became an important source of Irish wealth. The landholders of England were alarmed and raised a cry for protection against the cattle products of Ireland in the English market. English legislation heard and responded to the cry, and in 1665 and 1680, were enacted laws absolutely prohibiting the importation into England from Ireland of all cattle and swine, of beef, pork and mutton, and also of butter and cheese; and thus was summarily annihilated one chief source of Irish prosperity.

Ireland has admirable harbors, and though too poor to have much commerce, had a few ships and enjoyed some advantages of the colonial trade. It was apparently feared that her commerce might be extended, and English legislation by successive enactments, destroyed the entire shipping interest of Ireland, and robbed the people of that source of

wealth. It was this that provoked from Swift, the remark: "The conveniency of ports and harbors, which nature bestowed so liberally on this kingdom is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon." Another striking instance of the folly and injustice of English legislation for Ireland is found in the enactments relative to wool and woollen manufacture. The Irish land-owners, after they were forbidden to export their cattle to England turned their pastures into sheep-walks, and began to manufacture the wool, the export of which from Ireland and from England was forbidden by law. The Irish wool was of a superior quality, and would have found a ready sale, and commanded a good price in the markets of the world. This industry was tolerated for a time and the manufacture steadily increased. English, Scotch and other manufacturers established manufactories in the country which employed thousands of men, and exhibited all the signs of a great, increasing and profitable industry. The prospect was most promising. There was however an important woollen manufacture in England, and the woollen manufacturers there were clamorous for protection against the rivalry of the woollen manufacture of Ireland. Their efforts were as usual crowned with success. A series of enactments, restricting in various ways the Irish industry, culminated in 1699 in an act of the British Parliament which prohibited the Irish from exporting their manufactured wool to any other country, and most effectively destroyed an industry which promised the greatest good for Ireland.

The evil consequences to Ireland of this restriction and destructive course of legislation can now be seen by the naked eye; and it seems passing strange that they were not foreseen and avoided by the statesmen who then shaped and guided the affairs of England.

The leading manufacturers emigrated from Ireland, some to England some to the continent and some to America. Thousands of laborers deprived of employment were thrown upon the soil for means of subsistence, and the relations between landlords and tenants, before strained and harsh, were greatly aggravated, and the poor were reduced to the most miserable condition. In two years from the destruction of woollen manufacture, from 20,000 to 30,000 workmen in wool

had to be supported by charity, and strolling beggars overran the country.

English legislation, while thus destructive of the industrial interests of the country, was also harsh and oppressive in relation to matters of conscience and religion. A sweeping enactment that none should be eligible to any public employment, or of being in the magistracy of any city, who did not receive the sacrament according to the English test act, disfranchised all the Presbyterians as well as all the Roman Catholics in the land. One of the many, and probably when considered in all its bearings, the most important of the consequences of the unjust and oppressive course of English legislation in and for Ireland, of which I have given a few examples, was an acceleration of the tide of emigration from that country to America.

That emigration commenced as early as 1684, when colonists from the north of Ireland formed a settlement in New Jersey. In 1690, similar settlements were formed in Maryland, Pennsylvania and North and South Carolina. The first Presbyterian church in the United States was formed by a company of Scotch immigrants in Upper Marlborough, Maryland, about the year 1690. The number of emigrants from Ireland increased rapidly, year by year, after the year 1700. In the summer of 1718 an organized company of one hundred and twenty-five families sailed in five vessels and reached Boston on the 24th of August. This company separated into several parties, which severally took different directions. One party came to Pelham under the lead of the Rev. Ralph Abercrombie, whose name appears in connection with transactions recorded in the account of the early settlers of Colrain, and who was one of the marked characters of his day. Another party of twenty families sought their fortunes at the eastward, spent a long hard winter in Portland harbor, then made westward and finally joined another party, who, under the lead of their pastor, Rev. David McGregor, and by the way of Andover, Mass., had reached Nutfield, N. H., where the united parties built up a town which they named in remembrance of their old home in Ireland, Londonderry. One party remained in Boston, where they established a church with Rev. John Moorhead as pastor. Another party sought homes in Worcester, and sought in vain. They were

called "Irish" and were persecuted in various ways. They erected a house for the public worship of God, and it was torn down by a mob. They found no rest, and discouraged by the bitter opposition which met them, they finally abandoned the place. Some went to Londonderry, some to Unadilla, N. Y., and some to Pennsylvania. Among those who went to Londonderry was Matthew Thornton, then a child, who became a distinguished patriot and statesman of New Hampshire and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. I suppose that the early settlers of Colrain were mostly from those immigrants of 1718, whose descendants are to be found in all parts of our country.

In 1727 and 1728 famine aggravated the widespread distress caused by the destruction of Ireland's industries and increased the flow of emigration. In March, 1727, seven ships were at one time in Belfast harbor, with over one thousand passengers for America, most of whom, in the words of Dr. Boulter, could "get neither victuals nor work at home." In the same year, according to the same authority, 3100 men, women and children, all Protestants, left the same district for America, and for several years thousands left in each year. Proude in his history of Pennsylvania says that in 1729 there were six thousand Scotch Irish in that State, and that for several years between that date and the year 1750, the number increased at the rate of 12,000 per year.

But time will not permit me to dwell upon this remarkable exodus of Protestants from Ireland, remarkable for its causes and for its consequences. Wherever these immigrants settled, whether in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia or the Carolinas, they exhibited in a greater or less degree the same characteristics by which they were distinguished in New England. They were industrious, frugal and thrifty; were well satisfied in their own minds with their own opinions, and ever ready to give a reason for, and if necessary, to fight for the faith that was in them. They did in their respective places what the early settlers of Colrain did on these hills; they cleared away forests and subdued the earth; they established churches and schools; they founded towns and did their part in their generation in the great work of laying deep and broad and strong the foundations of our civil institutions, and in later years,

when England, with infatuation blind to the teachings of experience, attempted to practice upon her American colonies the restrictive policy that had ruined Ireland, they and their descendants were found in the front ranks of freedom and history records upon one of her brightest and most instructive pages the fact that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all political connection with Great Britain was from Scotch Irish Presbyterians.

I did intend to trace with some particularity the history in this country of some of the more noted of these remarkable people, but the limits assigned me forbid any attempt to carry out my intention. I can only mention a few names of the many who have in latter days, and in various walks in life distinguished themselves and honored our country. I refer to Richard Montgomery, born at Raphoe, in Northern Ireland, one of the first to give his life to the cause of American Independence; John Stark, a brave son of Londonderry, whose address on the morning of the battle of Bennington, when pointing out the enemy to his soldiers, declared that he "would win the victory over them in the approaching battle, or Molly Stark should be a widow that night," stands forth unique among military exhortations; Anthony Wayne, whose grandfather fought with William in the battle of the Boyne, and settled in Pennsylvania in 1722; Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, and the seventh president of the United States, whose parents emigrated from Carrickfergus and settled in the uplands of South Carolina in 1765; John C. Calhoun, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, James K. Polk, Sam Houston, Robert Fulton, David Crockett, Horace Greeley, A. T. Stewart and Justices Samuel Nelson and Robert C. Grier of the United States Supreme Court. I could name among clergymen, Joseph Patterson, John McMillan, James Finley and many others, bright and shining lights of the Presbyterian persuasion, whose lives, as well as the lives of all whom I have named, are well worthy the study of the youth of this generation and of all future generations of American citizens.

I crave your indulgence for a few words in conclusion: George Bancroft, the eminent and venerable historian of the United States, whose name and works are dear to the hearts of us all, has said in a recent letter—and I know of no one

better entitled by long and thorough study and careful observation to speak with authority upon the subject—that history “is but the record of God’s providence;” and when I look back over the events to which I have in a hasty and imperfect manner called your attention to-day, when I note the succession and connection of transactions apparently widely separated by time and space; when I see Christianity planted in Ireland at a time when its influence was on the wane in all the rest of Europe, and its principles and precepts carried thence by devoted missionaries to the northern part of Britain, where they were maintained and preserved in comparative purity; when I see after the lapse of a thousand years the descendants in race and faith of those who carried Christianity from Ireland, returning mainly through the instrumentality of an English king to the land of their ancestors, and at the same time colonies of Protestant Englishmen planted in Ireland by the same king; when I see after the lapse of a century, the descendants of those men, so planted in Ireland, the most efficient supporters in that country of a Protestant and the Protestant cause against the lineal descendant and rightful heir of that same king; when I see England in the pride of her power by unjust and oppressive measures and policy force thousands and tens of thousands of her loyal subjects from their homes and compel them to seek a refuge in a new world; when I see those emigrants by compulsion in this country and their works and their influence here, and when as a hundred years pass away, I see England pursuing toward her American colonies the policy which had proved so destructive in Ireland, and see those same emigrants and their descendants foremost in resisting her arrogant pretensions, and in that revolution which forcibly wrested the brightest jewel from the English crown—when I see and consider all these things and trace the chain that runs through and links them all together, I cannot for one moment believe that they all happened through blind chance, or the mere caprice of men, and it seems to me that those who cannot or will not see in them the “record of God’s providence” do not rise in reason to the plane of the old Babylonian monarch who praised and honored him who liveth forever “and doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.”

ANNUAL MEETING.—1888.

REPORT.

The usual routine business of the annual meeting was transacted, February 28th. Upon considering the proper usefulness of the institution and the honorable place it holds already among the antiquarian societies of the land it had long been thought important to publish a volume of the proceedings, and a Committee of Publication, consisting of Geo. Sheldon and two other members to be appointed by himself, were requested and empowered to publish, according to their judgment, a volume during the succeeding year, and the sum of \$500 was placed at their disposal for that purpose. As the month of February is always cold and inclement and people from other places are much prevented from attending the annual meetings, it was proposed by Jona. Johnson that an adjourned meeting of the association should be held at Deerfield on the 6th of June next, and that special pains should be taken to bring to the gathering the older people as well as the younger ones of the community. The vote was passed and a committee was appointed of one member from each of the immediately surrounding towns to carry the vote into effect. A committee was chosen to make arrangements for the usual Field Meeting in the fall, a festival which has thus far been largely attended, its place of celebration being always the locality of some of the ancient forts, the site of an old battle with the Indians, or some other historic locality. It was thought best to procure a corporate seal and to prepare an engraved certificate of membership, and votes were passed accordingly. The members present regretted the loss of valuable associates during late years, whose active co-operation and whose reminiscences always added interest to the public meetings.

The treasurer reports \$544.22 now on hand.

The secretary, in his report, states that only three of the original members, named in the act of incorporation, May 26, 1870, are now

living: Hon. George Sheldon, Rev. Robert Crawford, D. D., and Deacon Nathaniel Hitchcock. Only nine of the first associate members survive: Austin Dewolf, Rev. P. V. Finch, Levi W. Rice, Eben A. Hall, Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield; James M. Crafts of Whately; Rev. Edgar Buckingham of Deerfield; Josiah D. Canning and Simeon C. Phillips of Gill. Two members have died during the last year: George W. Potter of Greenfield and Cephas G. Crafts of Whately.

Charles Corse of Lockhaven, Pa., John W. Hoyt of Cincinnati, O., and Mrs. Catherine B. Yale of Deerfield, have been made life members since the last annual meeting.

The following list of officers was chosen for the ensuing year: George Sheldon, president; Allen Hazen, D. D., Deerfield, and James S. Reed, Marion, O., vice presidents; Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield, recording secretary; Edgar Buckingham of Deerfield, corresponding secretary; Nathaniel Hitchcock, treasurer; John M. Smith of Sunderland, William W. Wright of Geneva, N. Y., Charles Corse of Lockhaven, Pa., Rev. Dr. Crawford, James W. Champney, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Zeri Smith, Miss Lucilla E. Williams and Chauncey B. Tilton of Deerfield, Rev. P. V. Finch, Newell Snow, Joseph H. Hollister and Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield, Walter T. Avery of New York, Josiah W. Canning of Gill, Henry W. Taft of Pittsfield, councilors.

The curator's report congratulates the association upon the success of the last year. The public are growing into a steady appreciation of its objects. Books and pamphlets, broadsides and papers, old manuscripts, miscellaneous articles of antiquarian value, coins and medals have been presented. The number of visitors has greatly increased. The janitor, Mrs. Wentworth, is complimented in the report for her qualifications for the place, for her promptness and faithfulness and the satisfaction she has given to the association and the public. The curator speaks of the museum collection as second to none other of its kind in the country. He refers to the great need of a permanent endowment to secure an income for the support of Memorial Hall and its contents and for a publishing fund. The many streams of money which are flowing for all literary and philanthropic purposes, he expresses the wish, might send some little rills for these objects of the association.

A supper in the early part of the evening was given by the ladies of the village in the town hall.

The first speaker of the evening was Freeman C. Griswold, Esq., of Greenfield; and the subject of his essay was the life and character of Col. Elihu Hoyt of Deerfield.

ELIHU HOYT,

A COUNTRY LEGISLATOR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY FREEMAN C. GRISWOLD, ESQ.

It is valuable and instructive to stop occasionally in this rushing age of ours ; to turn away from the engrossing present and linger for awhile over the past days, so rapidly forgotten and of which so little crystallizes into history. I take then, as my subject, one of those sturdy characters whose name is a prominent one in our local annals during the early years of this century ; one of those men that personifies in his life the qualities that go to make up what we know as the good old New England stock, Col. Elihu Hoyt of Deerfield. Fortunate are the descendants of such men in their ancestry.

To find some old trunk filled with letters and personal papers of your own parents, to break it open and read those warm and living missives until it seems impossible that the authors are not alive, and finally to feel again the crushing shock of your own personal bereavement, is a sad and forbidding task. Still this may be a duty. When, however, you are invited thus to intrude upon the correspondence and papers of those outside of your own family, you feel that it is almost a sacrilege. But I suppose it is true that the historian allows sentiment to oppose but slight barriers to his effort to establish historic truth. When your honored President kindly offered me an old fashioned hand trunk stamped with brass headed nails the letters " E. H." and told me that it contained such papers as Col. Elihu Hoyt had left behind, and that I might find therein sufficient material for this paper, I confess that it seemed doubtful whether the end justified the means. After examination I was glad to find so little, and glad to find nothing to conceal.

In the valuable History of Deerfield by Mr. Sheldon we read that Elihu was the son of David Hoyt ; that he was born in 1771 ; that he was a Colonel in the militia ; that he was in the Legislature every year save three from 1803 to his death in 1833 ; that he was long County Commissioner and much employed in minor offices of trust and honor ; that he was born and lived in the " old Indian House," where he died in 1833, aged 62 years. I shall not be able to add materially to

this sketch, as it really tells the whole story. The utter silence of history in regard to men great and influential in their day and generation is nowhere better expressed than in a passage in *Ivanhoe*, where Sir Walter Scott, being about to give a minute description of the colors and trappings of some knights of the middle ages, pauses and expressively remarks, "Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them, knows them no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What then would it avail the reader to know their names or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?"

Posthumous fame is the least reasonable of our desires. Men soon tire of the repetition of other men's achievements and I have always fancied that the dead themselves take but little interest in the events of their earthly life after they have been ushered into the wonderful life beyond. Certainly if they are careless of their own fame they can overlook the forgetfulness of posterity.

The period covered by Col. Hoyt's service in the Massachusetts Legislature is essentially the most quiet in our history, State and National, embracing as it does the formative period of a new nation after the clash of the Revolution and pending the great anti-slavery agitation. Such periods do not invite the attention of historians, who are as a general rule interested only in war epochs, so that we are witnesses of the phenomenon of a period in which many of the principal actors are still alive occupying the domain of history while a much earlier period is almost entirely ignored. Certainly the true test of a nation's greatness is not when with instincts common to savages and brutes arms met arms, but when as civilized men they compete in the quiet times of peace, building up, not tearing down a nation. Such periods should be more studied by historians, even if less dramatic. During the early years of this century, if we throw aside the issues that led up to the war of 1812, the war itself, and the problems that grew out of that struggle, the people of this State were almost entirely engaged in peaceful pursuits, in

the ordinary vocations of life, establishing schools and colleges, starting infant industries on the banks of our rivers, projecting canals, and later, railroads, and, in general, much as at the present time, devoting themselves to increasing their material prosperity. In politics there was no great and radical difference between the Federal and Democratic parties whatever historians and party orators may say to the contrary notwithstanding. Chauncey M. Depew in a brilliant oration delivered the other day said of Thomas Jefferson: "He stands supreme in our history as a political leader, and left no successor. He destroyed the party of Washington, Hamilton and Adams, and built up an organization which was dominant in the country for half a century. He believed that the reserved powers of the States were the only guaranties of the liberties of the people. The one question thus raised and over-shadowing all others for a hundred years, half satisfied by compromises, half suppressed by threats, at times checking prosperity, at times paralyzing progress, at times producing panics, at times preventing the solution of fiscal and industrial problems vital to our expansion, was, *are we a nation?*" And he would have us believe that the Federal, the Whig and the Republican parties believed in a nation and that the Democratic party believed in a confederation; but the fight was never between those who believed in a nation and those who did not, but between the ins and the outs. The great power of a strongly centralized national government has never been a distasteful thing to the party that provided it, whether Democrat, Federal, Whig or Republican. The State rights democracy of Jefferson had no sooner triumphed over the centralized federalism of Hamilton than the Democrats became the champions of the National Government, and the Federalists not only its critics but its foes. Power had no sooner slipped out of the hands of the Federalists than they began to plot secession here in New England, which fortunately they were too wise to carry into action. And Southern Jeffersonian Democrats only followed to disaster the doctrines of the New England secessionists of an earlier day when they too saw that they had lost control of the nation. Secession was the plan of the Federal party whose apparently permanent sway was overthrown by Thomas Jefferson, just as it was the resort of the Democratic party

whose fifty years of power was put an end to by Abraham Lincoln.

Massachusetts was strongly Federal ever after the Democratic party had full sway in the nation. Occasionally a Democrat was elected Governor, as Elbridge Gerry, whose invention of the Gerrymander has worked so disastrously to the Democrats of a later generation. It is fair to say, however, that wealth and influence were on the side of the Federalists. The anti-Federalists were without organization or leaders. Both branches of the Legislature and the Congressional delegation was generally controlled by the Federal party. The towns of this immediate section went Federal by large majorities and Col. Hoyt entered on his political career a strong and unwavering Federalist. The most important local political events of this period were the formation of Franklin county and the establishment of Greenfield as the shire town.

Strangely enough, the people of Cheapside during all these years did not yearn for fellowship with Greenfield and it is not in my way to chronicle one of those periodic upheavals, of which there have been four in this century, all since Col. Hoyt's death. The fact is people were too busy making money and building up the country to notice particularly what town they lived in, and it is undoubtedly true that a people can remain quiet a long time, though fettered by unjust boundaries, if they are prosperous and growing rich.

Col. Hoyt was prominent in the militia and in those days there was no better test of a man's influence and popularity. Military titles were eagerly sought. In a letter of the period the captain of the militia company of Deerfield is alluded to as "King" of the town, and in the same letter a lively account is given of a military election where the Lieutenant who expected to be made Captain and was defeated, resigned, expressing himself as preferring to command an Algerian pirate ship rather than such a damned rascally company.

During the war of 1812 the State militia was largely relied on for the defence of our coast, the national government being somewhat remiss in its duty to its New England citizens. Col. Hoyt in the Legislature actively interested himself in the militia system of the State and aided by the advice of his brother, Epaphras Hoyt, who was a mine of information in military science, did valuable service for the State in the

various bills that were brought forward during these years for the modification and improvement of the military system of the State. During the latter part of this period, some fifteen years after the conclusion of the war of 1812, the militia system ran down and such sturdy believers in an efficient military organization for the State as Col. Hoyt and his brother, made a strong fight for a radical change.

In the speech made by Col. Hoyt in the Senate, in 1831, he said: "Sir, public opinion seems to have come to a division upon this subject. Such is the state of militia in Massachusetts that it is pretty well agreed that it is time to come to a halt, and I hope that we are now about to adopt a course that shall save from total destruction the remnant of our militia system. I would, to use a military phrase, halt and lie on our arms until Congress should see fit to re-organize the militia, for to them this power solely belongs—to us is left the right to train them. What have we done, Sir? Why, we have passed law upon law and patch upon patch, until no one can decide what is our militia system. In many instances your regiments are mere skeletons. I have seen in more than one instance companies in the field without officers, officers without troops; in one instance at a regimental review, one company came into the field fourteen strong, without a commissioned officer; the next year the same company came into the field composed of one private and no officer." Col. Hoyt favored among other changes the formation of a select corps so disciplined as to be able to take the field in any emergency, reserving the residue of the militia as a fund to be drawn from to recruit the select corps when necessary. He did not believe that the militia could ever expect to compete with regular troops in battle, but thought the select corps might be able to do so. In answer to the objections that regular troops could not be braver than the militia of the Revolution, Col. Hoyt thought that the illustrations only showed first, the natural personal bravery of the American people, and second, that at Bunker Hill, Bennington, King's Mountain and elsewhere, they fought bravely from behind breast-works or in intrenchments, that they were good marksmen, but that they would not have been able to contend with regulars in the open field at the point of the bayonet.

Col. Hoyt's description of the contest in the Senate over

the measure to improve the standing of the militia is naïvely told in a letter to his family dated Nov. 5, 1831:—

“We have had a grand battle royal upon the subject of the militia. . . . We found ourselves nearly divided, but had good assurances that we should be able to carry it through; we fought in companies, battalions, regiments and brigades, without attempting to call out so large bodies as divisions; the battle was hard fought, much breath and some ink (no blood) was spilt, until the first charge was made with the bayonet, when we found ourselves 15 and 15, and it devolved on our commander to decide the contest; here we failed; he turned the tables against us; we, however, rallied our forces again, and after considerable skirmishing by the sharpshooters, we again came to a charge. We were then 16 and 16; again our commanding officer decided against us; and after this second defeat I am sorry to say that three or four of our troops went over to the enemies of the bill. We, however, fought bravely, until we were totally defeated; the bill being negated 20 to 12.”

One of the curiosities of this period I find in a speech of Col. Hoyt's, which he prepared—but whether he delivered it I cannot say—in favor of licensing the sale of lottery tickets, instead of prohibiting it. In the early part of this century, lotteries, as you know, were very numerous and employed throughout the country in many public and charitable enterprises. There is a quaint and honest simplicity about this speech which reveals the man so well that I am tempted to quote:—

“I think gentlemen have taken too wide a range upon this question. The simple proposition seems to be whether the present law will operate to prevent the sale of lottery tickets. It is not as to the expediency of granting a lottery. No, sir; we all agree that it would be impolitic to grant a lottery. But, sir, the question is expressly whether the present law will prevent the sale of lottery tickets from other states. Now, sir, I am ready to admit that you can carry into full effect the present law so far as to close the doors of every lottery office in the Commonwealth. And what have you done then, sir? Why, transferred the sale of lottery tickets from the office of the broker to the pockets of every bar-keeper, every keeper of a grog-shop, barber-shop and every stage agent and teamster in the country, and it will be utterly impossible to prevent tickets being sold. You have then, sir, shut up your lottery offices and transferred the business to the pockets of every teamster that travels

the country. So long, then, sir, as the neighboring States choose to send their tickets here for sale, I think it our best policy to undertake to regulate the sale of them, and I have no qualms of conscience in laying a tax on the sale of them. Gentlemen have told us from all quarters that our neighboring States are about to abolish lotteries; if so, it is very well. I should rejoice at it. I certainly am not disposed to grant lotteries, and when our neighbors choose to stop sending their tickets here for sale, we, I trust, shall cease buying them. Suppose, sir, we should attempt, like our good ancestors, to prevent the use of tobacco in this Commonwealth. Do you believe, sir, this could be effected? This, too, is a public evil, and this article is allowed by all naturalists to be a deadly poison. Yet, sir, how many of us now sitting here are in the daily habit of using it? (I, sir, have good reason to be thankful that I do not use it in any shape.) But, sir, who has nerve enough to rise in his place and offer an order here to suppress the use of tobacco entirely? Not one, sir. You cannot suppress the use of it. It has become too strongly rooted and founded to be suppressed. Public opinion will not bear him out—yet it is an evil. Attack ardent spirits, too. This is an evil which we all agree has made more ravages upon the morals and habits of men than all the other vices of our country. If tickets have slain their thousands, spirits have slain their ten thousands. It has made more paupers, been the cause of committing more crimes, and caused more misery and distress than can be attributed to any other cause. And is any senator prepared to rise in his place and move to suppress the use of ardent spirits, by inflicting a heavy fine upon those of us who are in the daily use of it? No, sir. And why? Because public opinion will not bear him out in it. What have you done? Why, sir, you have undertaken to regulate it by licensing the sale of it. And have you prevented a single individual from getting his spirit as often as he has had money in his pocket? Not one, sir. Nor, can you prevent the people from buying lottery tickets as often as they have money to pay for them! It seems to be believed that this evil is confined to this section of the country. It is not so, sir. Thousands of tickets are sold every year in that section of the country where I reside. We live on the great thoroughfare between Vermont and Connecticut, and every mail brings us fresh supplies of tickets. They are sold and I don't believe it can be prevented. We have no lottery officers, but these tickets find their way into the pockets of our citizens without the knowledge of the law officers. I am no ticket-vender nor am I a buyer of tickets. I should be glad if this traffic could be suppressed, but I know not how it can be done. I think, sir, before we proceed to pronounce

judgment against the bill on Your Honor's table, we should pause and let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Another incident to show the character of the man. Col. Hoyt relates in a letter to his family dated February 13, 1831, in his blunt and honest fashion, how he had visited the state prison and seen a prisoner punished for disobedience of orders by being stripped to the skin and flogged with the cat o'nine tails. He says: "I confess my feelings were very much harrowed up. I have supposed that we had been years endeavoring to do away with corporal punishment in every department of our government. I could not reconcile it to my views nor to my feelings and came away doubting whether they had any legal authority to do it; but I have examined the law passed in 1828, regulating the affairs of the state prison, and find that I was a member when the law passed, very much to my chagrin and mortification, but I can only plead my ignorance and hope I shall not be liable to the same punishment for having been guilty of being a member when this law passed and for not raising my voice against it."

Col. Hoyt was constantly impressed with the fact that the sessions of the Legislature were too long. March 8, 1831, in a letter to his family he says: "I am satisfied that we legislate too much for the public good. There is too much talking talent among us, and I think too little common sense talent. If there could be any means devised to lessen the former and increase the latter we should find a great saving in time and money; the expense of legislation is to be attributed more to long speech making (to little purpose) than to the necessary time to transact business."

I have endeavored thus briefly to present a picture of an old-time country legislator. You must remember that as late as 1815, there were often over 700 members of the House of Representatives; that the railroad had not displaced the stage-coach; that a member from Portland, before Maine was set off, according to tradition used to ride to Boston on horseback and pasture his horse on Boston Common; that every town sent at least one member, unless, as sometimes happened, a town would vote not to send anyone at all, or unless the town was too small to come under the Constitutional provision. The conditions were somewhat different then

than now. But whether this is enough to account for the fact that there has been a diminishing tendency to ridicule the country members of the legislature and an increasing tendency to ridicule the legislature as a whole I cannot say.

Doubtless at a time when the railroad had not penetrated our western valleys or tunneled our mountains or skirted our beautiful rivers, the farming population and dwellers in the interior did not possess the same polish of manners or elegance of dress as the residents of Boston and vicinity; but, even if they did have certain idiosyncrasies of this sort, they never were inferior to their city brethren in rugged honesty, homely hospitality or abounding common sense, and the Massachusetts Legislature has never had more honest and honorable members during the past eighty years than the yeomen from the farming towns.

Alden Bradford in his history of Massachusetts, published in 1829, well says: "The greater portion of the people of Massachusetts are farmers; and by industry and frugality, they secure a comfortable living. They are very generally well-informed, and correct in morals. They claim liberty as their birth-right, and have a generous desire to hand down to future generations the political privileges and blessings so long enjoyed by themselves and their virtuous ancestors." We are most of us farmers or the descendants of farmers, and we should be recreant to the blood that is in us if we should fail to give the credit that it is due to our country legislators past and present. The ridicule of country members in the press and on the stage has happily largely passed away. But there is a more dangerous and undermining idea that unhappily has grown until it is now very popular in certain polite, high toned and cultured circles, and that is that not only do legislatures meet too frequently but that legislators as a rule are fools and that the legislature is a useless excrescence on the body politic. The press always groans when the legislature convenes; it shouts for joy when it adjourns. "England can never be ruined but by a Parliament," said Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and Lord Byron said that "Neither House of Parliament ever struck him with more awe or respect than the same number of Turks in a divan or of Methodists in a barn." This may do for England or for a *dilletante litterateur*, but it is un-American, undemocratic to aim a blow

at the great representative body of the people. Young men of character, talent and ambition, and older men, wise, successful and of high standing in the community, have been deterred by this stuff about degenerate legislatures and imbecile legislators from seeking a seat in such bodies. Notwithstanding these attacks on the law-making body, to represent a Massachusetts constituency in her legislature is to-day a great honor. A contrary doctrine is subversive. In the simpler days of earlier times a legislator was not supposed from his accepting such a position to be either a knave or a fool; men high in social and business circles did not scoff at politicians and legislators and at the same time leave the government in the hands of the very men thus railed at; men gave proper attention to their duties as citizens; there was a generous emulation on the part of all to elect the best men to office; the best men looked upon political office not merely as a duty, but as a privilege.

That Col. Hoyt should have represented such an intelligent constituency as that of the old town of Deerfield for 27 years in the general Court, in those days when politician was not synonymous with charlatan, when a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature was aspired to by the best and ablest men, is a sufficient tribute to the worth of the man and a sufficient proof of his value to this community and to the State.

This address was followed by an intensely interesting paper by Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, entitled:

MY HUNT FOR THE CAPTIVES.

There have been more noteworthy journeys to Canada than that whose fruits I offer you this evening. There is that one abounding in thrilling experiences, from which Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings returned triumphant to Hatfield.

That other, never to be forgotten, in memory of which we meet to-night, to pour out fresh libations of admiration and reverence, for the valor and virtues of those who bore its sufferings.

And, Mr. President, there are those undertaken by your ancestor and mine, for the redemption of the Deerfield captives of which Mr. Williams thus writes:

"Mr. Sheldon, a good man, and a true servant of the church in Deerfield, twice took his tedious and dangerous journey in the winter, from New England into Canada on these occasions." Though, with the redeemed captive, I have "blessed God that deliverance was brought for so many," the number yet behind could not be forgotten. As often as I have read in our annals the pathetic story, "taken captive to Canada, whence they came not back," I have longed to know their fate. The longing has become a purpose, and I have taken it upon myself as a mission to open the door for the return of the long-lost captives. I doubt if Deacon Sheldon himself was thought so demented, when he announced his intention of going to Canada in mid-winter to demand the release of his kinsfolk and neighbors, as I was, when I made known my purpose, to go to Montreal in December.

"You don't want to go to Montreal," said the Doctor, "go to Washington," and surprised me for a moment into weak assent. Left again to my own devices, "What's Washington to me?" I said, "to Canada I will go, and the captives I will seek." Yet, with that apparent vacillation which often cloaks our firmest resolutions, I bought my tickets with the privilege of returning them, in case of a heavy snow storm on the day of departure.

The day and the storm arrived together, but I set my hand to the plough, and even if it should prove a snow plough, there was no turning back.

Two hundred years have robbed the winter journey from New England to New France of all its tedium and danger, and one needs all the reflected glory of his heroic ancestry, to reconcile him to the ignoble ease with which it is performed.

After two days of fruitless search for the trail of our captives, I had begun to despair, when chance led me to the rooms of the Natural History Society. There, by a rare good fortune, I found a remarkable collection of the old regime, —priceless treasures, hitherto guarded jealously in the home, the convent or the church, and now, for the first time, and probably the last, by the energy of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, brought together for a week's exhibition. This alone would have repaid me for my journey. There were portraits of Wolfe and Montcalm, and sil-

ver mugs once owned by the latter. There were Champlain's autograph, and the patent of nobility conferred upon François Hertel and his posterity. Here I stood, face to face, with the illustrious founders of New France—soldiers, nuns, missionary priests, intendants, Governor-Generals, heroic martyrs, gallant captains and faithful viceroys of Louis XIV. The frank, sensible, practical, womanly and warm-hearted Marguerite Bourgeois, Madame de la Peltrie, the ardent and sincere, albeit romantic and sensational enthusiast; Pere Jogues, the refined, scholarly and pious missionary, with his poor, mutilated hands, and his deeply-lined face; timid, humble, self-distrusting, meek and patient as a lamb under Indian torture, bold as a lion in defence of his faith; Laval, the high-born prelate, stubborn fighter for the supremacy of the church; Talon, the Intendant, sagacious, alert, whose delicate face gives no hint of his energetic character; Charlevoix, cotemporary and historian of them all. Here were Boucher and d'Ailleboust, representatives of the old noblesse, and de Montigny, greatest of Canadian warriors, the same to whom Esther Jones and Margaret Huggins and poor little Elisha Searls may have appealed for mercy for their kinsfolk slain at Pascommuck. And here were the Hertel brothers, faces all too familiar to our Deerfield captives—handsome and noble faces, nevertheless. These were the features first revealed to our woe-begone ancestry, in the light of their burning homes, one hundred and eighty-four years ago this night. This decoration may have been de Rouville's reward for his successful attack on Deerfield. Those very eyes must have beamed gratefully upon Mary Baldwin Catlin, as she tenderly raised the head and moistened the fevered lips of the wounded French youth. This thought was an inspiration. Shame to me that I could have despaired. An hour later I found myself on a bench in the church vestry, with a crowd of old women, anxious for confession, awaiting my turn to speak with the Curé of Notre Dame. At 4 o'clock when the early sunset of that northern latitude overtook me, you might have seen me perched upon a high stool, at a grated window, straining my eyes over the ancient record, and translating letter by letter from the old French, the following, in the hand-writing of Father Meriel:—

“On Monday, the 21st day of December, in the year 1705, the

rites of baptism were by me, the undersigned priest, administered in the chapel of the Sisters of the Congregation, with the permission of Monsieur Francois le Vachon de Belmont, Grand Vicar of my Lord, the Bishop of Quebec, to Samuel Williams, upon his abjuration of the independent religion; who, born at Dearfielde, in New England, the 24th of Jan. O. S. [3d of Feb.] of the year 1690, of the marriage of Mr. John Williams, minister of the said place, and his wife Eunice Mather, having been taken the 29th of Feb. O. S. [11th of March] of the year 1704, and brought to Canada, lives with Mr. Jacques Le Ber, Esquire, Sieur de Senneville. His godfather was Jacques Le Ber. His godmother Marguerite Bouat, wife of Antoine Pascaud, merchant, who have signed with me."

Then follow the signatures of Senneville, Marguerite Bouat Pascaud and the unformed and tremulous autograph of Samuel himself. Dear lad! On this very spot he was sent to school, to learn to read and write French. The school-master sometimes "flattered him with promises, if he would cross himself, then threatened him if he would not," and finding promises and threats ineffectual, he struck him with a cruel whip, and made him get down on his knees for an hour. For weeks this went on, till at last, after many tears, "through cowardice and fear of the whip," says his stern, old Puritan father, "he was first brought to cross himself." From this to adjuration and baptism, was a natural step. Two days after his baptism, he wrote to his father in Quebec a strange letter, filled with accounts of the conversion of his fellow captives to the Roman Catholic religion, and not one word of himself. "When I had this letter," says the heart-broken father, "I presently knew it to be of Mr. Meriel's composing, but the messenger who brought it, brought word that my son had embraced their religion. The news was ready to overwhelm me with grief and sorrow—anguish took hold upon me. I asked God to direct me what to do, and how to write, and to find an opportunity of conveying a letter to him." That letter, and Samuel's answer, may be read in "The Redeemed Captive." Far into the twilight I sat there, spellbound by the old manuscript. How many tales it unfolded. True stories of real folks, far transcending in interest any wonder book of fiction. I pictured the fourteen year-old-boy in the house of his so called master. It was, doubtless, one of the best in the town, for Jacques Le Ber, shop-keeper

at Montreal, had by industry and thrift made himself a fortune, and ambitious for his children had "got himself made a gentleman for 6000 livres, so far had *noblesse* already fallen from its old estate."

Though Jacques Le Ber was the possessor of riches and a title,—though it pleased him to be called Ecuyer or Esquire, and to sign himself Seigneur de Senneville, he had had sore disappointment. His wife had died. His eldest daughter, his favorite child, instead of helping him, in the care of the younger children, had shut herself up at twenty-two, in her chamber, where for ten years she sat embroidering altar cloths and vestments, refusing to see any one but her confessor, and the girl who brought her food. An odor of sanctity must have pervaded the house of Jacques Le Ber, and Samuel probably heard from her own sisters the story of Jeannie Le Ber. Ten years before he became an inmate of the family, she had retired to a cell which she had built for her behind the altar, in the new chapel of the nuns of the Congregation; and the boy and his master must both have thought of the family saint, "so near and yet so far," as they stood by the altar when Samuel was baptized. It was kind in Jacques Le Ber to burden his household with the boy, and Samuel felt it; for he tells his father, in excuse for his conversion, that they told him (perhaps Le Ber's own children) that he had "never been bought from the Indians, but was only sojourning in Montreal, and that if he would not turn, he should be given back to the savages,—but that if he would he should never be put into their hands any more." I wondered as I sat there putting the two ends of the story together, whether it was all so dreadful to the boy as it seems to us. Whether, as he waded from Jacques Le Ber's house to school, through that Canadian winter, he was ever gay and merry like other boys,—and snowballed and frolicked on his snow-shoes. Or whether the thought of his mother slain, his father far away, his brothers and sisters scattered, he knew not where, haunted him day and night. The priests spent whole days urging him to renounce his father's religion. To rescue from heresy the child of the Puritan preacher, was an object worth their labor, and they spared no pains or argument to that end. When at last the ship came to take him home, they tried to frighten him with tales of shipwreck,

and threats of eternal damnation. They told him if he would stay the King would grant him a pension, and that his master, an old man, and the richest in Canada, would give him a great deal of money; but that in New England he would be poor and homeless. It is a relief to remember that neither promise of perferment nor the fear of poverty on earth, and of hell hereafter, could keep him from home and native land.

When I walked back to my hotel, the stars were shining. The Montreal of to-day had vanished, and men, women and children from the Deerfield of 1704, thronged the snow-bound streets of the old French town. Ville-Marie de Montréal! What legend of the age of chivalry equals the romance of thy true history? The most brilliant conception of the imagination pales before the simple recital of the exploits of thy crusaders!

To all readers of the "Redeemed Captive" the name of Father Meriel is as familiar as that of Parson Williams himself. For the next two days I followed his steps in the old records as he went in and out among the captives. On the triumphant return of De Rouville from Deerfield, the Seigneur de Montigny, whom I have already mentioned as the greatest warrior of New France, was sent to this valley with a party of French and Indians. The story in full may be found in Mr. Sheldon's history. Montigny attacked Pascommuck, a little hamlet of Northampton, occupied by five families, and known also as Northampton Farms.

The Hampshire record as quoted by Mr. Sheldon is as follows: "May 12 [13] Pascomok Fort taken by ye French and Indians being about 72. They took, and Captivated ye whole Garrison being about 37 Persons. The English Pursueing of them caused them to nock all the captives on the head, Save 5 or 6. Three they carried to Canada with them; the others escap'd and about 7 of those knocked on the Head Recovered, ye Rest died."

Those carried to Canada were Esther Inghesson (or Ingersol) wife of Benoni Jones; Margaret Huggins, her niece, aged eighteen, and Elisha Searls, a little boy of eight.

Imagine the emotions with which I read the Canadian account of the Pascommuck story. It is so strange to find the homely names of *le petit Anglois*, or *la petite Anglaise*, and their fathers and mothers, old-time friends and neighbors of

our own ancestry, done into French in Father Meriel's beautiful hand-writing as bright and clear to-day as if fresh from his pen. Stranger still it is to see them coupled with names of warriors and courtiers, who not only figure brilliantly in the annals of New France, but who once shared at Fontainebleau, the pleasures of the corrupt and splendid court of Louis XIV, who may have seen the rise and fall of the La Valliere and the Montespan,—and have lounged in the ante-chambers of Madame de Maintenon.

The old record reads like a novel, it is all so vivid. Instinctively I hold out my arms and whisper, "Don't be afraid," to the little Elisha Searls as I see him there, in his blue checked apron and shabby homespun, just as he was snatched from his mother's side. He stands there ready to burst into tears, clinging tight to the hand of Jean Baptiste Céléron de Blainville, with whom he lives. How he shrinks from the priest and the baptismal water, and turns half trustfully towards Dame Maria Anne LeMoynes de Chassaigne, his god-mother. It is all over now, and this is our last sight of little Elisha, or Elisée, as the French have it. His god-father, Captain de Blainville, has taken away the name given him by good Parson Stoddard, and when we meet him again if we ever do meet him it will be as Michel Searls. A year later, Margaret Huggins is baptized. Father Meriel tells us that she was the daughter of John Huggins and Experience Jones, born at Stony Brook in 1686, and baptized at Springfield four months later; that she was taken by the Abenakis at Pascommuck, near Northampton, and carried by the Indians to St. Francis. From them she was bought by that illustrious exile, the Marquis de Crisafy, Governor of Three Rivers, with whom she lived until August, 1706, when she was brought to Montreal. Her sponsors were Monsieur Etienne Robert and Marguerite Bouat, who seem to have been as zealous in the conversion of heretics as Father Meriel. I doubt not that her name re-appears later, where the lack of time forbade me to look for her.

My next find was the story of Esther Jones, as Father Meriel wrote it out for Samuel Williams to copy and send it to his father. Between the lines it is easy to read the prolonged agony of that first year of captivity, ending for this poor woman in weeks of sickness in the hospital. There, "dis-

tempered with a very high fever, if not distracted," as Mr. Williams says, on their death beds, scarcely conscious of their acts, and "at first disdaining," she and Abigail Turbot yielded to the threats of the priest and the importunities of the nuns who took care of them, and confessing the sins of their whole lives, abjured Protestantism, received extreme unction, died and were "honorably buried side by side, in the church-yard next the church," close to the body of the Justice Pese's wife, writes Samuel, "all the people being present." What a picture these few lines recall! The beauty of that spring night on Northampton meadows; the stillness broken by that horrid war-whoop; the terror of those five families; the flaming farmhouses; the flight with the prisoners; the brave pursuit and the merciless slaughter; the three desolate ones, marching on to unending captivity; the meeting with some of their Deerfield friends in the Indian camp at Coos; the arrival in Canada; their separation; the year of illness ending with the hospital, where Esther Jones finds her cousin, Abigail Turbot, who had been taken at Cape Porpoise, Me.; finally, that gloomy Sunday afternoon in December, when both sufferers lay spent with the struggle, life ebbing fast from their fever-racked frames; grey-robed nuns flitting softly back and forth between them; black-gowned priests reiterating in low tones alternate threat and promise, their efforts at last successful; Father Meriel pressing forward with extreme unction for the penitents; Samuel Williams and other English prisoners looking on, awestruck at the scene; Madam Grizalem, as they call Christine Otis's mother, whose captivity has had a happier ending, there too (let us hope as a kind mediator between the sufferers and their persecutors); the burial, at which "all the people were present;" the captives standing sadly about the open graves and wondering whose turn would come next; then, earth to earth, *requiescant in pace*; and Father Meriel hurries to the church vestry to write down before it is quite dark the record, which, 200 years later, shall be thus read by a descendant of Deerfield. So the curtain falls on the tragedy of Pascomuck.

In the attack on Deerfield, Sarah Jeffreys, widow of Thomas Hurst, and her six children were captured. The youngest, Benjamin (or Benoni), was slain in the meadows. Sarah, 18,

Elizabeth, 16, Thomas, 12, Hannah, 8, Ebenezer, 5, were carried with the mother to Canada, where they were probably separated. Widow Sarah, the mother, was re-baptized, and appears on the Canadian records as Marie Jeanne. Ebenezer was baptized by Father Meriel on Sunday, Dec. 6, 1705, and the name of Antoine Nicolas was given him by his god-father, Monsieur Antoine Aahémar, registrar of the jurisdiction of Ville-Marie. His brother Thomas was carried to the Mission of Notre Dame de Lorette and baptized by Father Meriel at Montreal, on the 17th of January, 1706. We have heretofore believed that the Widow Hurst, with her two eldest daughters, was redeemed and returned to New England, Ebenezer, Thomas and Hannah remaining in Canada. I am led to doubt this statement in regard to Elizabeth by the following extract from the Montreal register:—

“On Monday, the 3d of October, 1712, after the publication of the three bans, I, the undersigned, Seminary priest of Montreal, with the permission of Monsieur François de Vauchon, Grand Vicar of the Bishop of Quebec, and with the mutual consent of Thomas Bécrafft, weaver, aged 33, son of Thomas Bécrafft, deceased, and of his wife, Elizabeth Gay, of the Bishopric of Norwich in England, of the first part, and of Marie Elizabeth Hurst, aged 23, daughter of the late Thomas Hurst, and his wife, Marie Jeanne Jeffreys of Deerfield, in New England, of the second part, both now living in this parish of Ville-Marie, have married them and have given them the nuptial benediction in presence of Mr. John Thomas, master ship-builder to the king, in this country, and of Daniel Joseph Maddox, friend of the groom, of William Perkins, father-in-law of the bride, of Thomas Hurst, her brother, and of several others, friends of both parties, who have signed this certificate according to law, with the exception of Thomas Hurst, who says that he cannot sign.”

Then follow Thomas's mark and the autographs of Marie Françoise French, William Perkins, John Thomas, Jacob Gilman, Daniel Joseph Maddox, Joseph Bartlet and Meriel, Prêtre. As the age of the bride corresponds exactly to that of Elizabeth Hurst, I am led to believe that Hannah went back with Sarah and their mother to New England, and that Elizabeth, with the name of Marie added at her baptism, was left with Ebenezer and Thomas in Canada, where she married as above. The Marie Françoise French, who appears as one of the witnesses at the wedding of her friend Elizabeth

Hurst, was the daughter of Deacon Thomas French and his wife, Mary Catlin. Deacon French was the town clerk of Deerfield, and also the blacksmith. His house stood on the lot now occupied by Mr. Chapin and his shop just in front of his house, on the street. An interesting proof of this fact was brought to light a few years ago by our antiquary, who, digging on the spot, found charcoal and bits of iron that must have fallen from the blacksmith's forge.

The deacon and his children—Mary, aged 17, Thomas, 14, Freedom, 11, Martha, 8 and Abigail, 6—were captured. His wife and their infant, John, were killed on the retreat. Deacon French and his two eldest children were redeemed. Freedom was placed in the family of Monsieur Jacques Le Ber, merchant of Montreal, and on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1706, Madam Le Ber had her baptized anew by Father Meriel, under the name of Marie Françoise, the name of the virgin added to that of her god-mother being substituted for the Puritanic appellation of Freedom, by which she had been known in Deerfield. She signs her new name, evidently with difficulty, to this register, and never again does she appear as Freedom French. I find her often as the guest at the marriages of her English friends. Her sister Martha was given by her Indian captors to the Sisters of the Congregation at Montreal. On the 23d of January, 1707, she was baptized *sous condition*, receiving from her god-mother the name of Marguerite in addition to her own. On Tuesday, November 24, 1711, when about sixteen, she was married by Father Meriel, to Jacques Roi, aged 22, of the village of St. Lambert, in the presence of many of their relatives and friends. Jacques Roi cannot write his name, but the bride, Martha Marguerite French, signs hers in a bold, free hand, which is followed by the dashing autograph of the soldier, Alphonse de Tonty; and Marie Françoise French, now quite an adept in forming the letters of her new name, also signs. Two years later, on the 6th of February, at the age of 21, Marie Françoise French married Jean Daveluy, ten years older than herself, a relative of Jacques Le Roi, her sister's husband. Daveluy could not write, but here appended to the marriage register, I find for the last time the autographs of the two sisters written in full, Marie Françoise and Martha Marguerite French. •

Elizabeth Catlin, sister of Deacon French's wife, (both daughters of Mr. John and Mary Baldwin Catlin,) married James Corse, who died before the destruction of Deerfield, leaving her with three children, two boys and a little girl just the age of her cousin, Martha French. On her arrival in Canada, Elizabeth Corse, then eight years old, was taken by Pierre Roy or Le Roi, an inhabitant of St. Lambert, and on July 14. 1705, Pierre Le Roi's wife, Catherine Ducharme, and Gilbert Maillet, master mason, stood as sponsors at her baptism. She is allowed to keep her own name intact, though Father Meriel writes it Elizabeth Casse. The Canadian French sometimes pronounce the vowel "a" *ah* and sometimes *aw*. The latter doubtless represents the child's pronunciation of her family name, the *r* being entirely suppressed. With Pierre Le Roi's children, Jean, Jacque, Barbara, and the rest, Elizabeth Corse grew up to the age of 16, when, on the 6th of November, 1712, she married Jean Dumontel of the same village. It is interesting to note that she named her first child Mary, in memory of her aunt, Mary Catlin French, and her second, Elizabeth, for her mother. Several with French names follow, among them a Pierre, which seems to hint at a kindly regard for her benefactor; Pélagie, the last, was born in 1728. On the 6th of January, 1730, she married, at St. Lambert, her second husband, Pierre Monet. It was in this very year that her brother James went up from Deerfield to look for her in Canada. How one longs to know whether he found her a widow, at the head of her young family, or whether he arrived too late for the second wedding. It seems hardly possible that his search could have been fruitless, or that the little colony of cousins and friends, settled in and near Montreal, could have escaped him. Thanks to the detail of Father Meriel in his records, a thread of fancy may be interwoven with these bare statistics. We may imagine the grief and loneliness of these three cousins, when after the horror of their seizure and the suffering of the journey were somewhat abated, they found themselves separated among a people so different and speaking a strange tongue. No doubt good Catharine Ducharme was at her wits' end to know what to do with the wailing little girl, who had fallen to her share in the distribution of prisoners; and that Martha French gave the pious nuns of the

Congregation no end of trouble. The solemn routine of the cloister must have been very irksome to the wayward child, who had been free to rove with her mates, at their own sweet will, up and down the beautiful street of Deerfield. We may suppose that, after Elizabeth's baptism, Dame Le Roi asked the Sisters to let Martha French go home with her to St. Lambert for a while; and that this arrangement was found to be such a relief to all concerned that the visits became more frequent, and that Freedom, *alias* Marie Françoise French, was of the party. It is possible that Mary Brooks, who was the same age, was there too. She had been baptized as Marie Claire the Sunday after Elizabeth Corse, and was living with the Seigneur Joseph de Fleury in Montreal. Gradually their homesickness wore away, and they grew to womanhood. We can picture these grandchildren of Mr. John Catlin—light haired, dark eyed—race type that we have known so well in later generations. No wonder that Jacques Roi and Jean Dumontel thought they had never seen maidens so winsome as Martha French and Elizabeth Corse, or that even grave, sober Jean Daveluy, with his 31 years experience, was finally captivated by the beauty, vivacity and saucy wit of Mary Françoise French, who was probably living with her married sister at that time.

The condition of the people of Deerfield in the fall and winter of 1703-4 is pathetically described by Mr. Williams in a letter to Governor Dudley, which I have quoted on a former occasion. Though their elders were depressed by foreboding and fear, the young people of the village seem to have gone on as usual. Early in December, young John Sheldon rode down to Chicopee and brought home Hannah Chapin, his bride, on a pillion behind him, clad, perhaps in that famous pelisse, which the gossips had quilted of double thickness, laughingly telling her she would need it when the Indians should carry her off to Canada, so perilous was the situation at Deerfield considered. I must confess that I have always looked with less favor on two other marriages contracted that winter,—that of Elizabeth Price to Andrew Stevens, the Indian, and that of Abigail Stebbins to James Denio, of whom all that we have hitherto known is that he was one of three Frenchmen then living in Deerfield. That these two girls, born of good Puritan stock, should have done this thing,

and especially at a time when the very name of French and Indian was most hateful to the people of New England, has always shocked my sense of the fitness of things. Andrew Stevens, "the Indian," was killed at the sacking of the town. His young wife, James Denio and his bride, Abigail Stebbins, her father and mother and the rest of their children were captured. John Stebbins, his wife Dorothy and their two sons, John and Samuel, came back. Abigail and her husband, her sister Thankful, and her brothers, Ebenezer and Joseph, remained in Canada; so also did Elizabeth Price Stevens. The latter lived for a time with the Nuns of the Congregation, and having made formal abjuration of the "Calvinistic heresy," was baptized on the 25th of April, 1705, her godmother, Marie Elizabeth Le Moyne, daughter of Charles Le Moyne, Baron Longueuil, giving her the added name of Marie. Father Meriel says that she was born at Northampton, and was the daughter of Robert Price, Episcopalian, and of his wife, Sara Web, Independent, and widow of Andrew Stevens of Northampton. She signs the register as Marie Elizabeth Stevens, but the autograph looks as if her hand were held and the letters traced by another. On the 3d of February, 1706, at the age of 22, she married Jean Fourneau, a master shoemaker. Among those present were Samuel Williams, "friend of the bride," Hannah Parsons, Marie Esther Sayrs, Christine Otis and Catharine Denkyn. She died ten days after the birth of her seventh child, Nov. 4, 1716. Though we may object to his methods, we cannot have followed thus far the ministration of Father Meriel without admiring his persistent efforts to save the souls of those whom he regards as heretics. According to his light he befriended the captives, and there can be no question of his sincerity. I felt sure that his unflagging zeal would sooner or later put Abigail Stebbins' name on the baptismal register. When I tell you that but for her marriage with the Frenchman I should not have been I and this sketch might not have been written, you will understand the satisfaction with which I read the following:—

"On Monday, the 28th of May, 1708, the rites of baptism have been administered by me the undersigned Priest, to an English woman, named in her own country Abigail Stebbens, who born at Dearfield in New England, the 4th of January 1684 (N. S.) of the

marriage of John Stebbens an inhabitant of that place, and of Dorothy Alexander, both Independants, having been baptized by the minister of that place some years after and married the 14th of February 1704 to Jacques Desnoions now Sergeant of Mr. de Tonti's company, came with him to Canada, towards the end of the following March, and lives with him at Boucherville. Her name of Abigail has been changed to that of Marguerite. She has had for her godfather the High and Mighty Seigneur Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Chevalier de l'Ordre Militaire de St. Louis and Governor-General of New France; and for godmother, Marguerite Bouat, wife of Antoine Pacaud, royal treasury clerk

who have signed

with me according to the ordinance."

The autographs follow:

VAUDREUIL

Mgte BOUAT PASCAUD

MARGUERITE STEBBEN

Poor Abigail seems to have given out over-powered by the presence of the *haut et puissant* Governor-General.

"Both Independants!" how it stirs the dissenting blood in one's veins to read this of old John Stebbins and his wife Dorothy. How much in a little Father Meriel gives us. Here we have for the first time the *real* name and occupation of Abigail's husband, Jacques Desnoions,—*now* Sergeant in Mr. de Tonti's company. That *now* banishes my life-long fear that the three Frenchmen in Deerfield that winter were scouts sent in advance by Hertel de Rouville. It is noticeable that Abigail Stebbins is not spoken of as the others have been, as "*captured* Feb. 29, 1704 and brought to Canada," but having "*come* with her husband to Canada, and living with him at Boucherville." Here then was the clue. Boucherville was the home of Abigail's married life. On its Parish records I must look for the births of the children. With reluctance I shut the Montreal register and set about going to Boucherville.

Easily accessible in summer, it was not to be thought of in midwinter, said the officials. Thought, however, is not so easily dismissed. The thing *done* often seems of so little worth, compared to the thing foregone. After groping awhile among the defective copies of Parish records in the court house, the Gordian knot was cut by a suggestion from

the lady from Philadelphia that we should get across the river by some train and trust luck for the rest. Booming through the great bridge, we halted for a moment at Saint Lambert, the adopted home of Elizabeth Corse and her cousins, and thence to Longueuil. Here the courtesy of our conductor was our luck. He gave us in charge to a clever French driver, in whose capacious sleigh, with only our heads visible above the bear skins tucked up close under our chins, we glided on to Boucherville. The road from Longueuil to Boucherville is a forcible reminder of that modified feudalism which formed the basis of Canadian colonization. Longueuil and Boucherville are among the oldest seigniories granted by the King with patents of nobility to the more prominent colonists of Canada. Charles Le Moyne, Baron of Longueuil, the son of an inn-keeper at Dieppe, was a man of rare worth. The family founded by him is still eminent in Canada. Boucherville was the Seignior of Pierre Boucher, whose descendants, the De Bouchervilles, a family of distinction, still live on the spot. "The fief of the seignior," says Mr. Parkman, "varied from half a league to six leagues fronting on the river, and from half a league to two leagues in depth. The condition imposed on him may be said to form the distinctive feature of Canadian feudalism, that of clearing his land within a limited time, on pain of forfeiting it." This was to prevent the lands of the colony from lying waste. "Thus Canadian feudalism," still quoting Mr. Parkman, "was made to serve a double end,—to produce a faint and harmless reflection of French aristocracy, and simply and practically to supply agencies for distributing land among the settlers" "As the seignior was often the penniless owner of a domain three or four leagues wide and proportionally deep, he could not clear it all himself, and was therefore under the necessity of placing the greater part of it in the hands of those who could. But he was forbidden to sell any part of it which he had not cleared. He must grant it in turn to his vassals, on condition of a small annual rent. The usual grant from a seignior to his vassal included woodland and tillage, and was about a mile and a half in depth, with a narrow river frontage. The *censitaire* or tenant (*habitant* as he is still called), naturally built on the front of his lot, close by the river, which served as his highway, and as his

neighbors did the same, a single line of dwellings, not far apart, was ranged along the shore, forming what is to this day called a *côte*." A continuous *côte* connects Longueuil and Boucherville. The photograph snatched *en passant* gives you no idea of the picturesque beauty of the landscape or the splendor of that winter day. The road of spotless white followed for seven miles along its southern shore the curves of the magnificent river. At the right, quaint old dwellings, each with its long well-sweep, its Lombardy poplars and its rude paling; the houses a story and a half high, built of stones and bits of rock of a rich brown color, irregular in size and shape, and imbedded in coarse gray mortar; high steep roofs, painted black or dull red, with curved and far projecting eaves; huge chimneys at the gable ends, built from the ground outside; casement windows of different shapes and sizes, set without regard to external symmetry, and protected by heavy red wooden shutters; long low barns, whose warped and withered sides are crusted with yellow lichens, their roofs thickly thatched, the thatch bristling erect like a close-cut mane, along the ridge-pole. Enormous ricks of straw were clustered in the angles of the buildings; shaggy, stout-legged horses huddled together in the barn yards, resting their necks on each other; clumsy Breton cows moved slowly about; dingy, heavy-fleeced sheep poked their noses down among the dead grass of the fields, which the winds had laid bare in spots. An *habitant* raking straw from a snow-topped rick was the only sign of human life. His boots of untanned deer skin, his blouse of blue homespun, belted with a scarlet sash, the tasseled peak of his red woolen cap falling to his shoulder, gave a bit of bright color to the picture. Behind the farm buildings lay a vast expanse of snow-drifted meadow, sparkling as if encrusted with gems; here and there a graceful elm in its naked beauty; and in the middle distance, rising abruptly from the plain, a pale blue mountain, not unlike Toby in outline, vague and tender in the rimy atmosphere. At the left there was the low slope of the river's bank. Now and then the blackened thyrse of a sumach, or the dry pod of a milkweed rustled on its stalk, turning its buff satin lining to the light. Clumps of the red osier and yellow twigs of dwarf willows already gave promise of spring. At intervals immense blocks of ice,

jammed together, formed a rampart that cut off the view. Near Boucherville the river bank broadened into a great stretch of marsh, the haunt of innumerable wild ducks; and far beyond this the long low Isles of Boucherville broke the otherwise dreary expanse of the gulf-like river.

Road and river, mountain and meadow are the same to-day as on that blustering March day in 1704, when at the dispersion of the captives at Montreal, Jacques De Noyon and his young bride wended the same way to his old home at Boucherville. Perhaps her husband, pitying her distress, had begged that her father and mother and her young brothers and sister might accompany them. The houses may have differed somewhat from those of to-day. Doubtless some were built of logs and daubed with clay. Whatever the material, the form was the same: "such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries."

From the northern provinces of France, from Brittany, Normandy and Picardy, Canada was peopled. They came in such numbers that the king at last instructed his minister to inform the Intendant that he needed his peasants for soldiers and could not afford "to depopulate France in order to people Canada." Year after year, however, shipload after shipload sailed from Rochelle or Dieppe. An anonymous writer of the period describes them as "docile, industrious and pious." Mr. Parkman adds: "They seem to have been in the main, a decent peasantry. Some of them could read and write, and some brought with them a little money."

Renowned as is the town of Noyon in Picardy for its linen factories and its magnificent church of the thirteenth century—famous as the place where Charlemagne was first crowned and Hugh Capet elected King—it is still more famous as the birthplace of Jean Chauvin, or John Calvin, the great Reformer. It is not unlikely that another John, born in Noyon at a time when surnames were unusual, came to be known as John of Noyon, or Jean De Noyon. Be this as it may, we may assume that among the emigrants who, notwithstanding the King's protest, sailed yearly from Rochelle or Dieppe, came Jean De Noyon, with his wife, Jeanne Franchard, and Marin Chauvin (of the Calvins of Noyon) with his wife, Gilette Ban. The women were Normans, from the neighborhood of Rouen. I have no doubt that their hus-

bands were Picards—old friends and comrades in the town of Noyon. They were among the earliest settlers of Canada. On the 8th of December, 1650, Marie, daughter of Marin and Gilette Chauvin, was Baptized at Three Rivers. She married at fourteen, Rolin Langlois of Three Rivers, a man ten years her senior. He died within three months after his marriage and the youthful widow married the same year Jean De Noyon of Three Rivers, she being then fifteen and he twenty-three years of age. This was at the time when such an incentive to early marriage was offered by the King in yearly pensions to those who should become the parents of large families. Pierre Boucher was then Governor of Three Rivers and his daughter married there at the age of twelve.

William, the oldest son of Jean De Noyon, and Marie Chauvin, the widow Langlois, was born about 1666. Their second son, *Jacques*, our *James*, was baptized at Three Rivers, Feb. 12th, 1668. Jean De Noyon, 2d, son of Jean and of his wife Jeanne Franchard, and father of William and James, was an edge tool maker and a master of his trade. A man who could make bill hooks and felling axes must have been very useful in a new country and I dare say that Pierre Boucher, Governor of Three Rivers, offered him some inducement to become a tenant of his seigniory. Whether this be so or not he removed with his family soon after the birth of his second son, to Boucherville. There three more sons and five daughters were born to him, ten children in all. They probably ran about bareheaded and barefooted, in scanty clothing, and "grew stout on bread and eels." As I find no evidence that any of them became priest, monk or nun, I suppose that Jean De Noyon received annually 3000 livres of the king's bounty money. This, with what he could earn from his trade and the product of his tillage, supported the family. The eels of the St. Lawrence, smoked and salted, supplied them with much of their food. As they grew older the boys hunted and fished, and in winter, perhaps, helped their father to fell and hew timber for the market, getting in exchange the bare necessities of life. The general testimony concerning the Canadian youth of that period is that they would not work, but were idle and unruly, and as soon as they could handle a gun they spurned restraint and spent their time in the woods.

Household drudgery occupied the mother. The girls worked in the fields in summer but spent their winters in idleness. Domestic spinning and weaving were unknown arts in Canada at that time and hemp and flax were not cultivated till much later.

Jean De Noyon, master edge tool maker, died in 1692. Whether his eldest son, William, who had married three years before, lived with his mother and succeeded to forge and farm, I know not. At this time the disorders arising from the fur trade were at their height. In vain did the home government try to regulate or control this traffic. Licenses were granted, annual fairs established, to no purpose. Hundreds of young men took to the woods, carrying goods and brandy to exchange with the savage for peltries at their own price, to sell again at large profits. All the youth and the vigor of the colony was absorbed in this irregular trade. Men could not be found to till the seignior's acres. Farms ran wild again. Agriculture languished. Population diminished. A year or two of this free life in the wilderness made men averse to labor and loath to marry. The King was in despair. Severe edicts were followed by generous amnesties. The lawless vagabonds cared no more for one than the other. Neither threats of branding, whipping, hard labor at the galleys, nor promise of the King's grace and bounty could induce this army of *coureurs de bois* to return to the duties and obligations of civilized life. So general was this outlawry that at one time the Intendant writes to the minister that "there is not a family of any condition or quality soever that has not children, brothers, uncles and nephews among them," and he expresses the fear that if absolute pardon is not offered them "they may be drawn to pass over to the English, which would be a general loss to the country." Again he writes: "Not only do the *coureurs de bois* act openly, but they carry their peltries to the English and try to drive the Indian trade thither." There is plenty of evidence that the English took advantage of the situation, paid the bushrangers twice as much for their beaver skins as the Canadian merchants did and sold them merchandise at much cheaper rates.

Jacques, the second son of Jean De Noyon, would have been 24 years old at his father's death. It is hardly probable that

under any circumstances he would have stayed at home under his brother's rule. Of his career up to the time of his appearance in Deerfield I am ignorant. As he was probably no better nor worse than his fellows, why may we not assume that he was a part of this general exodus of the young men? Official letters from the New York government confirm the French accounts of the attitude of *coureurs de bois*—*Boss lopers* as they are called. In August, 1700, David Schuyler writes to the Earl of Bellamont that Jean Rosie, the interpreter, whom *Peter* Schuyler mentions as an inhabitant of Albany and a very honest man although a Frenchman, "told him that there were thirty of the Principall Bush loopers, Canadians born, had combined together to come to Albany for passes to go to Ottowawa, for the Governor of Canada would give them no passes there." In November of the same year Samuel York, a Portland man who had just been released from a ten years' captivity in Canada, and with Jean Rosie, a loyal citizen of Albany, passed frequently back and forth as envoys between New York and Canada, testifies on examination that many of the *coureurs de Bois* are in Ottowawa country, "in a sort of rebellion," "refusing to obey the orders of the Canadian Governor and very desirous to come to trade here with the English, only fear that the Five Nations will not suffer them to pass through their country." York and Rosie also told Governor Bellamont that these hunters had assured them they would come and offer their services to him and quit Canada forever. Evidently the Governor did not discourage these advances, for on the 26th of October, 1700, two French bushrangers appeared in New York with the following petition:

"We, Jean De Noyan and Louis Gosselyn, come to place ourselves under your Excellency's protection, in the hope that you will allow us to live and trade with King William's subjects in the town of Albany and grant us the same rights and privileges as others enjoy, in which case we submit ourselves with promise of fidelity to the laws of the government. We are commissioned by our comrades to assure you, if our request be granted, that twenty-two, all fine young men, will come to Albany next February. And *after* that we promise to bring, in the month of September of the year 1701, thirty brave fellows to the said town of Albany, all laden with peltry; and finally, we oblige ourselves further in good faith to bring, in the

aforesaid month of September, on our return from hunting, ten or twelve of the principal Sachims of the Ottowawa Nations. Dated in New York, this 26 October, 1700.

DeNOYON.

L. GOSSELIN."

The Governor acts cautiously, fearing the Greeks, even bearing gifts. This opportunity to trade with the Ottawa-was and to seduce the Northern Indians from their allegiance to the French, is a strong temptation. In November he writes tentatively to the Lords of Trade, setting forth the advantages of beaver hunting in the Ottawawa country.

Who was the Jean De Noyon, who was in New York in the autumn of 1700, as envoy from the rebellious *coureurs de bois*? Jean, the father of Jacques, was dead long before. Jean Baptiste, Jacques' brother, was but a lad of fourteen. It would be too daring a guess for a matter-of-fact historian, that it was Jacques himself. It is not impossible that the translator of the petition may unconsciously have rendered Jacques as Jack, the nickname of John, and thus changed the name. This question is left to be solved by future research, either directly from Canada, or more likely by way of Albany. Jacques De Noyon, a bushranger, discontented with his government and seeking a new home, came to Deerfield. That he was 36 years old and unmarried favors my theory that he had led a roving life. Flattered by the preference of the stanger, a man so much older than herself, the sober-minded Puritan girl was attracted by the gay *insouciance* of such a character. His vivacity and intelligence, his ardent temperament, his reckless courage, his songs and tales of wild adventure captivated her, and under his promise that her people should be his people, her God his God, she married him. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and suddenly, in a most unexpected manner, Jacques De Noyon was restored to his native land. Perhaps his presence on that fateful night saved his wife's whole family from the tomahawk.

On his return to Boucherville, Jacques De Noyon probably found his mother and her three youngest children, a son and two daughters, living on the old spot. We can imagine the stir in the family at the return of the outlaw with his English bride and her relatives. In the following Decem-

ber the first child of Jacques De Noyon and Abigail Stebins was born. On the 28th of December, 1704, in the parish church of Sainte-Famille at Boucherville, Father de la Saudray baptized "René de Noyons, born the 26th of the same month, son of Jacques de Noyon and Gabrielle Steben, his wife living in this parish," Jean Boucher, Sieur de Niverville and Marie de Boucherville standing as sponsors to the child. In Gabrielle I recognize the attempt of De Noyon's mother and sisters to render into French, Abigail, the harsh English name of his wife. Other children followed in rapid succession. On the 12th of March, 1706, Father Meriel, who seems never to have lost track of a single Deerfield captive baptized Marie Gabrielle, born the day before, Louise de Noyon, the baby's aunt being her god-mother.

Jean Baptiste was born August 11, 1707, and baptized the next day, his paternal uncle for whom he was named, acting as godfather. This child died "in the communion of the holy Catholic church" exactly one year from the day of his birth.

Up to this time we have no clue to the occupation of Jacques de Noyon after his return to Canada. His life in the bush had unfitted him for farming; the forest was his element; a young family was pressing upon him for support; a soldier's life was most to his taste, and he became a sergeant in Mr. de Tonti's company. This was Alphonse de Tonti, younger brother of the distinguished Henri de Tonti, friend and companion of La Salle. Father Meriel had never ceased importuning De Noyon to have his wife baptized into the holy Catholic church. She felt that the baptism which she had received from good Parson Williams was sufficient, and as her husband's long separation from church and priest had made him indifferent, he did not urge her. Now that he was turning his back on his former life and ranging himself on the side of law and order, and as at any moment he might be killed in battle, he probably thought it wise to secure for her the protection of the church. Accordingly one Monday morning in May, 1708, they paddled over in their canoe to Montreal, where, as we have already seen, she was baptized Marguerite. This was an eventful summer. On the 29th of June, her young brother Ebenezer, who was living with her, was baptized, receiving from his god-father,

Jacques Charles de Sabrevois, captain of a detachment of the marine, the name of Jacques Charles. The certificate is signed by the priest, by De Noyon in a handsome handwriting, by De Sabrevois and by the wife of the Seigneur Boucher as god-mother.

The fourth child of Jacques and Abigail Stebbins de Noyon, was born on the 12th of October, 1708, and named Jean Baptiste in memory of his dead brother. His aunt, Thérèse Stebbins, whom we remember as Thankful Stebbins of Deerfield, and who was living with her sister Abigail, was his god-mother. In the record of baptism the baby's mother is called by her new name, Marguerite. The father was absent on this occasion, being doubtless with his company at Fort Frontenac, then commanded by Captain de Tonti. I believe that Abigail's father and mother and brother John had ere this been released from captivity. Before the birth of their next child, François, baptized July 7th, 1710, Jacques de Noyon had removed his family to the Côte St. Joseph, another part of the parish of Boucherville. This must have been an equal relief to his mother and his wife. I fancy that the housekeeping now began to show New England thrift and industry, and that the noise of the shuttle and the cheerful hum of the spinning wheel were soon heard in the new home. Dorothée, named for her grandmother Stebbins, was baptized Oct. 3, 1711. Then followed Marie Joseph, died in infancy, Jacques René, Marie Charlotte, another Marie Joseph, Marie Magdalen, and finally Joseph, born June 21, 1724.

René, the oldest of these children, when about ten years old, had been sent with a party of French and Indian traders to visit his grandparents in Deerfield. His grandfather Stebbins induced him to stay and when the hunters were ready to go back René could not be found. Not understanding the boy's pronunciation of his own name, or wishing him to bear a more godly appellation, his grandfather called him Aaron. So René de Noyon grew up in Deerfield as Aaron Denio. In 1723, John Stebbins died. In his will he left one-eighth of his lands to each of his children, then in Canada, to wit: Samuel, Ebenezer, Joseph, Abigail and Thankful, provided they would come and live in New England. Each one's share, if he died in New England was to descend to his heirs;

otherwise, to revert to those who remained in New England. "Those that will not live in New England," says the old man, "shall have five shillings apiece, and no more. . . . Yet be it forever understood that if my daughter Abigail come not and tarry as above said, then Aaron Denieur, her son, shall be my Heir in her Room and Stead, provided Said Aaron continue in this Countrey then. After my decease and my wife's decease, Said Aaron shall enter upon that which should have been his mother's part and possess it until his mother comes, but if She come not and fulfill the above said Conditions and Aaron stays in New England and doth fulfill them, then the said eighth part of my lands to descend to said Aaron's heirs forever." And if some of my children, now in Canada, shall come and fulfill the conditions though the rest come not then my lands shall be divided between my son John and Aaron, and those that do come John having three times as much as one of the rest.

It is to be supposed that Jacques and Abigail de Noyon had heard at intervals from their son, and that René had informed his mother of his grandfather's death. His uncle John must also have notified his brothers and sisters in Canada of the conditions of their father's will. After much talk, Abigail decided to accompany her brother Samuel to Deerfield. It was certainly no mercenary motive that led her to undertake such a journey under the circumstances. Five shillings was to be her dole if she returned to Canada, and to her husband and children she must return. But her heart yearned for the boy from she had been separated for years, She longed (who does not?) to revisit the home of her childhood and to see her old mother once more before she died. How or when the journey was performed, how long the visit lasted, and what was her escort on her return to Canada, I know not. I only know that in Deerfield, on the 27th of February, 1726, her thirteenth and last child was born.

The little Marie Anne, "born," so the record reads, "at Guerfil, in New England, on the 27th of February, 1726," was baptized at Boucherville on the 5th of November of the same year, her eldest sister, Gabrielle de Noyon, then the wife of Nicholas Binet, being her godmother.

Samuel Stebbins remained in Deerfield.

At the marriage of one of Jacque and Abigail de Noyon's daughters at Boucherville in 1731, Nicholas Binet and Joseph Stebbins, uncle of the bride, both from the parish of Chambly, appear as witnesses.

About 1734, Joseph Stebbins married Marguerite Sanssoucy. He died the 23d of April, 1753, aged fifty-two. Their descendants still live in Chambly. Marie Chauvin, the mother of Jacques de Noyon, died in 1723, the same year as his wife's father.

Abigail de Noyon, born Abigail Stebbins of Deerfield, died at the age of 60, and was buried at Boucherville, on the 15th of November, 1740. Her husband, Jacques de Noyon, aged about 78, was buried on the 12th of May, 1745.

Here ended my hunt after the captives. It was as if I had laid the ghosts of unburied shades that had wandered, restless, haunting my whole life. It was a sad satisfaction to find that these offsets from the first planting of Deerfield, though rudely transplanted, had not been utterly blasted; that when the sting of their first grief was over, these young men and maidens in their turn had loved, married, reared children, founded homes, and at length rested in peace.

POEM BY MRS. L. W. EELS.

[A few years ago, Stockbridge people erected a monumental shaft as a memorial to the Housatonic Indians—once owners of the town, but now vanished from the land. In fine accord with the eternal fitness of things, this shaft was a monolith of native rock, uncut, save by the hand of nature. This is the monument so feelingly described by Dr. Daniel D. Slade, at the meeting in Larrabee's grove, at the dedication of the memorial to Mrs. Eunice Williams in 1884. A photograph of the Stockbridge monument, presented the Association by Miss C. Alice Baker, inspired the following lines by Mrs. L. W. Eels:] EDITOR.

Memorial of a vanished race,
Where nature's hand alone
Most fittingly has carved a trace
On this unlettered stone;

Pathetic emblems of their life,
Their homes in woodland wild,
The games and chase and savage strife,
Rude nature's untaught child;

Silent and sad they passed away
From native vale and stream

As melt the mists of early day
Before the moontide beam.

Their memory lingers by the hill,
The mountain, glens and caves,
And Housatonic breathes it still
In the murmur of its waves.

Beautiful in these forest haunts
The warrior mould was cast,
And picturesque the vision wild
In the annals of the past.

One link it forms in the mystic chain
Of creation's wondrous plan,
Whose each advancing step decrees
A higher plane for man.

And science, art and freedom
Must crown a nation's birth,
And justice, peace and plenty,
The heritage of earth.

FIELD MEETING—1888.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ERVING.

REPORT.

The town of Erving, the youngest of the Franklin County sisterhood, was incorporated April 17, 1838, prior to which for many years it had been known as "Erving's Grant." A search of the records shows that a deed of this land was given to John Erving of Boston, but it has not yet been ascertained why, if the land was purchased, it should be called a "grant." John Erving was a patriot as well as merchant, and there are those who believe that there must have been a grant of public lands to him for some service, the same as it is known there was to others in scores of cases. It is conceded by these, however, that subsequently he made purchases as the deeds show. But be this as it may, rock bottom is reached when it comes to the incorporation of the town. It was to celebrate the latter event that the gathering was held on Wednesday, September 12th. Uniting with the P. V. M. Ass'n of Deerfield, the plans were laid and the programme settled upon. The morning was not propitious, and the prescribed order had to be set aside, but the main features were carried out. Under the escort of the Erving and Millers Falls bands and the two local engine companies the visitors and citizens marched to the grove on Flag Hill, about 12 o'clock, where a platform had been erected and seats provided. A company of several hundred gathered, and in a brief and fitting manner Noah Rankin, President of the committee of arrangements, opened the exercises. He called upon M. M. Stebbins to give the address of welcome, which was done in a hospitable spirit with touching allusion to the things most likely to leap to the thoughts of the mature man visiting once more his native town among the hills. Hon. George Sheldon, president of the P. V. M. Ass'n, then made a response in behalf of that organization, in which he set forth with the comprehensive view of a careful student of affairs the importance of the town organization in our governmental system. This portion of his address was as follows:—

The event we meet to celebrate is an important one. Important, not only in your own history, but also in the history of our State and of New England. It was the erection of one more bulwark against the chances of oppression or misrule. The people are the source of all political power. The effective field for their action is the town meeting. The town meeting is the court of final appeal. It makes or un-makes the Executive. It fixes the authority and functions of the Legislature. It dominates the Constitution, and the Supreme Judicial Court is but wax in the hands of the people in legal town meeting assembled. And above all, the town controls itself. The first act, on its incorporation, must always be to call a town meeting. On the properly expressed will of ten qualified citizens, a town meeting must be called at any time to take action upon any matter concerning the common weal that these ten men may think best to bring forward, whether it be of the least or highest consequence; whether it be to offer a bounty on crows, or the consideration of fundamental changes in the constitution of the Commonwealth.

It was largely through the town meeting, that New England impressed itself so strongly upon the other colonies in the Revolutionary struggle for independence.

It was in the town meeting, as well as in the Legislature, that John Erving gained that fame which made his name immortal in Erving's Grant. It was in the town meeting that Sam Adams, John Hancock and their compeers educated the people and were themselves educated in the elementary organization of original power, and here it was that they learned to become leaders of men.

It was in this field that the fire of their eloquence burned away the sophistries, and lighted up the subtle policy of Great Britain, showing the masses how their rights as Englishmen were being invaded, and themselves made slaves to the court of George the Third.

It was in many a town meeting held in May or June, 1776, that the votes were passed pledging the people to support, with their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, a *Declaration of Independence* from the mother country. Such backing as this it was that gave our delegates in the Continental Congress courage to sign that Declaration, which made

them traitors to a faithless king, the guiding stars of liberty—and bound our scattered colonies into a nation.

Here, then, is the lesson of the day. As the people are the fountain of power, let us see to it that the fountain be not corrupted; that the town meeting maintain the dignity, the purity and the wisdom befitting its position. So shall our servants be honest and the duties entrusted to them be performed with impartial justice, alike to the feeble and the strong, and so, the people shall be contented, prosperous and happy.

At the conclusion of Mr. Sheldon's remarks the Erving Glee Club, composed of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Stebbins, Miss Bertha A. Perry and A. G. Bugbee, sang an appropriate selection which was followed by the address of Augustus Coolidge of Athol, a native of Erving. His address occupied some over half an hour, and was an admirable presentation of the leading facts in relation to the earlier history of the town. An original poem was then read.

After the poem the company marched to the town hall, and a collation was partaken of, ample and excellent. This it was originally intended to have in the grove, but the clouds rendered it necessary to change the programme.

Following the dinner there was given abundant opportunity for the returning sons and daughters of the town to renew old acquaintances and talk once more of old times. Meanwhile there was a competitive test of the powers of three engine companies. The chief honor remained with Erving, Engine Co. No. 1 throwing a horizontal stream 211 feet, the Orange company, 186 feet 8 inches, and the Erving No. 2, 179 feet, 6 inches.

The speaking in the hall followed, beginning about 4 o'clock. President Sheldon first called upon Geo. W. Horr of Athol, who said that the semi-centennial of a town is an important occasion. Towns are important as the little democracies of the State. He eulogized the good men who have passed away, naming Gov. Washburn, whose manufacturing interests were here, Mr. Stone and others who have illustrated the history of Erving. At this point Mr. S. Sawyer was introduced as toastmaster, and gave as the first sentiment of the afternoon "America," which was responded to by singing that song by the audience, led by the Glee Club, following which the Erving band, led by Wm. L. Day of Greenfield, played the same air.

"Our Soldiers, may every one who has lost any of his members be remembered by his countrymen," was responded to by Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., of Greenfield. He said we ought to remember those

who took their lives in their hands for the cause of their country, and hoped that they would long live to enjoy the rich fruits of the sacrifices. He had a word to add also about the value of the town government in our political system.

“The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association,” was responded to by Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield, who gave a short history of its organization. It was incorporated in 1870, to save valuable historical matter, to preserve relics of the race who went before us and to furnish a memorial to those who were sacrificed in 1704 in Deerfield. It has gathered a vast amount of matter and stored it in Memorial hall. It holds annually a Field Meeting on some historic spot or to celebrate some historic event, and deemed it important to come here. The work of the Association has but just begun, said the speaker, and others must be found ready to take it up when we leave it.

“Our Musicians,” was responded to by Millers Falls band.

“The Ladies—God bless them—capable of kindling the only flame that our fire companies cannot extinguish.” Judge Conant responded, and after a bit of pleasantry spoke of our foremothers, and the toils, privations, burdens, they were called upon to bear. We owe social order to them more than to the fathers. Mothers mold the minds of the children. We cannot forget the lessons taught at the mother’s knee. The prayers learned there may be and are breathed even now by some of us. I can leave no better thought with you than to say that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

“Our Wanderers,” was responded to by S. A. Holton of Falmouth, who said: We are assembled to do honor to our native town for the love we bear her. Many changes have taken place since I was a citizen of the town, and very few now remain whom I knew in my boyhood. Into most families death has entered, but in spite of all changes my thoughts turn here with kindly feelings. Dear to me is every hill and vale near which I lived and doubly dear the spot where rest the ashes of my sainted mother.

“Our Manufacturers,” was given to Austin DeWolf of Greenfield, who in a humorous view gave the reasons that came into his mind why he was asked to respond to such a toast.

“The town we live in—its early history,” was responded to by Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown, the oldest grandson living of Col. Asaph White, the founder of Erving. The speaker had but a few moments to occupy, but graphically told some incidents in the life of the Colonel which illustrated some of the prominent traits of

his character, showing that he was of high courage, cool head and a warm heart. He died at the age of 82.

This wound up the exercises of the day, which had all been of a very interesting character. The people of this infant town of fifty years may well congratulate themselves on their success, and tell their children that if they more fittingly celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the town, to which this gathering was adjourned they will do well.

Letters were received from several invited guests, among them J. M. Brown. M. D., of Chelsea, Hon. Levi J. Gunn, George Alexander of Aurora, Ill., Sara Holton Ballou of Detroit and Martha Alexander Macomber of Lewis, Iowa, all expressing their regrets at being unable to participate in the celebration.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY AUGUSTUS COOLIDGE, OF ATHOL.

When Abraham Lincoln was asked by his biographer for an account of the events in his early life he replied that there was one line of Gray's Elegy,

"The short and simple annals of the poor,"

that fitfully and fully told the story. J. G. Holland's history, published in 1855, says that "Erving's Grant, as the tract was originally called which constitutes the town of Erving, and forms a portion of the other towns in this vicinity, was purchased of the crown in 1751 by individuals who sold it to John Erving of Boston, to whom the grant was confirmed by the General Court, Jan. 22, 1752. It was originally about twelve miles long and two miles wide. The territory now covered by Erving was settled about 1801 by Col. Asaph White of Heath, who built a log house in the wilderness. Col. White was the constructor of the fifth Massachusetts turnpike, kept a public house, erected a dam across Millers river and built a sawmill in 1803." And he concludes a very short recital by saying that Erving has very little history that is interesting or important.

I confess that upon reading this my thoughts turned to Lincoln's quotation from the Elegy, and I also confess to a slight feeling of resentment against that gifted man and author that he could so write about such a matter. It must be confessed that when compared with other towns that fought through the Indian and French wars and took active parts

in the struggle for Independence, the history of Erving suffers by the comparison. Nevertheless, to see a man single-handed and alone building his log hut in the woods with a view to wresting some portion of God's green earth from the wild beast or cruel savage, to note his hardships and privations, to see him building highways and bringing in other settlers and introducing the arts and usages of civilized life in the wilderness, to watch the slow growth of his settlement until it could no longer remain isolated and self-contained, but out of it there must be born a town, which is the unit and foundation upon which is builded democratic government and a free people—these things, I say, are both interesting and important.

John Erving, after whom the town was named, was a man of great ability who rose from low place to become one of the greatest merchants in America. He was very prominent in colonial affairs and a member of the Massachusetts Council twenty years. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, his grandson, says that a few dollars earned on Commencement day in ferrying passengers across the Charles river when there was no bridge, shipped to Lisbon in the shape of fish and from thence to London in the shape of fruit, and from thence brought home to be reinvested in fish and to be re-entered on the same triangular course of trade laid the foundation of the largest fortune of one hundred years ago. He frequently visited the schools in company with the Governor and Council, subscribed liberally to a fund for building a work-house to furnish work for poor people and in 1774 was appointed Colonel of the militia, prior to which he was commander of the artillery in the Crown Point expedition and of the artillery at the battles of Lake George. He had much to do in disposing of the Arcadian prisoners or French refugees. As far as I can learn he was a patriot who served his country for the love of it, and at a time when grants of land were being very freely made, when men who in some fight had lost a powder-horn or some small trinket were asking for land to compensate for their losses, and getting it, too, John Erving remained silent and made no such claims. His sons, John and George, signed the Boston memorial and were thus among the first fifty-eight men who arrayed themselves against the crown prior to the Revolutionary struggle.

From my childhood I have been often told that this, my native town, received its name from the fact that a man by the name of Erving had rendered some great service to the government and that this territory was granted him in return, that it was called Erving's Grant, and when incorporated as a town the name of Erving still clung to it. It was a pretty story, still there was but one word of truth in it.

John Erving purchased four or five tracts of land hereabouts between 1750 and 1755, including the present town of Erving, purely as a real estate speculation. Holland and Felt and the author of the big History of the Connecticut Valley have all fallen into error, both as to the manner of the purchase and the date of it. A search at the State House reveals these facts:—June 12, 1751, a committee appointed by the General Court to sell province lands sold to John Erving 5335 acres on the south side of Millers river and adjoining Rhoadtown, now Shutesbury, on condition that in a certain time he should settle a certain number of families, each to build a house 18 feet square, 7 foot stud, and "bring to" a certain number of acres of land. These conditions seemed hard to Erving and Dec. 26, 1751, he petitioned the General Court to empower the same committee to give him a good deed, free from the conditions as stated, and this petition was granted Jan. 22, 1752. Holland and Felt say he purchased it of individuals who purchased it from the province and that their deed to him was confirmed Jan. 22, 1752. On the contrary he purchased direct from the committee and what they call a confirmation of the grant was really a release from the conditions of the purchase. This was his first purchase and is now a part of Wendell.

Dec. 15, 1752, Isaac Royal and Isaac Freeman purchased of a committee appointed June 5, 1752, 11016 acres on the north side of Millers river. Dec. 28 of the same year the General Court ordered the committee to give a good and sufficient deed of the lands to John Erving, as though it had been struck off to him, for whom it appears the said Royal and Freeman purchased it. The conditions of the sale were that he should settle three families, each to build a house 18x18 feet and 7 foot stud, and clear 60 acres fit for mowing and tillage. This was Erving's second purchase and took in the present village of Erving.

The following extract from the deed gives the bounds of the tract:—

“Beginning at a stake and heap of stones on the North bank of Millers Rivers in the West bounds of the township called Pequoaag, and runs north by said township nine hundred and forty rods to a small Maple tree and stones the south east corner of a township called Roxbury Canada, then West fifteen hundred and forty five rods to a stake and heap of stones being the south west corner of Roxbury Canada Township, bounding North thereon, then north seven degrees thirty minutes west five hundred and seventy six rods on the west bounds of Roxbury Canada Township, then west seven degrees south fifteen hundred and two rods on Northfield south bounds till it comes to Ct. River where Stony brook so called runs into the same river, it then bounds west on the Ct. River till it comes to the mouth of Millers River and then bounds on Millers River till it comes to the bounds first mentioned.”

Jan. 22, 1754, a committee appointed by the General Court to sell province lands reported the sale of land joining Rhoadstown to Edmund Quincy and by him released to John Erving, (price £524 4s. 10d.,) and the sale of land joining New Salem to Joseph Wilder and by him released to John Erving. (Price £152). These were his last purchases in this vicinity so far as now known, being a part of Wendell, and the other was called Settler's Grant, which is now a part of Orange and Athol.

These several tracts of land came to be called “Erving's Grant.” The first settlement on them was made on the south side of the river about 1754, and it was over there that Erving expected to have his town. Thomas Osgood was the first settler. Erving gave a school lot and a ministerial lot and that settlement should have been named after him, but at the time of the incorporation of the town in 1781 they built a meetinghouse for which Judge Oliver Wendell of Boston, an intimate friend of Erving, gave the bell, and they gave the town his name, and John Erving, although the founder of the town, had to wait about 50 years after his departure from this world before his name was given to the town on the north side of the river.

The territorial changes of Erving's Grant have been varied. When Wendell was incorporated, in 1781, that part of those lands between Rhoadstown and Millers river was taken. In 1810, when Orange was incorporated, quite a large tract was

taken. In 1753 New Salem was incorporated and got quite a slice, and again in 1837 a large piece went to Orange and a small one to Athol.

SETTLEMENT OF ERVING—ASAPH WHITE.

Asaph White, the first settler on the north side of Millers river on Erving's Grant, came of good stock. His father was Col. Jonathan White, who was born Feb. 4, 1709, and was eldest but one of a family of thirteen children. He was the son of Josiah White and great-grandson of Josiah White who came from England and settled in Lancaster. He married in 1732 Ellen Wilder, a daughter of Judge Joseph Wilder of Lancaster. In 1752 he moved to Charlemont and soon afterward to Heath, being one of its first settlers. He was in the French and Indian wars, first as Captain and later as Colonel; was with Col. Ruggles's Worcester regiment in the march to Crown Point and in the battle near Lake George, Sept. 8, 1755. After retiring from the war, in which he served with distinction, he lived most of the time in Lancaster, often going back and forth between that town and Heath. On one occasion, when on his way, when he had reached Deerfield he found he could not reach his destination without encroaching on the Sabbath, which he would never do, and so remained there. When the hour for worship came he entered the church with its high doors at every pew and walked along the aisle, but no one recognized him or offered him a seat. The Colonel turned about, walked quietly out, and going to a woodpile picked up a block of wood with which he walked up in front of the pulpit and occupied it as a seat during service. For the afternoon service every door was thrown open to him, as the people learned who he was, but the stalwart Colonel took in his block of wood and occupied it as before.

Such was the father of Col. Asaph White, who was the first settler here, and the founder of the town. He was born in 1747 and married Lucretia Bingham, a near relative of Hiram Bingham the missionary. He was connected with almost every enterprise in this region. He was one of the incorporators of the turnpike over Hoosac mountain and of the second Massachusetts turnpike, and was its builder. For many years it was called "Col. White's turnpike." He was also one of the incorporators and the builder of the fifth

Massachusetts turnpike, which began at Greenfield and extended to Athol. Another branch ran from Northfield through Warwick and Orange to Athol, where the two united and passed to Leominster. He built a clothing mill at Mill Hollow at Heath and manufactured woolen cloth and built many public roads and highways. It is supposed that the building of the fifth turnpike was what brought him to this vicinity. Oct. 20, 1802, he bought lots 27 and 28, on the plan at the Greenfield Registry, of Elizabeth Temple, widow of the late Sir John Temple.

Col. White proceeded to build a log house a little to the east of where the hotel now stands. Connected with the house was a toll gate which ran across the turnpike. He proceeded to build a dam across Millers river and a saw mill and soon started a tan yard and a fulling mill located where E. H. Spring's mill now stands. Various sales were made to Jonathan White, Wm. Crosby and others. In 1819 the hotel was sold to Elisha Alexander of Sunderland and very soon a large part of the Mill property fell into the hands of the Alexanders; so much so that the place came to be called Alexander's Mills. In a report of the Massachusetts Commissioners for 1826 there is a plan of their survey for a canal from Boston Harbor to the Connecticut and Hudson rivers. This canal was to follow substantially the course adopted later by the Fitchburg, Vermont and Massachusetts, and Troy and Greenfield railroads, and was planned to go under Hoosac Mountain by a tunnel. There is no mention of Erving's grant on the plan, but where it runs through this place the name of "Alexander's Mills" appears. From this time on for 20 years the Alexanders were very influential here in all local matters. They carried on the tavern, the post-office and also the village store, and Fordyce Alexander was the Justice of the Peace.

We have seen that Asaph White was the first Massachusetts settler here, but his daughter Lucretia, known by every one here 50 years later as Aunt Lucretia, was the first woman on the grounds. Col. White's wife was ill and unable to come, so Lucretia came with him and has the honor of being the first woman, and first housekeeper here. She was also the first school dame, having kept a school in a private house which was located near where the depot now stands,

on the right hand side of the road just south of the railroad track.

The first recorded meeting of the freeholders was held at Caleb Alvord's tavern, March 4, 1816. Asaph White was moderator and Sampson Packard clerk. The assessors were Sherman Battle, Amos Piper and Calvin Ervinge. For several years the business and public meetings were held at this tavern. In 1820 the first school house was built nearly opposite where Levi Bates now lives on the north road, and from that time until 1850 the grant and town meetings were held in that house. In 1849-50, 12 years after the incorporation of the town, the residents of the village or Center school district united and built the present school house building with a hall above the school rooms. In 1850 the first town meeting was held there, the town after quite a bitter contest, having voted to purchase the upper half of the building and an undivided 2-5 of the land for \$800. The people at the lower or west end were strong fighters and opposed the scheme and when beaten in the contest named the new hall "Erving's Folly."

The incorporation of the town came about in this wise: In 1837 or '38 the General Court appointed a committee to consider what should be done with the plantations, gores and other unincorporated territory in the State. This committee sent word to the inhabitants requesting them to consider the matter, and early in 1838 there was a meeting of the citizens at Alexander's tavern, where a committee was chosen to meet and confer with the State's committee. Several names were suggested for the new town, but at last all agreed to request that it be called Erving. I can find no written record of this meeting but get my account from Albert R. Albee, who was then a resident here and present at that meeting. The result was that April 17, 1838, the Erving grant was incorporated as a town.

The first town meeting was called by a warrant of Mosley Clapp, issued to Fordyce Alexander, upon which Alexander made return May 22, 1838. June 4, following, the meeting was held at the school house near Alexander's tavern. Mosley Clapp called the meeting to order; Asa Fisher was chosen clerk and Calvin Priest, moderator; Asa Fisher, Calvin Priest and David Blackmer were chosen selectmen; Eber O.

Bailey, Asa Fisher and Calvin Priest, school committee ; Fordyce Alexander, constable and collector, and Noah W. Packard, now a resident of Orange, was one of the highway surveyors.

The first religious organization was a Sunday school organized by Jonathan White. There may have been occasional public worship in town prior to 1818, but that is uncertain. In 1818 Elder David Goddard of Wendell began to supply Baptist services to the people and with Elder Andrews of Hinsdale, N. H., continued to serve them more or less in that respect until 1830, although after 1820 the Massachusetts Missionary Society furnished some assistance. In 1830 Rev. Dr. Packard and T. Packard, Jr., of Shelburne, preached occasionally, and in Sept. 1832, a Congregational church was organized with 15 members. Worship continued to be held in the school house as it had been held since 1818 until 1842, when the present Congregational church edifice was erected. Neighboring ministers supplied to that year, when Rev. Josiah Tucker was settled as the pastor of the Erving church and of a Congregational church at Ervingville in the town of Orange. He was dismissed in 1844 and after that the church depended upon supplies for several years. Rev. Mr. Haywood, a Methodist minister, preached in the house in 1853.

About this time F. & L. L. Alexander failed in business. They had given the lot on which the church had been built, but carelessly had failed to have the deed properly recorded. And Dr. Cook of Wendell, their assignee in settling up their affairs, claimed the lot and the church building as a part of their estate, obtained the key and locked up the house. The people were stung by this act and some parties whose names are not recorded broke open the church and had preaching there the next Sunday. The result was that after much excitement in the village, Cook said he would sell them the lot and church building for \$400, which sum was raised by subscription and for which the society received a deed of the property which has probably been recorded. In 1835 a branch of the South Orange church was formed in Erving which became extinct in 1839. They never had a settled minister. A Universalist society was formed in 1836 which also became extinct in 1848.

In 1855 the people at the end joining Hack's grant, asked to be set off to Northfield. The citizens of Erving petitioned the general court to have Hack's grant set off to Erving. Both parties appeared before the committee on towns, but both got leave to withdraw. In 1860 the matter came up again, when Erving petitioned the general court to have Hack's grant annexed to Erving. A. R. Albee appeared for the selectmen, and Feb. 10, 1860, the following act of the general court in the matter was approved :

"That portion of the town of Northfield known as Hack's grant, consisting of about 181 acres of land, entirely detached from the residents of said town of Northfield and bounded on all sides by the town of Erving with all the inhabitants and estates therein, is hereby set off from the town of Northfield and annexed to the town of Erving."

The Holtons, who then lived in Hack's grant, fought the petitioning, and when beaten felt so badly that they never would vote in Erving and said if they could not live and die in Northfield they would be buried there, and there they are now at rest in the Northfield they loved so well.

One writer has said that Erving was not up to the standard in the matter of schools. On this point it will be interesting to hear what the Northfield school committee said in their annual report for 1857 and '60, rendered first after the loss of Hack's grant :

"Let us emulate our neighboring town of Erving in this respect, who, in the very first rank, proudly unfurls her banner on which is inscribed, 'of 332 towns of the state we stand first and foremost in point of punctuality and average attendance in the schools of the commonwealth.' Noble little Erving! though we bear you no particular good will, for the unceremonious manner in which you have robbed us of a precious slice of our territory, still if we must lose it we are glad if it has fallen into hands of those who exhibit a much more liberal spirit than we do in advancing the true interest of the rising generation, who with a population of about one-fourth and a valuation of about one-fifth, contribute about \$2 to our one for the support of their schools."

When the war of the great Rebellion broke out, Erving was not slow to do her whole duty. She sent 58 men to that

war, of whom 30 were lost, and I hope some day Erving will place their names on a fit monument.

Erving has not sent many men or women into the professions. There is a Baptist clergyman by the name of Piper who formerly lived at Baileys Mill on the north road. Noble Fisk, son of Daniel Fisk, is now a Methodist minister in Vermont or New Hampshire. Seba Holton, a son of Heath Holton, is Principal of the Lawrence Academy at Falmouth. Two physicians have gone from here, Dr. Jonathan White and Hiram B. White; both are now dead. Both were surgeons in the army of the Rebellion. Prior to the war, Dr. Hiram was surgeon at the United States Naval Hospital at the Sandwich Islands. Martha Alexander married a man named Macomber and her children have made places for themselves in the professions. One son is a physician in California, one is a physician in Iowa and one daughter, Arabella, is a practicing physician in Chicago. She must be a remarkable woman. In the Rebellion she went on to the battlefield and faced the fiery storm to minister to our wounded and dying soldiers, and by her bravery and fortitude won from our government the title of Major, a title that in this country had never before been conferred upon a woman. She is not a native of Erving but her mother is and still cherishes for her birthplace a most romantic affection. Col. Henry S. Benjamin of Milwaukee won his title in the war and has since become, as I am told, a millionaire.

The exercises were concluded with a poem by Miss Lizzie W. Hunt of Erving, entitled *The Wheel of Time*.

FIELD MEETING—SEPTEMBER 19, 1888.

REPORT.

The interesting exercises of unveiling a monument marking the site of the old fort at Whately, occurred to-day. The Whately natives and the Antiquarians alike rejoice. It was an Antiquarian Field Day and a very enjoyable one, too, for the villagers have very generally opened their doors and the freedom of the town has been extended to the ancients who have unveiled a monument which fixes the site of one of the forts built as a protection for the settlers during the French and Indian wars. This is really an outgrowth of a plan formed by the members of that beehive of ancient lore, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which is to be carried out in other portions of the Valley.

The monument is a huge quartz boulder weighing three tons, on which is simply inscribed the words—"Site of stockade 1754-1888."

Many sons and daughters of the town were called together by this unique celebration, who cherish fond recollections of the past. The platform at the Town Hall was fringed by a score of worthy fathers and mothers of the town, including Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wood and many others whose ages ranged above the biblical age allotted to man. Among other visitors were ex-Mayor R. P. Crafts of Holyoke, Josephus Crafts and D. W. Crafts of Northampton, Rev. R. M. Woods, Silas G. Hubbard, Daniel W. Wells, and Thaddeus Graves of Hatfield, William F. Crafts of Boston, Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield and others. The Whately band was out in a brand new uniform and added much to the pleasure of the day. At ten o'clock a procession was formed on the common in which the P. V. M. Ass'n was given the place of honor; escorted by the band it marched to the Site of the Stockade, viewed the Monument and thence to the Town Hall, where the literary exercises of the day were held. Lyman A. Crafts presided in an able manner. In opening he warmly welcomed the descendants of the pioneers to whose memory the Monument was erected.

James M. Crafts, the originator of the celebration and well-known locally as a persistent delver among the dusty records of the past read an historical paper, giving what scraps of tradition history he could collect concerning the Old Stockade.

George Sheldon of Deerfield, who was introduced as a natural historian, and a man who knows more about the Indians of the Connecticut Valley than any man living, gave a carefully prepared address relating to the Indians of the Valley. The facts set forth seem to lead to the conclusion that the English could never have settled in this country had the native tribes been united. He denied that the settlers fomented wars. They did avail themselves of the tribal troubles for their own safety.

A generous repast was served in the church vestry, after which the people returned and crowded the hall again in the afternoon, when the band played, the choir sang and speech-making of a reminiscent trend was indulged in. As Whately is a full grown daughter of Hatfield, it was fitting that the mother, still vigorous and healthy, should be heard from, so Rev. R. M. Woods of that town was the first speaker. He preached a brief and pointed sermon on the text that common memories and the endurance together of common sufferings, is what makes a nation a living power. Thaddeus Graves of Hatfield was the spice-box of the day. In his felicitous exordium he took a trip into the past, and in his peroration, he spoke of the opportunities of the present and hopes of the future. He made a delightful word picture of the tired business men of Hatfield, back of 1750, coming up to Whately to spend the summer, making Whately one of the summer resorts at that period. He might have added that the farmers of Whately had for years a habit of going south to spend the winter.

Silas G. Hubbard, whose ancestry dates back to some of the first settlers of Hatfield, took up the subject of the attack by the Indians upon that town in 1677, when 13 were killed and a number taken prisoners. His special purpose was to correct a statement in Judd's history, that the attack was made at the north of the town, while Mr. Hubbard, who has made the subject one of diligent study, is sure that the attack was made from the west by Mill lane, about in the middle of the town; like a true historian, he went on to state the reasons for the faith that is in him. Daniel W. Wells spoke a few words of cheer. Rev. E. M. Frary of Colrain, a native of Whately, spoke of the love he had for the place of his birth, and the lessons inculcated by our forefathers. Rev. G. W. Curtis of Whately also spoke interestingly in a similar vein.

ADDRESS OF JAMES M. CRAFTS.

In attempting to give an historical sketch of the early settlement of this town, we are met at the outset with the difficulty of finding documentary materials containing matter

from which we could weave our history. Our only recourse is to draw upon the memory of aged individuals, who in the days gone by have heard the fathers and mothers relate the story of their trials, their persevering efforts to overcome the difficulties that lay thick in their pathway. It was not simply the taking up of new land, building houses and barns in peace and security; all about the early settler was to be found the hostile Indian, waiting and watching for an opportunity to steal upon him and secure his scalp, and thus add to the list of such bloody trophies that ornamented his distant wigwam.

To secure our hardy ancestors from harm, we find that forts and stockades were erected. War was seemingly almost continuous between France and England, and this, of course, opened the floodgates of war between their respective dependencies, New England and Canada. The last of these wars that affected us, was in 1754, continuing until 1761 or 1762, and our little settlement cast about for some means of safety and defense. In 1754 it was determined to erect a stockade about the buildings of Dea. Joel Dickinson. This was done. To mark its site we have erected the antique monument and hold these services to commemorate the event.

I shall be pardoned if I say here a few words relative to the early settlement of the north part of Hatfield, comprising that portion included in the present town of Whately. The early settlers were mostly from Hatfield. In the extreme northeast part of our town Abraham Parker settled in 1749, and Joseph Sanderson in 1752, both from Groton. Prior to their coming David Graves from "Bashan," a locality in Hatfield as early as 1732, located and built a portion of the large house now owned by Wells T. Smith. Elisha Smith on the homestead, where his son Gad Smith lived and died. John Waite (a grandson of Benjamin Waite), Joseph Belding, where George D. Bartlett now lives, and Lieutenant Ebenezer Bardwell, farther north on the Deerfield road. David Graves and Joseph Belding married sisters, daughters of Robert Bardwell. Josiah Scott, senior, owned a house and farm, where now resides Charles F. Pease, as early as 1728. Lieut. Bardwell sold his place on the north plain to Master David Scott. All of these places were occupied from 1728 to 1735.

I find an old deed which tells me that on the 17th of June, 1728, Samuel Wells sold his farm situated in the southern portion of the Gov. Simon Bradstreet grant to Nathaniel Coleman, together with all the buildings standing thereon. The date of the erection of these buildings is not now known. The house stood next north of that where Joshua Belden lived close to Hatfield line. But Samuel Wells was not an owner of any portion of the Bradstreet grant in 1719. Josiah Scott was an uncle of Master David Scott. In 1752 Lt. Eb. Bardwell sold his house at North St. to Master Scott. This house was in the orchard west of the Randall Graves place, and then Lt. Eb. Bardwell built the old Dexter Dickinson house at North St. not now occupied as a dwelling, but still standing, perhaps the oldest house in the central part of the town. Settlements were made on Chestnut Plain St. by Thomas Crafts, where Mrs. Noah Crafts resides. His house was built in 1751. With him came Benoni Crafts, his brother, and Gaius Crafts, the youngest brother of Thomas. Dea. Joel Dickinson came at about the same time (probably the year before). He owned the lot or farm where Porter Wells and son David P. now live, and his house was surrounded by a stockade, the site of which we this day mark. Next below was the house of Deacon Elisha Belding, where now lives Wm. Cahill, and under the hill we find soon after, Abner Dickinson.

Between the years 1726 and 1744 peace reigned between France and England, consequently between New England and Canada as well as with the Indians. During this long interval of peace, 18 years, these settlements were made without much fear of molestation. But in March, 1744, France and England declared war again, and the savages were again incited to bloody deeds, and war again raged along our borders until 1749, still peace wasn't proclaimed on this continent, until May, 1750. Then came another interval of peace, and we find in that time Chestnut Plain street was settled by the families we have mentioned.

In 1754 war again broke out and continued until the capture of Quebec followed by that of Montreal, the 8th of September, 1760, and the whole of the out-lying provinces of Canada surrendered to the English army. This ended the fearful struggles with the Indians in this section of New

England. Yet the treaty was not signed until 1763. During this last war our stockade was built at the confluence of the Mother George road with Chestnut Plain street. This last was a strip of land ten rods wide, left by Hatfield for a road, dividing the second and fourth divisions of commons, to which we will allude later.

We come now to speak of the building of the stockade, and we do not hesitate to say that it is more than probable that the citizens of Hatfield were largely instrumental in accomplishing the work. Col. Israel Williams of Hatfield was in command of the Hampshire County troops, and planned largely for the defense of our frontier, and was doubtless interested in promoting means of defense for all of our scattered settlements, more particularly those needed by his townsmen. We feel justified in saying that by his advice, with the assistance of the people of Hatfield, our ancestors were provided with the means of defense, the fort or stockade whose site we have so appropriately marked.

This stockade, erected around the premises of Dea Joel Dickinson, doubtlessly enclosed from one-half to three-fourths of an acre of land, perhaps more. Extending along the Chestnut Plain street about 175 feet, and along the south line of his land adjoining the Mother George road to Hatfield, far enough to give sufficient room for the accommodation of the families enumerated, for which purpose small houses were constructed adjoining the stockade. They often resided there weeks at a time, with their stock. The well that furnished their water was 109 feet east from the monument, and its site is marked by an apple tree set in its mouth. The stockade was constructed of hewed logs set in a deep trench side by side and rising some 12 to 15 feet above the ground, fastened by pinning a stout pole to the logs. These were fitted so closely that the enemy could not shoot between them. As fastened at the top and bottom a single one could not be removed from the line. The entrance was guarded by a massive door or gate, with the needed fastenings. We have but little data to enable us to determine to what extent this fort was used by our ancestors. Still a few rays of light are afforded us, coming down through the years that have passed. Yet there are those still living who well recollect some of the younger members of the fam-

ilies, who recall their residence in the stockade, and who made this their refuge on the appearance of threatened danger. We have with us to-day two grandchildren of John Crafts. We say grandchildren, yet, one of them, Mrs. Noah Crafts, has passed her 79th year, and her brother Porter Wells, his 75th year. I well recall the face and figure of old Uncle John Crafts. He was born in 1743 and died in 1826. From him we learn that for a long time they milked their cows in the fort, as related by his grandchildren. Then old Aunt Martha Crafts, born a little later than John, 1748. She died in 1836. She used often to speak about the family living in the old fort, but we were young and thoughtless, so dare not say how long. Still we recall that at every alarm the settlers fled to the fort, as the haven of safety and security, where days ran into weeks, perhaps months, until the danger was passed. We also remember that she was no slouch in the use of the gun, as we have it from her own mouth, and other ways well authenticated, that at a single shot she secured twenty-six pigeons from a large flock, as they arose in a huddle. At what time the stockade was removed we don't know, but the conclusion of the seven years' war, and the conquest of the French possessions on our northern frontier, did away with its necessity to our people.

Having thus briefly surveyed the historical part of our task, it only remains to add a few words relative to incidents connected with these families which we have introduced to you in this necessarily brief account.

Dea. Joel Dickinson¹ was a son of Nathaniel,² Joseph,³ Nathaniel,⁴ born at Hatfield, 28 March, 1716. He had 7 children. He removed to Conway and built a log house, near where now lives Jabez C. Newhall. He was in service in the war of 1754-61. In the Revolution, a tory. His son, Joel, Jr., was in the Revolutionary army.

Lieut. Ebenezer Bardwell,⁵ son of Ebenezer,⁶ Robert,⁷ born at Hat., 10 Sept. 1707, & died in Whately 14 Nov. 1789. He was much in service in the various expeditions against Canada. Was a Commissary under Gen. Arnold in his expedition to Canada. When building his house west of the Randall Graves house, it is related that turning his eye to survey the field he caught sight of an Indian at some little distance,

apparently trying to approach his intended victim. Quick as thought he seized his trusty gun, and drawing a bead upon the foe, fired. The Indian fell and Lt. Bardwell fled to Hatfield for safety. We think that this was in 1754. They had 5 children, 3 sons, all of whom were much in service; one, Perez, was a Lieut. in the Rev. war.

Dea. Elisha Belding,* son of Joshua,* Stephen,* Samuel,* Richard,* born at Hat., 28 Mch., 1726, d., 8 Aug. 1808. He removed to Whately before 1754, and built where Wm. Cahill now, 1888, lives.

Thomas Crafts,* son of John,* Thomas,* John,* Lt. Griffin,* born at Hat., 16 Aug., 1717, and died at Whately, 4 Feb., 1803. His wife was Sarah Graves of Hat., m. 1742,—removed to Whately in 1751, and built where Seth his son lived, now owned by a great grandson, Seth B. Crafts. He had sons, John, Joseph, Moses, Graves and Seth; the first four were in the Rev. army; and daus. Martha, and Rhoda; the last married Phineas Scott, a son of Master David, and has a numerous line of descendants.

Benoni Crafts, a younger brother of Thomas, born at Hat. the 17 Nov. 1725, removed to Whately, with Thomas, and built where George W. & Asa J. Crafts now live. He died 25 April, 1812, at 86. When they removed to Whately they brought several hives of bees left them by their father, John Crafts. The descendants of Benoni still keep the descendants of these honey makers. Call on Asa J. and he will point with pleasure and pride to the bees who have followed down the stream of time, for at least 158 years, giving and yielding many a toothsome morsel to the Crafts clan. The descendants of Thomas kept their bees until about 25 years ago when the last died. Gaius Crafts built the house just west, a few rods from Benoni's, expecting to marry, but from some reason changed his mind, sold out and returned to Hatfield. He died in 1802.

Abner Dickinson lived where his grandson, Erastus, lived in my school days, 1822-32. It is related of him that the bears used to eat and break down his corn. Going to the door one moonlight night, he heard some animal in his corn, and bears were, of course, in his mind, so taking his trusty old gun, he went out not only to save his corn, but to have

some "bear steak" for breakfast. So he slyly approached the supposed bear, and drawing a bead upon the monster, he gave him a "bear charge." His aim was good and he laid him low. But imagine his chagrin when he found that he had killed *his faithful old horse!* His descendants are numerous. Among them many of note, as Don M. Dickinson of Detroit.

Daniel Morton, the father of Daniel, Justin and Consider, came during the war, probably in the fifties; and after 1760 came here very many from Hatfield, among them Dickinsons, Whites, Wellses, Allises, Graveses, Beldings, Frarys and Mortons, as well as others.

Chestnut Plain St., (our Main St.) was, as we have said, left for a roadway but wasn't surveyed as a country road, until the 17 Jan. 1771, by the order of his Majesty's court of sessions, made Nov. 1770. Prior to this the travel to Hatfield was over the road known as the "Mother George road." This road left Chestnut Plain St. at the south side of Dea. Joel Dickinson's land. (The Ferguson house stands right upon its site.) It then ran down the hill and crossed the ford in Mill river, and on the flat down past the Thomas Crafts place, near the swamp hill, west of Perez Wells' buildings, and thence south easterly through the woods to near where Joseph Scott, senior, lived, afterwards the Elijah Belding place on Deerfield road, in the edge of Hatfield. In great swamp it was corduroyed, and the old logs are still there. When the writer was young he used often to go over this road to reach the "plain." It was over this route that our people went to Hatfield to meeting prior to 1771, which Temple so graphically describes in the History of Whately, pp. 64-5. It is more than probable that the house of Joseph Belding, (as the name of all the clan was then spelled) being on the Deerfield road was surrounded by a substantial stockade in 1754 or possibly as early as 1744, as a protection from the French and Canada Indians, as the Old French war lasted five years or more. It is possible that the stockade was built during that war, as the matter of removing every winter to Hatfield would naturally become irksome. There were then, the following heads of families residing on Deerfield road,—the Straits, all born in Hatfield, Joseph Belding, in 1696, John Waite in 1703, Elisha Smith in 1705, David Graves, senior, in

1693, Josiah Scott, senior, 1671. Then north of the stockade, were Josiah Scott, Jr., born 1699, Master David Scott, born at Hatfield in 1717, and probably one other family, and the stockade was thus central.

There are many other things we should like to have remarked upon, but can't but think that what we have said will weary your patience for this time, as there are others whom you want to hear.

THE POCUMTUCK CONFEDERACY.

BY HON. GEORGE SHELDON.

Fellow Citizens of Whately :—A member of your committee wrote me a few days ago that I had been selected to give a talk to you on this occasion upon the Indians of this great valley. When I declined the honor on the ground of a short notice, your agent followed up the letter by a personal interview, in which he insisted the Indian talk must be given. You all know his persistent and persuasive ways. He did not tell me why it was necessary to talk Indian in Whately, but he would have that, and he would not have No for an answer. When I made the valid objection that I had already published much matter on the subject in the county paper, I naturally supposed that would end the affair. Instead your agent coolly informed me that nobody read it, and if they did it was all forgotten by this time. This decided me. I accepted the invitation at once. My idea was that if Whately people, standing in their own light, ignored my cogitations and speculations in that fashion, here was an opening to get even with them,—I would have my revenge on this platform. I should have them at a disadvantage. They would be obliged to hear if they would not read. So here I am, and hear you must. Whether you are to suffer unjustly, through misrepresentation, or justly by true representation, the responsibility rests with your agent. Deal with him—I only recommend him to your mercy.

Little was said or known by the early chroniclers of New England concerning the natives of the Connecticut Valley except those about its mouth. The fact that a powerful confederation of tribes occupied the valley from about Hartford on the south, and Brattleboro on the north, with the *Pocum-*

tucks of this region as the ruling clan, seems to have been utterly unknown to the Mathers and to Hubbard,—the early historians, and Winthrop in his journal gives but a hint and a glimpse of it. The subordinate tribes of this confederation were the Squakheags at Northfield; the Naunawtuks at Northampton, Hatfield and Hadley; the Agawams of Springfield, Suffield and Enfield; the Warranokes at Westfield; the Tunxis, and Podunks about Windsor and the Farmington River. The history of these Indians being closely connected with those of Southern New England, a brief notice of the latter will be given. The period will be that of the first English settlement in the valley, 1633-36.

I. The *Narragansets*, the largest tribe, occupied the greatest part of what is now the state of Rhode Island, with from 2,000 to 5,000 warriors, as estimates varied. *Canonicus* was chief Sachem, although his nephew, the well-known and unfortunate *Miantonomo*, was practically the leader of the tribe.

II. The *Pokanokets* or *Wampanoags* were east of the *Narragansets*, about Buzzards Bay, extending towards Cape Cod. The "Good old Massasoit," their Sachem when the Mayflower landed, was now and continued to be until his death, about 1660, the head of this tribe. His son and successor, *Wamsutta*, or Alexander, lived but a single year. He was followed by his brother, *Pometacon*, so well known as King Philip.

III. West of the *Narragansets*, about the Mystic River, lived the warlike *Pequods* or *Pequots*, the terror of the surrounding tribes. Their head Sachem was *Wapegwooit*. It is supposed they had fought their way to the coast, but no man ventures to guess whence they came. At this date they claimed as conquered territory the valley of the Housatonic, and the Connecticut as far up as Windsor, and held in subjection the *Niantics* and other tribes westward along the sound, and also the Indians of Long Island.

IV. West of the *Pequots* with headquarters on the *Niantic* river were the once-powerful *Niantics* who, after the fall of the *Pequots* became allies of the *Narragansets* and of the *Pocumtucks*, and became involved in the wars of the latter with the *Mohegans*. In later wars the *Niantics* were friends of the English, held their lands, and became extinct only within a generation. A few weeks ago I stood by the grave

of *Sarah Socuck*, who died in 1850 at the age of 40, the last of the *Niantics*.

V. The *Mohegans* lived north of the *Pequots* and were substantially an offshoot of that tribe. The famous *Uncas*, the founder and chief, was a rebellious *Pequot*, a scion of the royal blood. His mother, *Meckumump*, was aunt to *Wapegwooit*, the chief before named, and *Uncas* was heir apparent to the *Sachemship* of the *Pequots*. He was ambitious of power. He failed in two or three attempts to create a revolution in his favor, and was banished. With a few followers he set up as an independent chief, and by force of his personal character he gathered about him a strong band of restless young bloods, who had held loosely their allegiance to other tribes. They took on the name of *Mohegans* or *Moheganics*, and became a powerful factor in the affairs of New England. The *Mohegans* and the *Pocumtucks* became deadly enemies. Some of their conflicts will be spoken of later. From first to last *Uncas* was a firm friend to the English. Whatever the motive, this fact should never be questioned, as it has incidentally been by one of our foremost historians. A remnant of the *Mohegans*, I believe, still exists on their old hunting ground.

VI. Below *Windsor*, in the valleys of the *Connecticut* and *Housatonic*, were several clans in confederation under *Sachem Altarbaenhoot*, at this time under subjection to the *Pequots*, as before mentioned. The son of this chief, then in exile, was *Sequasson*, a powerless fugitive. We shall see that he was afterwards intimately connected with the *Pocumtucks*. Some of the tribes in this confederation were *Sueiag*, *Matabeeset*, *Punkapaug*, *Qninapiac*, *Potatuck*, *Paugusuck*, *Mattatuck*, *Wesquantuck* and *Wepawang*.

VII. The *Nipmucks* or *Nipnets* were another confederation of tribes in the central part of *Massachusetts* and the northeastern part of *Connecticut*. On their west were the *Pocumtucks*; northeast were the tribes of *Maine*, and southwest their bounds varied with the fortunes of war with *Uncas* and *Massasoit*. The *Massachusetts*, who had occupied the sea coast on the east, had been swept off by a pestilence some 15 years before.

VIII. The *Mahicans*, then in a broken condition, lived below *Albany*, between the *Hudson* and the *Hoosac* range. In

1609 they occupied the country about Albany but had probably been crowded down the river by the Mohawks. Many writers have confounded the *Mahicans* with the *Mohegans*. I can find no point of contact between these two peoples, except in acts of war with one another.

IX. The *Wappingers* lived near the Mahicans, were allied with them, and at times with the Pocumtucks.

X. The *Mohawks*, by all old historians called the fiercest and most warlike tribe on the continent, had headquarters on the Mohawk river. They were at times friends, and at last mortal enemies of the Pocumtucks.

Thus were situated the native tribes when the English made their first settlement on the Connecticut River, one hundred miles from civilized friends, and the whole country an interminable wilderness. In one respect they were in a worse condition than the immortal 600 at Balaklava, for not only were Indians in front of them, Indians to the right of them and Indians to the left of them, but also Indians in the rear of them. To be sure they were welcomed with open arms, instead of grape and canister. Had this been otherwise,—had these different tribes united in one grand confederation, determined to keep out the intruders, nothing short of a strong army with abundant supplies could ever have made a lodgment in this wilderness; nor could this army have sustained itself except by fortifications and constant supplies from over the sea. If this were possible it would be at an expense, which would soon insure its discontinuance. These new comers would have been environed by a line of invisible foes day and night. With soft moccasined feet, and silent but fateful arrow, the subtle savage would watch every motion of the invaders, and woe to the unwary. Sure death would await any venturing to meadow or forest. No supplies could be drawn from the fertile lands; no game from the abounding woodlands, and no fish from the teeming waters—no lands cleared or cultivated but at the risk of life. For we must bear in mind that the skill in woodcraft and success in bush fighting that enabled the settlers in later wars to cope with the wily savage by his own methods and in his own haunts, were wholly wanting. An army trained in European wars could be no match for the North American Indian in his own interminable forests. The former

with the impedimenta of civilized warfare could only move slowly and blindly, feeling its way through dense woodland, narrow pass, deep morass and uncertain waters,—while to the native, every thicket, every mountain and valley, every stream and every quaking bog, would be as familiar as to the wolf or the bounding deer, and be as easily traversed. The native might not be able to obstruct the march of an English army, but they could keep out of its way, cut off all stragglers from the main body and could never be surprised.

The native had no baggage to impede his movements and could draw his rations day by day from the bosom of nature. The Englishman could leave his camp only at the risk of life, and must carry his supplies. There were no towns or cities to conquer and occupy; a cluster of wigwams might be destroyed, and a field of corn cut down by the invaders, but they could not destroy the harvest of berries, of nuts and acorns; the fish could not be driven from the streams, or the wild animals from the mountain. Not one base of supply could be cut off from the child of the woods. Superior weapons could avail little against an unseen foe. Such a contest must have ended in disaster to the strangers or a retreat, if retreat they could, to the sea-board. How then, it will be asked, did the Englishman ever gain a lodgment on this soil?

The picture I have drawn was only of what *might have been*, with the conditions I supposed, that the natives had been a united people, all working to the same end. But the real condition of things was far different. The one essential thing was lacking,—there was no unity. They had not studied in the school which teaches that in union is strength. The different tribes I have named were often at enmity with one another. They could not act as one body; this was their fatal mistake. It is a well-known historical fact, that the wonderfully-armed strangers were welcomed among differing tribes as allies to aid in destroying their enemies.

When Pilgrim and Puritan landed on our shores, a plague, as I have said, had carried off the coast tribes and none were left to oppose them. A foothold having been once established, the before described condition of affairs was very soon discovered, and it became the necessary policy of the feeble settlers to avail themselves of it, and strengthen them-

selves at the expense of the warring natives. Our fathers have often been charged with encouraging and fomenting these tribal wars that the race might be the sooner exterminated. To me this charge seems unjust and cruel. I find no evidence of its truth. On the contrary the records hold abundant proof of constant effort, even to offensive, officious interference, to heal native quarrels and prevent bloody issues, and in this they were often successful. When they failed, and war, in which tribes in alliance with them were involved became inevitable, it was sound policy as well as their duty, to support their allies and make their power felt to the utmost, to strike with heavy hands.

At first contact the Indian considered the Englishman a superior being, armed with thunder and lightning and directing the bolt to strike at will, and an ally with which they could surely conquer. Through these alliances, often strengthened by peaceful measures, the English always had a large element of native power on their side in every contest during their earlier wars. Rarely did any body of English, large or small, penetrate the country of an Indian enemy without native guides and warriors. It was under such tutelage that the English scouts became experts in woodcraft, and a full match for the subtle red man in the later wars.

There is an old maxim that after a man has earned a small independent property, it is easy for him to acquire a great fortune. So the civilized man, having firmly established himself on the land, a full possession was but a matter of time. The short-sighted policy of the Indians hastened the event. The Pequots were the first to fall. I have said they were the most warlike of New England tribes, and the terror of their neighbors. After repeated murderous attacks on white families, and torture of prisoners, which seemed to be from mere wantonness and pride of power, the English declared war against the Pequots in 1637. There was great rejoicing among other tribes who gladly joined the English forces, though with fear and trembling. May 27, 1637 the Pequots' stronghold was stormed by Capt. Mason. You all know the result. Within a few weeks the proud Pequot nation was in the dust. *Sassacus*, the hated sachem, successor of *Wapegwooit*, the successful rival of *Uncas*, fled to the Mo-

hawks, by whom he was slain and his scalp sent to the English. The feeble remnant of this once dominant power was divided between Uncas and the Narragansets, the active allies of the English in the war, and was forbidden even to use the tribal name.

This early exhibition of English resentment and power, had a permanent effect upon the relations of the two races. None of the generation which witnessed this punishment ever made war on the English.

The young colonies of Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield had been so overawed by Sassacus in 1636, and so occupied by the war of 1637, that they had been unable to cultivate the soil, and a famine threatened the people. The only source of supply was the granaries of the up river Indians. The General Court of Connecticut in February, 1638, legislated to prevent speculation in native corn, fixed its price, and sent an agent to secure a stock. After unsuccessful efforts at Springfield, Northampton and Westfield, the agent went to Pocumtuck. There corn was found in plenty, and in a short time fifty canoes freighted with the precious food, were plowing the waters of the Connecticut river, their prows towards the starving towns.

This must have been a great commercial event in the history of the Pocumtucks. It shows them to have been an agricultural people, thrifty and provident, well provided with barns or storehouses. The amount they sold can only be guessed at, but it must have been several hundred bushels, which had been stored up for contingencies. This fact indicates a dense population, with well regulated affairs, a fact which runs counter to the usual idea of aboriginal life. I have been lately impressed with another fact. The Pocumtucks were not only prudent farmers, brave warriors, and wise in council, but among them must have been skillful mechanics and fearless mariners. It is known that in 1646, a fleet of Pocumtuck warriors went down the Connecticut river and as far as Fishers Island on their way to make war on the Indians of Long Island, and it is not spoken of as an unusual thing. A few weeks ago while crossing Long Island Sound in a yacht of considerable size, and later in a large steamboat, which, with its lading of 1000 or 1200 passengers, was pitching and tossing in a way to take a landsman off his

feet, I realized for the first time the skill shown by the makers of these sea-going canoes, and the daring of the Pocumtuck warriors who navigated them. Men so high in the scale of manhood as these must have been, could not be despised as foes, and we find our wise progenitors taking great care and using every diplomatic resource to keep them on terms of friendship, without compromising their own dignity or incurring the contempt of the astute and self-reliant Sachems of Pocumtuck. For 40 years after the destruction of the Pequots there was peace between the English and Indians. Some slight disturbance there was, and threatenings, but no hostile outbreak. But during all this time there was little cessation of the bloody wars in which all the tribes I have named were more or less engaged. Differences were sometimes settled by reference to English authorities, but more often, carried to extremities in spite of them.

Meanwhile the two races mingled freely as occasion required, although never as social equals. On state occasions, at meetings for making treaties, or the consideration of other grave questions, the Sachems or their ambassadors were received by the English with the ceremony and courtesy befitting their mission, and as equals in rank, and the native mode of conducting diplomatic intercourse was always adopted. Sometimes, indeed, a proud chieftain would demand as a condition of admission to his august presence, that he be recognized as the equal in dignity and rank with the King of England, his "*brother over the sea.*" The costume of the Sachems on state occasions was often gorgeous, with gay plumes, belts of wampum and scarlet blankets of broadcloth.

As the years wore on, the relations between the races gradually, but necessarily changed. It was not in the nature of things, that the denizen of the forest could long live in contact with a complex civilization, without being largely influenced by his environments. At first the Englishman seemed to him a being with supernatural powers, the most obvious characteristic being his miraculous power of destruction, his control of thunder and lightning. The awe thus engendered, naturally disappeared with their knowledge of the use of gunpowder. Doubtless the comparative bodily strength, and powers of endurance of the races, were often tested, in athletic sports, as well as their skill in the pursuit

of game. The advantage in these exhibitions could not *always* be with the English, and as their physical equality became more and more apparent, an increased confidence in themselves took the place of abject fear in the breast of the Indians. In spite of stringent legislation, the natives soon became possessed of fire arms, with a knowledge of their use. By means of these, game was more easily secured, as implements of steel gradually replaced those of stone, fire wood was more easily procured, canoes and wigwams more easily built, and land more easily and profitably cultivated.

But, as is often the case among so-called civilized people, the leisure thus gained was not used to the best advantage. The result was demoralizing. The savage adopted the vices, rather than the virtues of their neighbors. The outcome of continued actual contact between the Christian and the heathen on our frontiers, has uniformly been the same. The savage gradually lost his respect, as well as his fear for his neighbor, lost his own self-respect, and his own independent power of support, and little by little became a hanger on to the skirts of civilized settlements.

This is a sad picture; but all close students of colonial life are familiar with it. We seek relief from the shock its contemplation gives us, in the assertion that it is the unprincipled element in our society that naturally gravitates to the frontier, which is always the point of contact. This being true, we are called upon to account for an element in our Christian community which replaces the virtues of savage life by its own vices.

The uncontaminated native of the soil was honest and sober, kind to strangers, and given to abundant hospitality. His word was as good as Uncle Samuel's registered bonds. Property was as safe in his keeping as in the vaults of any Safety Deposit Company, and he had as little need to sign the total abstinence pledge as Father Mathew himself. Who is responsible for the fact, that the race as a whole became deceitful, treacherous, and debased by intoxicating drink, in consequence of intercourse with our boasted Christianity?

You remember the efforts of the world renowned Apostle Eliot to Christianize the Nipmucks, how he reduced their guttural jargon to a written language, into which he translated the bible. You do not forget the self-denying labors

of Daniel Gookin, Thomas Mayhew, John Cotton, Josiah Cotton and other like-minded men, to the same end ; and we all know that the result, so far as the social or political relations were concerned, proved an entire failure. The apparent result of Christian teaching, in the living examples with which they were in daily intercourse, had more influence than the abstract doctrines which they might find in the hard theological nuts of the times, however well cracked by the pious and devoted missionaries. When the Indian daily saw the white man fined, imprisoned, put in the stocks, whipped, cropped, branded for offences of which they were ignorant, against a system of which they could understand but little, what wonder if they were backward in settling down to the feast spread out for them.

By one means or another many of the border Indians were brought to own allegiance to English authority ; some as the price of an alliance against a native enemy, some for an advantage in trade, some as a conquered enemy. However brought about, when in this condition these children of nature, were held strictly amenable to the laws and restraints of a civil government. Under this unwise and narrow-minded policy, the court records show how they were fined and imprisoned and whipped for offences which to them were no violation of moral law, or of good faith with the English or one another, for instance, as may be seen on the record at Springfield, for "a breach of the Sabbath in traveling to and fro;" "bringing apples from Windsor" on Sunday ; "for firing a gun" on the same day, and for "indulgence in strong drink." For some offences they were actually sold into slavery.

Many looked upon the copper-colored race as lawful prey for the Christians, for were they not, as the early writers characterized them,—“Children of the Devil,” “Children of Hell,” and “Angels of the bottomless pitt,” “Loyal subjects of Satan,” who had “set up his kingdom in these waste places of the earth.” This spirit must have made a mark on the intercourse between these self-righteous men and the despised heathen.

The government interfered, not only with the rites and ceremonies of the Indians, but also in their civil affairs, deposing some chief and appointing another more acceptable, dictating as to the line of succession, regulating the descent

of rights and property, contrary to native custom, and generally interfering with their freedom of action, so fast and so far, as authority was obtained.

All this was doubtless from good motives, an honest desire to benefit its subjects. But the subjects of these regulations from *our* point of view, may well be pardoned for not seeing the matter in the same light. Add to all this, their treatment by the unscrupulous trader on the frontier. The Indian was fond of liquor, and would drink to excess when it could be had, and in spite of stringent laws, they were supplied by contraband dealers. Two fathom of wampum for a quart of rum was the regulation price, or as big a beaver skin as could be got for a gallon. These dealers would cheat or rob their customers when drunk. Often the furs collected in a whole season of hunting, would be dissipated in a single drunken frolic, and the poor stripped and sobered hunter and warrior as well would go home to his tribe to nourish his wrath and foment schemes of revenge; and the squaw, who must take up the burden of this wasted sustenance, we may suppose would not be backward in urging reprisal when the hour came that was steadily approaching.

In the beginning lands were freely sold and the stranger welcomed for reasons already given. In later transactions the owners were actuated by feelings of gratitude, or lacked means to supply their newly acquired wants. In most of the early deeds, the right to hunt, fish and gather nuts was reserved, and the short-sighted grantors thought they still held all that was of value to them. Their eyes were gradually opened to the effect of these parchment conveyances, as they saw their cornfields passing into other hands, and their reserved rights becoming worthless under the improvements of the new owners.

It is easy to see, after even this surface review of the situation, how it was that the deadly conflict in arms, which desolated our settlements and almost annihilated the aboriginal population, came naturally to pass.

Oppressed by the restraints of their new masters; losing their own self-respect under the enforced submission; humiliated by the arrogance of the whites, and their own evident inferiority; smarting under the lashes judicially ordered by the courts, and the wrongs inflicted by private

greed; redress of their wrongs practically denied them before the magistrates, where the word of the heathen weighed not a feather's weight against that of a Christian; reduced to the last alternative of starvation or servile labor under the master race; for a price to pay their fines, sold into slavery!

During the period under review, the English had fast increased in strength, their settlements had been established far and wide upon lands bought of the Indian owners. They had planted in peace and reaped in security abundant harvests from the teeming soil, prospered in worldly affairs, and were contented and happy.

With all the explosive material we have noticed lying so near the surface, the settlers seem not to have been aware of its existence. They were surprised and utterly unprepared when the volcano burst forth.

When war came, and revenge and reprisal became possible, the savage became treacherous and almost merciless. In his code of ethics revenge required blood, and the avenging spirit walked abroad. Probably many acts of rapine and murder during the wars were but the settling of old scores between man and man, and the bloodshed was but a libation on the altar of revenge. The settlers had lived in peace by the side of the Indian for forty years. They had no conception of the horrors of an *Indian* war until it was upon them. When they saw their quiet neighbors and friends give vent to their long suppressed savage natures, when they saw them change to demons of cruelty,—the statements of the fathers seemed to come true; they appeared to be veritable "Children of the Devil" and "Angels of the bottomless pitt." The outbreak had been delayed to the last point of endurance, and the rebound was fearful.

With the opening of Philip's war, began a second period in the history of our colonies; for nearly a century life in the frontier towns was one of continual anxiety, hardship, tragedy and woe. While during the first period, the English were gaining in numbers and power, the native tribes were losing in numbers, but gaining in the power of resistance or aggression. The tribal wars and the Englishman's rum had enfeebled them, but the Englishman's arms and their experience in war had made them relatively stronger.

I have spoken of a confederation under Altarbaenhoot in

the lower Connecticut valley, whose territory had been overrun by the Pequots, and of the tragic fate of Sassacus, the Pequot Sachem. At his death Uncas set up a claim to this territory by right of inheritance. His pretensions were resisted by Sequasson, the natural successor of Altarbaenhoot. Sequasson had emerged from obscurity, collected a few followers, and made some head against Uncas. He was, however, defeated and again driven into exile, under the protection of the Pocumtucks at Warranoco. Here, smarting under his defeat, and judging that the English had favored Uncas and hastened his own downfall, he plotted the murder of some of the leading men of Hartford, and that the murderer should flee to the Mohawks, giving out by the way that he had been hired by Uncas to do the foul deed. Then, he reasoned, Uncas would fall and *he* could rise again.

This game, by ambitious rulers, here played on a narrow stage, will be recognized by all as the same which has been played in all ages between more prominent men and on a broader field, and the score as made up by the umpires, constitutes a large portion of what is called *history*. The plot of Sequasson was revealed, and in 1646 he fled to Pocumtuck for safety; Uncas being summoned to capture him, gladly undertook the commission. He could kill two birds with one stone, gratify the English and revenge himself on his old enemy. By a swift march he surprised the Pocumtucks and carried off Sequasson. This raid of Uncas laid the foundations for long wars between the Pocumtuck confederation and the Mohegans, in which all the tribes I have named became eventually involved.

Uncas was restless, ambitious and fond of war. From first to last he was a friend to the English and proved a bulwark against the other tribes in time of war. He became early aware of his importance, and he made the most of it. He ran all risks, dared all odds, in full faith that the English would help him out in an extremity. This they were bound to do, although Uncas made them no end of trouble in getting him out of scrapes. It was a serious and complicated business to do this and prevent open war between themselves and the enemies of their ally. He was hated as a traitor to his race and his imperious bearing towards the Narragansets brought on a war in 1648. The Pocumtucks took sides

with the Narragansets, and the Mohawks were induced to join in a crusade against the hated favorite. The rendezvous was at Pocumtuck, and in August, 1648, a thousand warriors were in arms in this region, preparing for the expedition; 300 of them were armed with muskets. Through the exertions of the English agents, and the occurrence of disaster to the Mohawks at home, the latter returned and the others scattered. Uncas, left to cope with the Narragansets alone, made short work in defeating them.

In 1654 the Pocumtucks being in league with *Ninigret*, sachem of the Niantics, made war on the Indians of Long Island, sending a war party down the Connecticut in canoes, which went as far on the Sound as Fishers Island. Here a messenger turned them back by informing them that the Long Island Indians were under the protection of the English. On the return, however, some of the disappointed young bloods made a raid on the Potatucks, a tribe at the mouth of the Housatonic, carrying away captives and plunder.

In 1656 the *Podunks*, a tribe near Hartford belonging to the Pocumtuck confederation, were raided upon and broken up by Uncas. To avenge this act the Pocumtucks marched in force against the Mohegans, defeated Uncas in battle, and brought off many prisoners. Uncas then sued for peace through the English. The Pocumtucks, having no faith in the wily Mohegan, refused these overtures but were finally induced by the English to grant a peace and give up the captives. The treacherous Uncas having attained his object, at once made a march on the Naunawtuks at Hatfield, and all the diplomatic powers of the English were brought into play, to prevent an open war with the enraged Pocumtucks.

In 1657 the Pocumtucks with the *Tunkiss* and the Narragansets as allies, planned a grand campaign against their common enemy. Making a show of respect for the Massachusetts government, they sent two sachems to Boston, as commissioners, to give notice of their plan and ask consent of the authorities. This was refused, but the refusal did not prevent the campaign. Uncas was again beaten and driven to a fort, where he was besieged until relieved by soldiers sent by the magistrates of Connecticut, when the Indians withdrew. The commissioners of the United Colonies, dis-

owned this act of Connecticut and called back the soldiers. So by this mixed policy Uncas was saved, and war with the Pocumtucks avoided.

The next year a party of Pocumtucks went to the Sound, enticed a party of Mohegans on shore by strategem, and killed or captured them all. On their return they took captives and plunder from the *Mattabeesets*, who were under the protection of the English. A messenger was sent to the Pocumtucks complaining of this, and making an effort to stop the war with Uncas. The Pocumtucks were willing to make restitution for the outrage, but declined the peace propositions. They have no faith in Uncas, for, they say, "although he promiseth much he will perform nothing. We have experience of his faleness,"—and hostilities continued.

The diplomatic correspondence of this year is very interesting and instructive, as showing the relations of the parties, but it is too long for even an abstract here. The result was a good understanding between the Pocumtuck sachems and the commissioners of the United Colonies.

The final tragedy in the history of the Pocumtucks will be told in a few words.

In 1663, the very year of the Dedham Grant, this tribe is found in alliance with the *Penacooks* and the *Abenakis* on the east and the *Mahicans* and *Wappingers* on the Hudson river, making war on their old allies, the Mohawks. Their country was invaded, and that almost invincible tribe was worsted and prisoners were taken and carried off to Pocumtuck.

This was the last triumph of the Pocumtucks. The Dutch at Albany, as anxious to keep the Mohawks strong, for a bulwark against the Canada Indians, as the English were to keep the Mohegans their friends, sent a party over here, who arranged a treaty of peace between the belligerents. On the return of the Dutch "*Saheda*, a Mohawk prince," came over with power to ratify it, bringing a ransom for the prisoners. The pride of the Pocumtucks had now reached that pitch which goeth before a fall. Seeing the dread Mohawks at their feet as suppliants turned their heads, and instead of ratifying the treaty they murdered the envoy in cold blood, and probably all his suite. This offense, no less rank among savage than civilized peoples, called for the direst vengeance. After careful preparation, and securing a place of retreat in case of

disaster, the Mohawks marched a strong force against the Pocumtucks. After a hard fought battle with varying success, the Pocumtucks were driven to a stockade which was stormed, and its inmates all slaughtered; their wigwams were burned and their crops laid waste. The few not involved in the disaster fled to Canada or to the Hudson. The confederacy was broken up, and the powerful Pocumtucks disappear from the page of history as a tribe.

We now come to the third period in New England history, the Indian wars against the English. King Philip's war broke out in 1675. A new phase was seen in Indian character. The shiftless nomad, the despised heathen, the Christian convert, the peaceful neighbor, alike became, as I have said, demons of cruelty—adepts in a kind of warfare hitherto unknown to the generation which felt its fury. The officers sent into the field to cope with the new enemy, disagreed as to the best method of meeting him. Some were for fighting him in his own fashion, from under cover, from behind trees or other shelter; others for keeping their soldiers in compact bodies after civilized methods, and before the question was settled by experience in favor of the former, many of the brave leaders had become victims. This new enemy never showed himself in battle array, marching in pomp and parade. The Indian was always felt before he was seen. Hubbard said "they durst not look an Englishman in the Face in the open Field; nor ever yet were known to kill any man with their guns unless when they could lie in wait for him in an Ambush, or behind some shelter, taking aim undiscovered." The settlers learned by woeful experience that their lives were always in peril. Wherever they walked or worked, an Indian might be lurking behind the nearest cover, from whence at any moment might speed the fatal bullet.

When the settlers found themselves within the stockade at night with their families unbroken, they put up thanks to the great Ruler for their safety, but they could feel no assurance for the future. The enemy might come to-morrow, next week, next month, next year, and unceasing vigilance was the price of life and liberty. There was no period when the direct and wearing strain was taken off; at no time could they feel that the campaign had ended and the enemy

gone into winter quarters. Summer or winter, at morning, noon or night, year in and year out, the dread shadow was always over them; the cloud never passed by; the sunshine of security never fell upon any man, woman or child outside the fortifications. Every furrow turned, every swing of the scythe, every stroke of the axe, every piece of linen laid out on the grass to bleach, every bucket of water brought from the spring, every walk to the sanctuary, every errand of mercy to the sick, every attendance at a funeral, unless within the protection of the palisades, was felt to be and in reality was, at the imminent risk of life.

Under this condition of affairs fortifications were erected everywhere, as places of retreat in case of an alarm,—as places of defence in case of attack. These were generally considerable areas of land enclosed by palisades, a method probably learned of the Indians. Posts, as we call them, 12 or 15 feet long, were placed upright close together in a trench some three feet deep, and then pinned to a rail near the top on the inside. These fortifications were easily and rapidly made, and were a perfect defense against an Indian enemy. A dozen Englishmen could defend such a post against an army of Indians.

As we have seen, the uniform system of the Indian was to attack by ambush and surprise. No better example of this can be found, than that which occurred in your own town, when the first volley of the Indian against the white man in the Connecticut valley, was fired from yonder morass upon the soldiers of Captains Lothrop and Beers by an unseen and unsuspected foe. You all know the story. And I need not recite to you the fate of these gallant leaders at Bloody Brook and Northfield; nor that of Hutchinson and Cooper and Wordsworth and Pierce and Brockelbank, and their men who all fell by bullets from an unseen enemy.

In the spring of 1676 the Nipmucks sued for peace; and Philip was hunted down by Capt. Church and fell Aug. 12, shot through the heart by one of his own countrymen; and the war soon ended. Philip was an artful and far seeing politician, but he lived too late to carry out his scheme. The movement he inaugurated could only have been successful half a century earlier and with the united action of all the

tribes. Its issue could never have been doubtful, but it spread sorrow and woe all over New England.

This was the last attempt of the Indians of this region to reconquer and reoccupy the lands sold by their fathers. The result was their utter subjugation and almost utter extinction.

Notwithstanding all the sentimental talk about the patriotism and zeal of the wronged Indians in fighting to recover the graves of their sires, their altars and their fires, and drive out the intruder, the bald truth is, all later Indian fighting was at the instigation of the French. Under their lead more harrassing wars followed. These were more prolonged, and with a more extended frontier, involved more hardship and distress. In the intervals of peace, Indians would be on the most intimate terms with the families of the settlers, living in wigwams as their neighbors, and sometimes working on their farms. Their sudden disappearance from their usual haunts was soon found to be a sure sign of coming war. They appeared to have scented blood from afar, and at once repaired to Canada. Thence they would guide the hostile French to our frontiers. Their knowledge of the situation of the settlements and the habits of the settlers, made their services invaluable to the French as guides in the murderous excursions against the English settlers.

The method of warfare did not change in the later wars. By ambush and surprise, men, women and children were picked off one by one. A man goes to the woods for his cows or his horse, but he comes not back; a woman goes out with a milking pail; being gone too long, friends go out to find her body cut and mangled and her scalp taken away. A boy goes out for nuts or berries, and he has disappeared for ever from the eyes of his agonized mother. An Indian who had lived on the most friendly terms with an English family, would come hundreds of miles with a few companions and lay in wait, often for weeks, by some familiar path, patiently waiting the coming of a victim, then with one or more bloody scalps, hurry back to Canada to be received in triumph by the people, praised for their bravery by the governor, who paid the bounty for scalps, and wrote home to France an account of this new success against New England. These things are not the imaginings of to-day. They were

the sober, every day, tragic belongings to the lives of our fathers and mothers.

The stories of those bye-gone days should not be considered trite. We cannot hear too much of them. We cannot too closely study their lives and learn from them the secrets of their endurance and stability. We must see to it that we be not unworthy descendants. We must teach our children to honor their memory and to realize the trials, the sufferings, the fortitude and faith which carried them through all. There can be no better object lesson to that end than by marking the site of any heroic deed, or any historic spot, by an enduring memorial like that which we this day dedicate.

ANNUAL MEETING—1889.

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, held, Tuesday, February 26th, was attended with the unfailing interest which gives moral and substantial support to the invaluable work of the well-managed society. It furnished in the course of its business session pleasant surprises in the way of the announcement of generous gifts and a review of the year's work and accumulations.

At the afternoon session George Sheldon, who in himself is a majority of the association, with his perennial enthusiasm and exhaustless faculty for research and discovery, was in charge. The kitchen, familiar to every visitor to the treasure house of the association, was graced with the presence of a good number of interested members, and the reports of the officers were listened to with interest. That of the secretary recalled the meeting in June, the dedication of a monument to mark the site of a stockade at Whately, and the field day, Sept. 12th, when the semi-centennial of Erving's incorporation was observed, contained notices of the deaths of three members in the year, Hon. William Hyde of Ware, Dexter Childs of Deerfield, and Mrs. Belle Sheldon Hawks of Deerfield, a member of the association since its beginning, "giving her father that help in his work that only a daughter can give;" and gave the names of the seven new members. The curator stated that relations had been established with kindred associations, resulting in the reception of valuable publications in way of exchange; the contributions to the library have been 326 books, 357 pamphlets, 150 broadsides, etc., 21 photographs and paintings, large quantities of valuable manuscript, including Revolutionary rolls and military papers, and to the miscellaneous collection 75 specimens of Indian and other relics. Arrangements are being made for separate cases for family relics, the articles to become the property of the association, as does everything deposited with it in trust for the future; 1700 visitors have registered in the year. The curator, Mr. Sheldon, in connection with the report, presented in behalf of Jabez Backus Root of Greenwich, a life-sized portrait of Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, which was painted probably 140 years ago; its subject was the son of Rev.

John Williams, and was born in Deerfield, May 14, 1693, taken captive to Canada in 1704, graduated at Harvard 1713, settled as minister at Longmeadow 1716, dying there in 1782 ; he was chaplain in the Louisburg expedition which captured the fortress there in 1745, and in the regiment of Col. Ephraim Williams in his fatal campaign of 1755, and again in the Canadian expedition of 1756. The picture came down through the hands of his daughter Martha, who married Dr. Samuel Raynolds of Enfield, Conn., her son Samuel, and his daughter Lucy who married John Root about 1816, and removed to Greenwich ; the donor is her son ; the portrait now rests within four score rods of the spot where the original was born and whence he was carried into captivity." By coincidence, there is presented at the same time the original journal of this Stephen Williams during his captivity, from Miss Eunice Stebbins Doggett of Chicago, to whom it came from Eunice, another daughter of Stephen, and by lineal descent. Through the liberality of Hon. Charles Dean of Cambridge this rare journal will be published in pamphlet form.

The best surprise of the day was the announcement by Miss C. Alice Baker of the gift by a munificent friend, whose name is withheld, of \$500, to be used as the association chooses. The treasurer's report shows receipts from other sources of \$203.96, an expenditure of \$58.49, and a balance of \$1189.69. The committee on the seal reported the choice of a device and the resting of the matter in the hands of Artist Champney. The committee to prepare the annals of the association, reported one volume of 500 pages as ready for the printer, which will be sold for about \$2 per copy, and material enough for a second volume, bringing the history down to date.

These officers were chosen : President, George Sheldon ; vice-presidents, Rev. Dr. Allen Hazen, James S. Reed, Marion, Ohio ; recording secretary and treasurer, Nathaniel Hitchcock ; corresponding secretary, Rev. Edgar Buckingham ; councillors, Rev. Dr. R. Crawford, L. J. B. Lincoln, Charles Jones, Albert Stebbins, Robert Childs, Philo Munn and Charles E. Williams, Deerfield ; Rev. P. V. Finch, Newell Snow, Freeman C. Griswold, Greenfield ; Henry Wells, Shelburne ; Geo. W. Hammond, Boston ; Henry W. Phillips, Springfield ; Samuel Carter, Brooklyn ; curator, George Sheldon ; finance committee, Charles Jones, Robert Childs and Albert Stebbins ; committee on field day, Jonathan Johnson of Greenfield, Silas G. Hubbard of Hatfield, Rev. Edgar Buckingham of Deerfield, James M. Crafts and Seth B. Crafts, Whately.

A generous lunch was served in the town hall, and at the evening exercises the hall was filled with people. Mr. Sheldon presided, and Rev. Mr. Glazier of Greenfield made the opening speech, full

of jokes and good nature, and closing with an eloquent utterance of patriotism. The choir sang "Auld Lang Syne," and Miss H. Isabelle Williams read an original poem, very happily written, on "Deerfield Captives." Then followed Miss C. Alice Baker's paper, which was the fruition in a delightfully told story of the writer's keen, painstaking search into the history of the captives, as she found it not alone in the records public and private of the towns where they originated, but in the books of the Canadian convent where the children who were the hero and heroine of her romance were baptized, taught and married.

The choir sang "Thy Words of Glory, Mighty God," Mr. Sheldon impersonating the deacon of y^e olden time in "lining off" the verses.

W. E. Mansfield of Shelburne Falls, followed with an account of the Sioux massacre in Minnesota in August, 1862, when the industrious planters of that section were unmercifully slaughtered and their houses pillaged by the hitherto peaceful tribes roaming, hunting and stealing among the people, and receiving naught but kindness from their hands. Mr. Mansfield was among the quickly rallied party who went out from the forts to stop the merciless raids, and he told a fearful tale of the results of the massacre, with interesting details of how it was ended.

The old-time singing by the choir was a highly enjoyable part of the evening's variety, the selection of quaint hymns and the appreciative manner of their treatment pleased the audience, and called out a hearty vote of thanks moved by Nathaniel Hitchcock in an appreciative speech. H. C. Parsons and J. P. Felton of Greenfield, responded to the call of the president in short, congratulatory speeches.

TWO CAPTIVES.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

The name of Somers Islands, corrupted in our time, to "Summer Islands," was given to the Bermudas, not, as many suppose, on account of their genial climate, but because of the shipwreck there in 1610 of Sir George Somers and his companions on a voyage to Virginia. Up to that time, doubtless because of their dangerous coast, the "still vexed Bermoothes" had been known to the English as the "Ile of Divels, and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted

place, * * * never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people."

The report of the shipwrecked men who dwelt nine months upon the islands, enjoying the balmy air, and finding the soil "abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities for the sustenance and preservation of man's life," removed all fears of the "Ile of Divels" from the minds of the venturous youth of England. Sir George Somers sold his claim to the Bermudas to a company of one hundred and twenty, who got a charter for their settlement, and in 1612 sent out sixty settlers. During the civil war in England, and immediately after, many persons took refuge there. The poet Waller invested money in Bermuda land, and Mr. Edmund Gosse thinks that he wrote his poem of the "Battle of the Summer Islands" as an advertisement of his plantation to his rich and noble friends. In exchange for the products of the islands England sent cloth, which, says the poet,

"Not for warmth, but ornament is worn,

* * * * *

Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits,—and pays his rent in weeds;
With candy'd plantain, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes feed their wanton swine.
Tobacco is the worst of weeds which they
To English landlords, as their tribute pay ;

* * * * *

So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time,
For the kind spring which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year."

Dear to the student of New England genealogies is a book entitled "Original Lists of Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Rebels, Serving Men sold for a term of years, Apprentices, Children Stolen, Maidens Pressed, and others who went from Great Britain to the American plantations from 1600 to 1700." According to this book, on the 13th day of September, 1635, the good ship *Dorset*, John Flower, master, weighed anchor at London "bound for y^e Bermudas." Aboard her was a motley company, ninety-five passengers all told. Full half were lads under eighteen. Eight had already reached that important age; the rest were mostly young men under thirty-five, half a dozen of whom were accompanied by their wives. Among the passengers

were two ministers, Rev. George Turk and Rev. Daniel Wite (or White). Two linger longest at the stern as the ship slowly leaves her moorings—Judith Bagley, a lone, lorn woman of fifty-eight, apparently with no kith nor kin to keep her company; and James Rising, a resolute stripling of eighteen, the only one of his name discoverable among the founders of New England. To which of the afore-mentioned lists shall we refer this ship's company? "What sought they thus afar?"

For lack of present knowledge, I shall assume that love of adventure led James Rising to seek his fortune in the new world, and that he came apprenticed for a term of years to labor in the Bermudas. Of his life there I have as yet no details. Sugar and molasses became important exports from the islands, and New England afforded a good market for the latter article, being then largely engaged in the distillation of rum from molasses.

"Att a general town meeting held at Salem, on the 20th day of the 4th month of the year 1657, James Rising is received an Inhabitant into this Town." About three weeks later, on the 7th of July, 1657, he married at Boston, Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Hinsdell, the sturdy pioneer of Dedham, Medfield and Deerfield. I conclude that he chose Salem as his home in New England, as being a port of entry for ships freighted with the products of the islands. He was admitted as a member of the First church in Salem, on the 22d day of the eleventh month, 1661, by a letter from his pastor Wite or White, of the church in Bermuda. On the 20th day of the 2d month, 1663, his daughter Hannah was baptized in the First church of Salem. I am unable to find out whether his two sons, James and John, were older or younger than their sister.

Windsor, Conn., was at that time a leading commercial town, and carried on an extensive trade with the West Indies and adjacent islands. There was no bridge at Hartford, and Windsor became a noted port of entry, not only for coasters and West India vessels, but for English ships. The river was at all times full of vessels loading and unloading there, and "Windsor Green, often heaped with goods" awaiting storage or transportation, "was lively with jovial sea captains" and sunburned sailors. Making and shipping pipe

staves was a prominent industry of this vicinity, and James Rising may have wished to add this branch of trade to his business. However this may be, I find him "voted an inhabitant of Windsor" on March 11th, 1668, and the next year he was formally dismissed by letter from the church of Salem to that of Windsor.

It is said that he kept the ferry at Windsor. To the contribution made by that town to the sufferers from Philip's war in other colonies, James Rising gave five shillings, his son John one shilling and sixpence, and his daughter Hannah one shilling and threepence. His first wife died at Windsor on the 11th of August, 1669. Four years later he married the widow Martha Bartlett, who died in less than a year after her marriage.

The same year a grant of fifty acres was allotted to him in Suffield, and in 1682 as a proprietor he voted at the organization of that town. There in 1688 at the age of seventy-one he died.

Of his daughter Hannah I know no more. His son James died unmarried two years after the father's death, being taken care of in his last illness by his brother John, who inherited his estate.

John Rising lived at Suffield. His first wife was Sarah, daughter of Timothy Hale of Windsor. By her he had nine children. Josiah, their seventh child, was born Feb. 2d, 1694. His mother died when he was but four years old, and his father soon married again. The step-mother, burdened with the care of a house full of children, the eldest of whom was but fourteen, probably found little Josiah, a robust boy of five, a trial to her patience. At some period to me unknown, but probably on the birth of a new baby in 1702, he was sent to Deerfield to stay with his father's cousin, Mehuman Hinsdale, who had but one child, a baby of two years.

Leaving little Josiah Rising with his cousins in Deerfield, we must go back and take up another thread of our story.

It is the morning of the 24th of September, 1667, the day when the county court begins its fall session at Springfield. A crowd is already gathering at the ordinary (for so the inn of the olden time was called) a room being always set apart there for the holding of the court. Men with pointed beards and close cropped hair, in tall, steeple-crowned hats, short

jerkins of a sad color, with wide white wristbands turned back over the sleeves; leather belts; broad falling collars, stiffly starched, tied with a cord and tassel at the throat, hanging down on the breast and extending round on the back and shoulders; full trousers reaching the knee, where they are fastened with a bow; long gray woollen stockings, and stout leather shoes, broad, low and well oiled, complete the costume. Some of the younger men are in great boots rolled over at the top, and slouching in wrinkles about the leg.

The women are in steeple hats not unlike those of the men, and Mother Hubbard cloaks. Some are bare-headed or wearing a handkerchief over the head, with white kerchief pinned straight down from the throat to the waist, white cuffs, and long white aprons covering the front of their gray or black woollen gowns. The boys and girls are miniature copies of their elders, except that the boys wear woollen caps with visors, and the girls, close-fitting hoods of the same material.

A constable armed with a long staff, painted black, and tipped with brass, forces his way through the crowd. He has three youths in charge, who have been sent by the commissioners of Northampton to be tried and sentenced at Springfield. The culprits are pale and evidently frightened. The face of the youngest, a mere child, is swollen with weeping. The others, who are perhaps sixteen and seventeen years old, affect an indifference to their situation which their pallor belies. It is easy to see that the eldest is the most hardened of the three. "In sooth they are not ill-looking lads," said a gossip, "I marvel of what evil they are accused." "The little one is the son of Goodman John Stebins, our former neighbor," said another, "he numbers scarce twelve summers, yet methinks he is old in sin, for they say he hath entered the house of his step-mother's father, with intent to steal." "One Godfrey Nims is the ringleader of these villainies," put in a third, "he hath conspired with the others to run away to Canidy, under the guidance of a drunken Indian varlet, who hath been hanging about Northampton of late." "It is believed that Goodman Hutchinson will intercede with the court in behalf of Benitt," added the last speaker, "he hath lately taken the lad's mother to wife."

"Poor boys," said a young mother, who led her little son by the hand, "I hope our worshipful magistrate will mercifully consider their youth, and the shame to their parents." "Our magistrate is a God-fearing man," replied a stern Puritan father at her elbow, "he will deal justly with the malefactors, but it behooves him not to be merciful overmuch. Our young men are getting overbold in their carriage; our maidens wear silk in a flaunting manner, and indulge in excess of apparell to the offence of sober people. They must be taught to fear God, to obey the law and honor their parents." "Ay, verily, it were better if they were more often admonished and scourged," interrupted a hard-faced woman, "and for my part I should like to see a score of lashes well laid on to the backs of these knaves. I misdoubt if they get off with less."

The entrance of the magistrates and jurors put a stop to the talk, and the trial proceeded. The story is told in the records far better than I could tell it.

"Sept. 24, 1667: Att the County court holden att Springfield. James Bennett, Godfrey Nims and Benoni Stebbins, young lads of Northampton, being by Northampton commissioners bound over to this Court to answere for diverse crimes and misdeeds comitted by them, were brought to this court by y^e constable of y^t towne, w^{ch} three lads are accused by Robert Bartlett, for that they gott into his house two Sabbath days, when all the family were at the Publike Meeting, on y^e first of which tymes, they, viz., Nims and Stebbins, did ransack about the house, and took away out of diverse places of the house, viz., 24 shillings in silver, and 7 sh. in Wampum, with intention to run away to the ffrench, all w^{ch} is by them confessed; w^{ch} wickedness of theirs hath also been accompanyed with frequent lying to excuse and justify themselves especially on Nims his part, who it semes hath been a ringleader in the villanyes; ffor all which their crimes and misdemeands this corte doth judge, y^t the said 3 lads shall bee well whipt on their naked bodies, viz., Nims and Bennett, with 25 lashes apeece, and Benoni Stebbyngs with 11 lashes; and the said Nims and Stebbins are to pay Robert Bartlett the Summe of 4£, being accounted treble damage, according to law, for what goods he hath lost by their means. Also those persons that have received any

money of any of the said lads, are to restore it to the s^d Robert Bartlett. But their being made to the corte an earnest petition and request by Ralph Hutchinson, father-in-law to y^e said Bennett, and diverse other considerable persons, that the said Bennett's corporall punishment might be released, by reason of his mother's weaknese, who it seemed may suffer much inconvenience thereby, that punishment was remitted upon his father in law, his engaging to this corte, to pay ffive pounds to y^e county, as a fyne for the said Benitt's offence; which 5*£* is to be paid to y^e county Treasurer for y^e use of S^d county. Allso John Stebbins, junior, being much suspected to have some hand in their plotting to run away, ThisCorte doth order y^e Commissioners of Northampton to call him before y^m. & to examine him about that, or any other thing wherein he is supposed to be guilty with y^e said lads and to act therein according to their discretion attending law. Also they are to call the Indian, called Onequelat, who had a hand with y^m in their plott, and to deale with him according as they fynd."

The three thoroughly scared boys were sent back the next day to Northampton. There let us hope that little Benoni was taken from the grasp of the law, and put into his father's hands for chastisement. Bennett's fine was paid by his step-father. As for Godfrey Nims he paid the penalty of his misdeeds at the whipping post, in front of the meeting house. Alas! for poor Godfrey, he lived in the age when a spade was called a spade. Lying was lying in good old colony days. Nobody thought of applying to the wild boy, the soft impeachment of being an imaginative youth. The luckless wight had no indulgent friends to plead for him that "boys must be boys," and that "wild oats must be sown." Wild oats were an expensive luxury in those days, as poor Godfrey found to his cost. Doubtless he was a disorderly fellow, yet without wishing to palliate his offence, I may say that he was without the good influences of a home life. There is no evidence of his having father or mother, kith or kin at Northampton. An active and excitable lad, with no legitimate scope under Puritan rule for his surplus energy, he fell in with the Indian vagrant, by whose tales of bush-ranging his soul was fired to daring and reckless deeds. It is of such stuff that pioneers and heroes are often made.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope gives us a better picture of these impulsive youths. It is the 18th of May, 1676, the sun, sinking behind the western hills, throws a golden glow over meadow and river. The Holyoke range is already in shadow. A force of about one hundred and forty-four men is gathered at Hatfield, awaiting the order to march against Philip's horde, for it was now the "general voyce of the people" that "it was time to distress the enemy and drive them from their fishing at Peskeompskut." Nearly all are mounted,—a few on foot. Among the volunteers from Northampton are Godfrey Nims and James Bennett, comrades to-day in a righteous cause. Nims, as usual, with a dare-devil look in his eyes, resolute, careless and ready for any fate; Bennett more serious and subdued. The Rev. Hope Atherton, chaplain of the expedition, pours out his soul in prayer for the little army, and the cavalcade moves northward. Who at that moment remembered the youthful escapade of Godfrey Nims and James Bennett? Surely, not Mary Broughton, who stood sobbing among the women that watched their departure. She had married Bennett in 1674, not long after she herself had had a brush with the magistrates. At the March court of 1673, held at Northampton by Worshipful John Pynchon, Capt. Holyoke, and Deacon Chapin, Maid Mary Broughton had been severely admonished, and fined ten shillings for wearing a silk hood or scarf contrary to law. A sympathetic revolt against Puritan discipline, may have attracted Bennett and Mary Broughton to each other. Their happiness was short-lived. On Saturday, Nims brought her the sad news that Bennett had been killed in the Falls fight. In the spring of 1677, the young widow married Benoni Stebbins, her husband's dearest friend, another of the trio of bad boys of Northampton. Soon after his marriage, Benoni Stebbins joined Quentin Stockwell, and several other bold men, who returned to Deerfield two years after the massacre at Bloody Brook, to begin a new settlement. On what is now Lincoln Wells's lot, Stebbins worked early and late on the house to which he fondly hoped to bring his bride before winter should set in. At the end of their day's work, on the 19th of September, 1677, they were surprised by twenty-six Indians from Canada, under Ashpe-lon. Hurried up from the clearing to the mountain, they

found there seventeen people from Hatfield who had been seized the same day, and with them began the weary march to Canada. They were the first to follow that woful road, traveled later by so many New England captives. Crossing and recrossing the Connecticut, they journeyed rapidly by day. At night they lay stretched on their backs upon the ground, a rope about their neck, arms and legs extended, and tied to stakes, "so that they could stir nowayes," says Stockwell. Halting thirty miles above Northfield, Ashpelon sent Benoni Stebbins back towards Lancaster, to notify a part of his band to join him on the Connecticut. On the return, Stebbins escaped on the second of October, and reached Hadley in safety.

Notwithstanding the sorrows and perils that so beset the life of Mary Broughton, her high spirit seems not to have been crushed. The following, from the Court Records of March 26th, 1678, shows that she never yielded a woman's right to make herself look as pretty as she could, and that she was upheld in her resistance by her admiring husband. "Mary, wife of Benoni Stebbins, being presented to this Court for wearing silk, contrary to law, and for that she aggravates it by persisting in it when, as she was once presented before. This court considering the aggravation, and how unfit such things are in this day of trouble, did ajudge her to pay a fine of ten shillings. As also Benoni Stebbins, openly affronting the court in saying he would not pay the money due for fees to the clerk of the Court; this court adjudged him to pay as a Fine to the County court ten shillings forthwith, and committed him to the constable for the payment of the aforesaid fines." Benoni Stebbins returned to Deerfield, at its permanent settlement in 1682, becoming a prominent citizen there, and filling the highest town offices creditably to himself, and acceptably to his neighbors. Mary, his wife, died in 1689. About the time of Benoni Stebbins's marriage, Godfrey Nims had wedded the Widow Mary Williams, and become the guardian of her little boy. He owned land in Deerfield in 1674, and if he were not, as tradition declares, one of the first three inhabitants, he and Benoni with their families, were certainly among the earliest permanent settlers. Godfrey Nims, cordwainer he is called in the records, and appears to have been an industrious and law-abid-

ing citizen. He was the first constable of this town, being chosen in 1689, and later held other town offices. In 1692, on his marriage to his second wife, Mehitable Smead, widow of Jeremiah Hull, he bought the lot, on a part of which we are to-night assembled, and built a house, which was burned Jan. 4th, 1693-4. His little stepson, Jeremiah Hull, perished in the flames. The same year he bought the adjoining lot, building again on the site, ever since held by his descendants, and now owned and occupied by Mrs. Eunice Nims Brown. When Joseph Barnard was wounded at Indian Bridge, and his horse killed under him, Godfrey Nims bravely took the helpless man upon his own horse, which being soon shot down, he was forced to mount behind Philip Mattoon, and "so got safely home."

Immediately upon Queen Anne's accession, the people of Deerfield began to make ready to meet the tempest from the north, which they felt to be impending. The fort was "righted up," the schoolmaster was asked to help the selectmen "in wording a petition to the Governor for help" in the distress occasioned by a prospect of war. In the summer of 1703, Peter Schuyler warned the people here, that an expedition against them was fitting out in Canada. Those who had settled at a distance from Meeting House Hill, began to seek shelter within the palisade. Twenty soldiers were placed here as a garrison. On the 8th of October, John Nims and Zebediah Williams, son and stepson of Godfrey Nims, while looking after their cows in the meadow, were captured by Indians and carried to Canada. Such was the alarm and distress of the people, that they urged their minister to address the Government in their behalf. The letter is a credit to pastor and people. In asking for relief from taxation, as the fortification must be rebuilt, Mr. Williams says, "I never found the people unwilling to do when they had the ability ; yea, they have often done above their ability." Parson Stoddard of Northampton also wrote to Governor Dudley, in behalf of Deerfield. He tells him that the people are much depressed and discouraged, by the captivity of two of their young men, and asks that dogs may be trained to hunt the Indians, "who act like wolves, and are to be dealt withal as wolves." To this letter, dated Northampton, Oct. 22d, 1703, the following postscript is added : "Since

I wrote, the father of the two captives, [Godfrey Nims] belonging to Deerfield, has importunately desired me to write to your Excellency that you w^d endeavor the redemption of his children."

Notwithstanding the general uneasiness, private affairs went on as usual. Birth, marriage, death, like time and tide, stay for naught. Winter wore to spring. The soldiers were still billeted in the homes of the people. The minds of all were tense with anxiety. The air was thick with omens. Sounds were heard in the night as of the tramping of men around the fort. March came in like a lion. The village lay buried in snow—the people in sleep. In that hour before dawn when night is darkest, and slumber deepest, the long dreaded storm burst—unexpected at the last—like all long-expected events. On what a wreck the morning broke! Benoni Stebbins, after fighting for hours like a tiger at bay, lay dead in his house. In the southeast angle of the fort, Godfrey Nims's house was still burning, three of his little girls somewhere dead among the embers. His daughter, Rebecca Mattoon, and her baby, slain by the tomahawk. Ebenezer, his seventeen-year-old son; his step-daughter, Elizabeth Hull, aged sixteen; his wife, with Abigail, their youngest child, about four years old, already on the march to Canada. His opposite neighbor, Mehuman Hinsdale, bereft of wife and child by the same blow,—also a captive, with the boy Josiah Rising, his little Suffield cousin whom he had taken into his home and heart. Did Godfrey Nims and Benoni Stebbins, in those hours of horror, remember how, in their boyhood, they had "plotted together to run away to the French," with Onequelatt, the Indian?

How Thankful Nims and her family were saved by a snow-drift; how Godfrey's wife was killed on the march; how Zebediah Williams died at Quebec, firm in the Protestant faith; how John Nims escaped from captivity and was finally married in Deerfield to his step-sister, Elizabeth Hull; how Ebenezer Nims contrived to outwit the good priests, who were faithfully trying to secure his sweetheart's conversion by marrying her to a Frenchman; how Mehuman Hinsdale came back to Deerfield and was again "captivated by y^e Indian Salvages," are matters of history. But what of Abigail Nims and Josiah Rising?

Up to this moment, from the hour when cruelly roused from the innocent sleep of childhood, they were dragged towards the north over the snowbound meadows and icy river, this question has been asked in vain. Thanks to the careful records made at the time by Canadian priest and nun, we can now follow the fortunes of the two captives, so rudely torn from home and kin.

In the history of New France there is no more interesting and romantic chapter than that of the life and labors of Marguerite Bourgeois. To bring about the conversion of the savages by giving to their children a Christian education, was her dearest wish. Not only literally but figuratively did she plant the cross on the mountain of Montreal. In 1676 the priests of St. Sulpice built a chapel on the mountain and founded there a mission for such Iroquois and others as wished to settle on the island of Montreal. In 1680, soon after the school for Indian boys was begun at the mission of the mountain, Marguerite Bourgeois sent two nuns of the Congregation there to teach the girls. In 1685 forty Indian girls were in training at this school. It takes but a moment to tell the story, but the privation, pain and peril, the self-abnegation and devotion by which this result was achieved cannot be estimated. This Indian village, palisaded to protect the Christianized Iroquois from the attacks of their savage brethren, who were incensed against the converts, was an outpost of defence for Montreal itself. Destroyed by fire in 1694 through the carelessness of a drunken Indian, the fort was rebuilt of stone, with rude towers at each angle, two of which were set apart for the nuns and their school. In 1701, disturbed by the opportunity afforded the Indians by their nearness to the town of obtaining strong liquors, yet unwilling to deprive Montreal of their help in case of attack from their enemies, the priests removed the mission to the other side of the mountain, to a picturesque spot called the Sault au Recollet, on the bank of the Riviere des Prairies. There they built a church, modelled after the chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette in Italy, and a house for themselves and their school. The Sisters of the Congregation also erected there a building for themselves and the girls. The village and mission buildings were enclosed by a palisade with three bastions.

It was to the Sault au Recollet fort that our two captives, doubtless with others from Deerfield, were carried at once on their arrival in Canada. The squaw, *Ganastarsi*, probably the wife or mother of her captor, gladly took little Abigail into her bark wigwam, and Josiah Rising was led to that of his Macqua master. There they lived in true Indian fashion, rolling in the dirt with the papposes and puppies with which the village was swarming, and quickly catching the language. To Josiah the savages gave the name of *Shoentak-wanni*, of which the French equivalent is, *Il lui a oté son village*. [He has taken away his village.] Abigail was known as *Towatogowach*, which rendered into French is, *Elle retire de l'eau*. [She picks something out of the water.]*

The little four years old English girl, with her uncouth name, her pale face and her yellow hair, did not long escape the notice of the holy sisters of the mission. The following is a translation of her French record of baptism:—

“On the 15th day of June of the year 1704, the rites of baptism have been administered by me the undersigned, to a little English girl named in her own country Abigail, and now Mary Elizabeth, born at Dearfield in New England the 31st of May of the year 1700, of the marriage of Geoffrey Nimbs, cordwainer, and of Meetable Smeed, also deceased. The child, taken at the said place the eleventh of March last, and living in the wigwam of a squaw of the mountain, named *Ganastarsi*. The god-mother was Demoiselle Elizabeth Le Moine, daughter of Monsieur Charles Le Moine, esquire, Baron de Longueuil, chevalier of the order of St. Louis, and captain of a company,—avec François Bonnet, who says that he cannot sign *ce enquet* according to law.

Signed, MARIE ELIZABETH LONGUEUIL, Meriel, pretre.”

Josiah Rising was baptized on the 23d of December, 1706, being then about eleven years old. The name Ignace [Eng. Ignatius] was given him, and it was as Ignace Raizenne on Canadian records, that I recognized Josiah Rising.

Picture the life of these children at the Indian fort—the dark, cold, smoky wigwam; the scanty clothing in which they had been snatched from home, all rags and dirt, replaced at last by a blanket, which was their dress by day, their bed

*For this and other valuable facts I am greatly indebted to the kindness of a Canadian missionary, himself an adept in the Indian tongue.

at night ; coarse and unpalatable food—corn pounded, soaked and boiled in unsavory pottage—roasted pumpkin a rare luxury.

Better times came for the poor waifs when they could go to school. There they were decently clad, for Marguerite Bourgeois knew that the first step towards Christianizing any people is to make them dress decently and to inspire them with a love of work. "If you can introduce petticoats and drawers into your mission," wrote Monsieur Tronson, "you will make yourself famous. Nothing would be more useful, or fraught with better results." At school they learned to sing and chant, to read and write, and to speak French. The catechism and creed were taught in French, as well as in English and Indian. The girls learned to sew and knit, to spin and make lace. The boys were instructed in carpentry, shoemaking, mason work and other trades. But Sunday—so gloomy to the children of Puritan households—was the day of days to the girls and boys of the Mission. Then Abigail went in procession with the other girls to mass, and saw the gorgeous altar cloths and vestments, and the candles burning brightly, and the pictures of the saints, and little Jesus and his mother looking kindly down upon her. She sat close to Sister des Anges, and crossed herself, and said her prayers, and felt very good and very happy ; only she wished that *Shoentakwanni* would just look at her ; but he sat among the choir boys and sang away and never lifted his eyes from his book.

I like to think of the busy school days and cheerful Sundays of the little New England captives, thus cared for by gentle nun and kindly priest. We must not forget, however, that the "Oso"* fort, as the Deerfield captives probably called the fort at Sault au Recollet, had its sadder pictures. Sometimes an Indian would come back from the town, enraged by the white man's firewater, and bringing the news that some Bastonnais had arrived in Montreal. Every messenger from our government, no matter how far from Boston his home might be, was a Bastonnais in Canada. Then

*The French would doubtless speak of going to this mission, as going to Au Sault (pronounced O-So) ; hence the English would doubtless call it Oso fort. A Newbury captive in his narrative calls Sault au Recollet (Sadrohelly) which was the nearest approach he could make to the French pronunciation.

Abigail's master would threaten to carry her into the woods, and *Ganastarsi* would be very cross, and call her *Kanaskwa*, the slave, and possibly give the child a slap in the face, for she had grown fond of *Towatogowach*, and did not mean to give her up to the Bastonnais if she could help it. Sister *Des Anges* and the other nuns would look distressed and anxious, and keep the little girl day and night at the convent, out of sight of any possible English visitors. Abigail was too young to mind much about any of this, but Josiah knew, and I daresay asked the schoolmaster if he might not go home with the messengers. At this the priest would frown and speak sharply to the lad, reproaching him with ingratitude to the Indian who had saved his life. No doubt he would tell the boy what he himself sincerely believed, that if he went back to Protestant New England, his soul would be damned eternally. When Josiah's master heard about this, he beat the boy and sent him off with a hunting party. Deacon Sheldon came back from his embassy in 1705 with but five captives, not having even seen his boys, who he was told had "gone a honten." Shortly after this, bitterly disappointed at not being allowed to go home with Deacon Sheldon, John Nims, Martin Kellogg, Joseph Petty and Thomas Baker ran away. It went harder with Josiah and the rest after this. Ensign Sheldon must have kept the Sault au Recollet mission in a stir in the first years of the captivity. He was certainly there twice in the spring of 1706. Among his accounts is an item of 12 livres paid "for a carriall to goe to see the captives at the Mohawk fort," and "4 livres more for a second visit." He probably saw Josiah and Abigail at this time, but they were not among those whom he brought home.

Grim and direful scenes our two captives saw, when the war parties returned with scalps and prisoners. Then two long rows of savages armed with clubs and hatchets were formed at the gate of the fort. Between these the weary and footsore captives ran for nearly three-quarters of a mile, the savages mocking and striking at them as they ran. Then came the dreadful pow-wow, when the poor sufferers were made to sing and dance round a great fire, while their tormentors yelled and shrieked. The children saw many of their Deerfield neighbors brought into the fort in this way.

Martin Kellogg in the fall of 1708, Josiah's cousin Mehuman Hinsdale the next spring, and Joseph Clesson and John Arms in June, 1709, all ran the gauntlet at the Oso fort.

After John Sheldon's third journey to Canada in 1707, there had been no general exchange of prisoners. In the summer of 1712, the Canadian governor proposed that the English captives in Canada should be "brought into or near Deerfield, and that the French prisoners should be sent home from thence." Gov. Dudley ordered Col. Partridge to collect the French captives here. When it was known in Deerfield that an escort was to be sent with them, there was no lack of volunteers. "We pitch' upon Lt. Williams," says Partridge, "with the consent of his father, who hath the French tongue, Jonath Wells, Jno Nims, an absolute pilot, Eliezer Warner * * * and Thos. French, who also hath the French tongue, but think the former (Nims) most apt for the design." The party under command of Lieut. Samuel Williams, a youth of twenty-three, started on the 10th of July, returning in September with nine English captives. Godfrey Nims had died some years before. Ebenezer was still in captivity, and John Nims evidently went as the head of the family, hoping to effect the release of his brother and sister. I judge that in urging Abigail's return, John made the most of the provision for her in his father's will, as the story goes in Canada that the relatives of the young Elizabeth, who were Protestants, and were amply provided with this world's goods, knowing that she had been carried to the Sault au Re-collet, went there and offered a considerable sum for her ransom, and the savages would willingly have given her up if she herself had shown any desire to go with her relatives. To her brother's entreaties that she would return with him, she replied that she would rather be a poor captive among Catholics than to become the rich heiress of a Protestant family, and John came back without his sister and brother.

About this time came her first communion. She walked up the aisle dressed in white, with a veil on her head, and all the people looked at her, and a bad Indian girl muttered, *Kanaskwa*, [the slave]. *Shoentakwanni*, in his white surplice, swinging the censer, ringing the bell and holding up the priest's robe, seemed almost as grand as a priest himself, and it was all very solemn and very beautiful to the child.

That was the summer when Hannah Hurst of Deerfield was married. Marie *Kaiennoni* she was called at the Mission. She was seventeen, and Michel *Anenharison*, a widower of thirty-two. *Towatogowach* heard them called in church. She wondered at Marie. *Shoentakwanni* was ever so much nicer than Michel. I think Father Quéré had his doubts about this match. He urged Marie to leave the Indians altogether, but she declared she wished to live and die among them. Sister *Des Anges* heard her say this often. Father Quéré asked Monsieur Belmont what he ought to do about marrying them, and Monsieur Belmont said she must be treated as if she were really an Indian girl. Father Quéré told Thomas Hurst and Father Meriel, and as they did not forbid the banns, he married Marie and Michel.

A year passed. The Treaty of Utrecht had been signed. Peace was proclaimed in London, and a grand *Te Deum* sung to Handel's music in St. Paul's cathedral. In this interval of peace, renewed efforts were made by our government for the recovery of the English captives in Canada. Nothing daunted by the ill success of John Schuyler's mission, Capt. John Stoddard and Parson Williams, with Martin Kellogg and Thomas Baker as pilots and interpreters, and commissioned by the government to negotiate for the release of the remaining captives, arrived in Canada the middle of February, 1714. It is a long and tedious business. Vaudreuil is vacillating and contradictory in his promises. He shirks the responsibility alternately upon the captives, who have been formally naturalized; upon his king whom he fears to offend; upon the savages who claim the ownership of many, and who he says are his allies, and not his subjects to command. Finally he says that he "can just as easily alter the course of the rivers as prevent the priests' endeavors to keep the children."

The long sojourn of this embassy, its influence and dignity, undoubtedly made a profound impression at the Sault au Recollet mission. What more natural than that Abigail Nims's captor, knowing that the English envoys were insisting on the return of minors and children, and fearing to lose his reward if general terms of release were agreed upon, should have fled with his prize to the Boston government, to secure the money for her ransom before Stoddard's return.

This he could have done without the knowledge or consent of Mission priest or nun. Moreover, had they known his purpose, they would have been powerless to prevent its fulfilment. She had not been bought by them from the savage. She was his by the law of war, to dispose of as he saw fit.

Whether my theory is correct or not, it was before the return of the envoys that Colonel Partridge, on the 28th of July, 1714, wrote to the council at Boston, giving an account of an "outrage in the county of Hampshire," a Macqua Indian having brought to Westfield and offered for sale a girl "supposed to be an English captive, carried from Deerfield, it appearing so by her own relation, and divers circumstances concurring." The council at once requested Capt. John Sheldon, then living at Hartford, to be the bearer of a letter to the Indian commissioners at Albany, demanding a strict examination of this matter. The result of Capt. Sheldon's mission is told in the Council Record:—

"In Council, Aug. 22, 1714. Upon reading a letter from the Commissioners of the Indian affairs at Albany, by Capt. John Sheldon, messenger thither, to make inquiries concerning a young Maid or Girl, brought thither into Westfield by a Macqua, and offered for sale, very probably supposed to be English & daughter of one [Godfrey] Nims, late of Deerfield, and carried away captive, the Commissioners insisting upon it that she is an Indian: Ordered that Samuel Partridge, Esq., treat with the Macqua, her pretended Master, & agree with him on the reasonablest terms he can, for her release, & then to dispose her to some good family near the sea side without charge, for the present, to prevent her fears; unless Capt. Sheldon will be prevailed with to take her home with him.* In Council Sept. 20, 1714. It was ordered that the sum of £25 be paid to Elewacamb, the Albany Indian now attending with letters and papers from thence, who claims the English girl in the hands of the English and her Relations at Deerfield. * * * Also that a coat and shirt be given s^d Indian."

"*Paid John Sheldon ['Ensign John Sheldon' of Deerfield, now of Hartford] for journey to Boston from Northampton, and back to Albany, and back, with his son £17 16s. 7d., for time and expenses." [Council Record Ed.]

"Here," says President Sheldon, in his History of Deerfield, "the curtain dropped. After this not the slightest trace of Abigail Nims was found."

Had the story ended here it would have been romantic enough, but truth is stranger than fiction.

The curtain rises again. An interval of eight months has elapsed.

ACT 1ST. SCENE 1ST.

A marriage in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, at the Sault au Recollet fort, on the Island of Montreal.

Dramatis Personae.

ABIGAIL NIMS, aged 15.

JOSIAH RISING, aged about 24.

SISTER DES ANGES and other Nuns of the Congregation.

FATHER QUÉRÉ, a Mission Priest.

Iroquois Indians.

The ceremony is soon ended. Father Quéré records it on the register, where it stands fair and clear to-day. Here is the translation :

"This 29th of July, 1715, I have married Ignace *Shoentakwanni* and Elizabeth *Touatogowach*, both English, who wish to remain with the Christian Indians, not only renouncing their nation, but even wishing to live *en sauvages*. Ignace aged about twenty-three or twenty-four years,—Elizabeth about fifteen. Both were taken at Deerfile about thirteen years ago.

[Signed,] M. QUÉRÉ, prêtre, ss."

How Abigail Nims got back again to the Sault au Recollet from Deerfield, is the missing link in the story of her long life. But what more probable than that she should have run away? There is of course a shadow of doubt as to the identity of the captive bought of Elewacamb with Abigail Nims. The girl had said she was a Deerfield captive; John Sheldon and Col. Partridge believed her to be Abigail Nims, and had satisfied the Governor and council that she was. They had bought her of Elewacamb, paid for her in lawful money and given him a bonus besides. It was not strange that the commissioners at Albany "insisted that she was an Indian." From her babyhood for eleven years she had lived among the savages, and had become one. An orphan, a stranger here, not knowing or caring for her Deerfield relatives, bred a Roman Catholic and irked by the straight-laced customs of the Puritan town and church, hating the restraints of civilized life, homesick and unhappy, pining for the nuns and for her free life in the

wigwam of *Ganastarsi*, fearless and fleet of foot, she may have betaken herself to the woods, and somehow have got back to the Macqua fort. Fancy the joy at the Mission when the stray lamb returned to the true fold. It was then, as I believe, that the priests, to settle the question forever, with much difficulty obtained the release of *Towatogouach* and *Shoentakwanni* from their Indian masters. "They deserved this favor," says the historian, "for the odor of virtue which they shed abroad over the mission of which they were the edification and the model." Their speedy marriage, and the emphasis laid in the record upon their wish to conform to the Indian mode of life, was to protect them from future importunities for their return to New England.

John Rising of Suffield died in 1719. In his will he bequeaths to his "well beloved son Josiah, now in captivity, the sum of five pounds in money, to be paid out of my estate within three years after my decease, provided he return from captivity." Josiah Rising and Abigail Nims, his wife, never returned. When in 1721, the mission was transferred to the Lake of the Two Mountains, the priests, charmed with the edifying conduct of Ignace and Elizabeth, with their industry and intelligence in domestic affairs, for their advantage, and as an example to the mission at large, resolved to establish them in a permanent home of their own, and accordingly gave them a large domain about half a league from the fort. There they served as a pattern to the savages, and all the people round about, of patriarchal life and virtue, by their care in training their children in the fear of God, and in the faithful performance of their religious duties. Abigail Nims, wife of Josiah Rising, died the 19th of February, 1748. In her last illness, she refused to leave off the hair shirt which she had always worn as penance. She left eight children—six daughters and two sons. Her eldest, Marie Madeleine, a nun of the Congregation, by the name of Sister St. Herman, having learned in childhood the Iroquois language, was sent as missionary to the Lake of the Two Mountains, and there taught Indian girls for twenty-five years. When about ninety, she died in the convent at Montreal.

Four of the daughters of Ignace and Elizabeth Raizenne, married and reared families, many of whose members filled high positions in the Roman Catholic church. I learn from

one of the ladies of the Congregation, who was the pupil of one of Abigail Nims's granddaughters, that she has often heard from this teacher the story of her grandmother's life, and that she always laid particular stress on the fact that she refused to return to Deerfield when sent for. The oldest son of Ignace and Elizabeth was a priest and curé, of excellent character and ability. Jean Baptiste Jérôme, their younger son, unable to carry out his wish to take orders, married and settled on the domain originally granted to his father. His house was a refuge for the poor, the orphan and the unfortunate. He regulated his household as if it were a religious community. The father and mother rose early, and prayed together. Then both went to their respective labors, he to his fields, she to her ten children. The hours for study, for conversation, for silence and for recreation were fixed by the clock. All the family—parents, children and servants, ate at the same table, and while eating, the lives of the Saints were read. After tea, the father explained some doctrinal point to the children and servants; then followed prayers, and all went silently to bed.

Marie Raizenne, born in 1736, was the most distinguished of Abigail Nims's children. She entered the community of the Congregation, at the age of sixteen, and in 1778, attained the honor of being its thirteenth Lady Superior, under the name of Mother Saint Ignace. She was deeply religious; full of energy and courage, of extraordinary talents and fine education. She is said to have possessed, in a remarkable degree, the spirit and zeal of Marguerite Bourgeois, and to have sought untiringly to revive this spirit in the community of which she was the head. She died at the age of seventy-six.

Thus again did the blood of the martyrs of Deerfield become the seed of the church of Canada.

DEERFIELD CAPTIVES.

BY ISABELLE WILLIAMS.

Through generations of a race,
In spite of changing garb and face,
A thought may oft be marked that strays
From olden times to present days.

With scanty ink and lavish pitch
Men tortured once the dreaded witch ;
Subjects not understood to-day,
They do but treat the other way !

And when I say that in our street
'T'as been, betimes, my fate to meet
With Deerfield Captives, when I've strolled
In summer mild or winter cold.

The sceptics who are here to-night
May murmur (and be in the right)
That of this foolish sort of stuff
They've read and heard more than enough !

Yet I do say, they, too, may see
This sight, seen many times by me ;
Yes, in this hall, there, friends by you
Are Deerfield Captives staunch and true !

No ghosts are they—these here to-day—
Although, like ghosts, some cannot stay ;
But wander where they must or will,
They all are Deerfield Captives still.

Full oft, before the footsteps turned,
Has captive heart for Zion burned,
And longed, but for a time, to be
Redeemed—from Toil's captivity ;

As though the smouldering fires of race—
Preserved in hearts a fainter trace—
Of love, which suffering once made grand
In those that felt the Frenchman's hand.

Of that brave stock comes one to go—
Again o'er the Canadian snow—
Steadfast, by haunting thought impelled-
To find where those first Captives dwelled.

And men have come who seek to find
What other years have left behind ;
To Deerfield history one lent hand
Not captive these in foreign land.

But often, thinking we are free,
We bear some strange captivity,
And he who absent *once* doth long
For home, hath sung the Captive's song !

But here in summer time resound
The songs of those who home have found.
Yet some do say—believe who will—
That Deerfield harbors danger still !

I'm told a being lurks about,
With pedigree not yet made out,
Who seems, with bow and arrow sheaf,
Descended from some Indian chief ;

I'm told of "something in the air"
That makes youth sing, "Begone dull care !"
A mist, they say, droops round the hills
To nourish dreams and other ills.

But all must grant it kind and best
That dreams cheer every captive's breast,
Though he who would at length be free
Must work through some captivity !

FIELD MEETING,—SEPTEMBER 19, 1889.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INDIAN ATTACK ON HATFIELD.

REPORT.

The Association has ventured beyond the bounds of Franklin County. Thursday found the antiquaries in Hatfield, and with the fair meadow town, celebrants of the Indian massacre which the village suffered two hundred and twelve years ago.

And Hatfield was ready. With an enterprise which did not belie her people's active interest in their ancestors' valorous deeds and terrible disasters, the church was decorated, a bower built to cover the guests at dinner, the ownership of the historic places in the old time marked by neat placards and a collection of curious relics displayed in the town hall. These were the visible preparations, while the day revealed not alone the evidence of careful study into the blood-marked frontier narratives on the part of two at least of her loyal sons, or excellent singing, but a dinner of unlimited abundance,—all features of a hearty welcome of which the rain could lessen the number of recipients, though it failed to dampen the ardor of those who came.

The broad, shady street of Hatfield, with its comfortable homes, and fertile meadows stretching out riverward, marks the town as an ideal of the valley settlement, preserving to an industrious and intelligent posterity the characteristics the rugged pioneers sought to give the communities they founded, and for which they suffered the woes only to be comprehended in a long study of the early days. In what is now, as it was then, the heart of the town was planted the stockade with its shelter for the people in their hours of danger, and just outside it, among the more exposed homes, was wrought the September massacre. The story of the darkest day in Hatfield's years of trial, of homes laid waste, of wanton slaughter and destruction, of fearful death and cruel captivity—all was told in the worthy addresses and expressive verse of the day.

The meeting-house, a successor of the old first church, was filled

with people in spite of forbidding weather. The audience room was beautifully decorated, the pulpit adorned with the royal colors of the goldenrod and wild asters, and back of the platform, the front of the organ recess was covered with the stars and stripes, while patriotic bunting was draped on the gallery front extending along three sides of the church and festooned gracefully from the ceiling, about the chandelier and over every door—all with perfect taste. The names of Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings, heroes in the tale of rescue and redemption, were displayed amidst the patriotic colors.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY THADDEUS GRAVES.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association:—I deem myself fortunate to have been selected to extend to you on behalf of the town of Hatfield the cordial right hand of welcome, for we are aware that it is owing in a great measure to your tireless vigilance and zeal that these memorial services are held here to-day. You are an institution known and honored, not only throughout this valley but the entire state, both for what you are and what you have done. You have labored incessantly, in season and out of season, to encourage and promote careful research into old records, to the end that the scattered threads of local history might be gathered and rescued from oblivion, and that all relics and materials linking us to the past should not only be preserved from destruction, but rendered sacred. You have so elevated and instructed public sentiment that the removal or destruction of an old landmark like the old house at Deerfield would be no longer possible. You have established at Deerfield a large and highly interesting and instructive collection of curiosities, a perpetual monument to the patience, perseverance and industry of those who have by untiring effort brought it to its present state of perfection. We bid you godspeed in your noble enterprise, and trust that in the coming years you may succeed in imbuing this realistic age with something of your own spirit, leading its attention from the present and its enjoyments to fix it upon the past, its labors, trials and sacrifices.

We welcome you, Ladies and Gentlemen, our daughters

and sons, who have gone from us to settle elsewhere, and who have now come back to celebrate with us this anniversary. We thank you for your presence and support, and trust in the future we shall be able to enjoy more of your society than we have done in the past. We bid you welcome home, at the same time assuring you that the heart of the old mother has never changed toward you, but has ever followed you lovingly in your wanderings, glorying in your successes and taking pride in your prosperity.

We have, Ladies and Gentlemen, a historian by whom the events of the day we celebrate will be thoroughly and ably related at length, and with no intentions of encroaching upon his department, I still feel it not inappropriate for me, at the very opening of these ceremonies, to place before you in few words, the prominent incidents attending the Indian Massacre of Sept. 19, 1677, and the subsequent rescue of the Captives, that you may the better understand and appreciate what will follow.

Two hundred and twelve years ago to-day, on a hazy September morning, the good people of Hatfield were engaged in their usual occupations, the men had gone into the south meadow to cut and stack the ripening corn, while their wives and daughters, having finished their ordinary work, were busy preparing dinner for the men whose return was expected at the usual hour of twelve. The children, of which there was a goodly number, were either playing about the doors of the humble dwellings or watching their mothers at their work. All was peace and security, no thought of danger disturbed even the most timid. A picture of more secure and tranquil enjoyment can hardly be imagined, when suddenly all is changed and the security and happiness that has prevailed in this little village is rudely broken by the fierce war-whoop of the savage as fifty armed and painted warriors who had crawled noiselessly down through Pudding Lane finding nothing to oppose their progress, burst suddenly through the gate separating the lane from the main street. They entered the northern part of the town, not then enclosed within the protection of the palisade that did not extend quite as far north as the present residence of Silas G. Hubbard. In a moment all was terror and the wildest confusion. The Indians quickly shot or dispatched with the

tomahawk those who sought escape by flight, the rest were taken prisoners, the houses and barns devoted to the torch and a scene of wanton destruction followed. A portion of the band went north to destroy the homestead of Benjamin Waite, a noted Indian scout and fighter, who then lived on the site now owned by Jno. Knight, burned his buildings, took his wife and children captives and hastened to join the main body of their friends. The men returned hurriedly from the field, warned of danger by the clouds of smoke that rose from the ruined village. As they approached the town an ominous silence more oppressive even than the shout of triumph seemed to enfold the devoted town. Upon entering the street the full extent of their misfortune burst upon them, for familiar as those rugged pioneers of this early settlement were with the Indians and Indian warfare the whole scene was at once present to their minds and they expected what upon search they found, the smouldering ashes of houses and barns, thirteen mutilated bodies of the slain and the rest, seventeen in number, gone into captivity, borne to the almost trackless wilderness by a wily, relentless and cruel foe. But who were they who had so suddenly come, so suddenly gone, to leave such utter desolation behind them? None could answer. Were they Mohawks from the west or some of the Northern Indians? None could tell. That night a meeting of citizens was held within the palisades, a little body of stalwart men, and the whole matter was discussed fully. As a result of this meeting Benjamin Waite visited Albany and there ascertained that the raid was not made by the Mohawk Indians. About this time one of the captives, taken by this same band from Deerfield, made his escape, returned to Deerfield and came thence to inform the citizens of Hatfield that their friends were in the hands of the Northern Indians who were taking their captives to Canada. Another meeting was now held, an appeal was drawn up to the Governor of the Commonwealth for assistance. Two men were selected to place this appeal before his Excellency. Both men great sufferers from the raid, both in the prime of life. One distinguished for his prowess, Benjamin Waite, a noted Indian scout and fighter, familiar with the woods, the Indians and their habits and methods; a man of great endurance and fertile in expedients. The other a man of great discre-

tion, Stephen Jennings, a thoughtful, silent man but resolute, persevering and patient, over whom obstacles had no influence save to increase his determination. These two men were wholly unlike in appearance and character but admirably fitted to work together, each supplying the lack of the other. The inhabitants showed their wisdom in their selection. About the middle of October, nearly a month after the slaughter, these two humble farmers clothed in the rough garb of their calling and the times, armed with nothing but their trusty guns, turned their backs upon the little village to travel a hundred miles on foot through rough paths and wooded lanes to Boston.

In due time they placed the appeal before the Governor, but a treasury at that time never too full, had been depleted by the frequent calls to ward off Indian incursions and fight constantly for existence with the numerous savage tribes that surrounded them, and the Governor informed them with regret of his inability to give them pecuniary aid but gave them instead a letter of recommendation and credit. The kind hearted Governor further pointed out the dangers of the way, the well-nigh insurmountable obstacles to be overcome by these two rough farmers before reaching Canada, through an almost unbroken wilderness, traversed only by bands of hostile Indians, and of the futility of their journey should they reach their destination, seeking captives from enemies with neither money nor valuables to give in exchange. But they had determined to go to Canada if they went alone, and selected upon consultation the route west of the Hudson river as being safest since it took them away from and around the shorter path traveled by their more bitter enemies. Bidding the Governor farewell, they traveled to Albany one hundred and fifty miles on foot and thence twenty miles to Schenectady, but here the obtuse but suspicious Dutch authorities, seeing as they imagined in those way-worn travelers some great danger to the state, arrested and sent them prisoners 150 miles down the river to the city of New York and delivered them to Governor Andros, a shrewd, keen man, who saw at a glance the mistake of his Dutch assistants, but not desiring to make it too apparent, and being much occupied for some weeks, he neglected these humble men and allowed them to be retained

as prisoners. But the matter being later urged upon his attention, he set them at liberty and gave them a letter of protection, armed with which they traveled backward 150 miles to the point where they were arrested. Here they procured two guides, a Frenchman and an Indian, to pilot them over the unfamiliar way northward. The Frenchman soon deserted them. The Indian conducted them to Lake George, procured for them a canoe, pointed out the way northward and was gone. These sturdy but way-worn travelers have now made their way on foot over more than 500 miles of their rough journey and now find themselves alone upon the shores of Lake George, winter with its storms and snows around them and the long, unknown, and trackless way before them. These must indeed have been heroic souls that could have faced these trials undaunted, but they boldly pushed onward over the lake, entered the untrodden forest, crossed Lake Champlain on the ice, arrived at Canada to find their friends the prisoners alive. The remaining months of winter they spent in Canada, ingratiated themselves into the confidence of the French and by the aid of the letter of credit furnished them by the Governor of Massachusetts, they obtained the release of all the captives, and the following spring brought them with an escort of soldiers to Albany, near which place they were met by a delegation of citizens from Hatfield bearing supplies, who escorted them in triumph home, which ends the brief account of one of the most heroic, self-sacrificing and resolute exploits recorded in history.

Do you seek to know more of these heroes? They both died a violent death at the hands of the Indians. Would you visit their resting place? It must be said of them, as was said of the old law-giver of Israel, "No man knows their sepulchre." But they need no "storied urn or animated bust" to render illustrious their noble deeds, but rather, may they say in the language of the Roman poet, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*," I have erected a monument more lasting than brass. For the brazen monument or the marble pile, fretted with sculptures from the moment of its erection seeks disintegration and decay, and particle by particle, as century succeeds century, under the resistless influence of gravitation seeks the common level, to be scattered by the wind or trodden under the feet of the careless; while

the heroic deeds of Benjamin Waite the Indian scout, and Stephen Jennings the silent, enbalméd in memory of a grateful posterity, shall grow brighter and brighter as generation follows generation, while time shall last or civilization shall endure.

RESPONSE OF HON. GEORGE SHELDON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of Hatfield:—It has been said, that on occasions like this, men are moved by mere sentiment. Though these be the sneering words of a scoffer, I accept and adopt them, as a fitting fact.

For what bonds are stronger than the ties of sentiment, and what sentiment binds peoples or communities more firmly than a consciousness of a common heritage, whose title was secured by common toils, privations, and sufferings and sealed with the blood of brave men and women, a common ancestry.

The lives and deeds of Benjamin Waite, Samuel Allis and Samuel Foote are alike the heritage of Deerfield and Hatfield. You gave them birth, or nurtured their manhood. Their life blood sank into our soil, and their bodies turned to dust beneath the verdant sod in our old God's Acre, hard by the fast flowing Pocumtuck. Their names are engraved upon your hearts, while we have enshrined them in our Memorial Hall, where they are carved on enduring stone.

Other ties there are, more tender and personal, which bind these two places together. In union is strength, and considering the almost countless unions between the men and women of these two towns, which the centuries have witnessed, it would seem that a cable of old-fashioned steel, forged on the glowing anvil of the frontier blacksmith, could not bind our peoples more strongly together than these invisible cords of sentiment reaching from heart to heart. It is this feeling of kinship, as well as of veneration for our ancestors, which prompts the observance of this day.

In the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which I have the honor to represent, I thank you for this cheering welcome, so heartily and gracefully extended by your eloquent representative. Although this is our first excursion beyond the borders of Little Franklin, we have no-

where met a more cordial greeting, although our only mission is, as the Indians would say, to "brighten the chain of friendship" and freshen the spirit of reverence for a worthy ancestry.

We have held Field Meetings for the dedication of monuments in memory of Moses Rice at Charlemont, of Nathaniel Dickinson at Northfield, of Eunice Williams at Greenfield, and of Memorial Hall in Deerfield. Meetings to celebrate the bi-centennial of the settlement of Sunderland, the centennial of Leverett and the semi-centennial of Erving; and also the bi-centennials of the battles at Turners Falls and Bloody Brook; a meeting at Ashfield to mark the site of the first stockade; another at Colrain, near the site of the first grave yard—one object being to arouse a public sentiment which should insure its rescue from neglect and desecration. As for our visit to-day, we frankly say we have no ulterior designs upon Hatfield. We know of no neglect to remedy, we have no suggestions to offer. *But*, if the outcome of this day's observance *should* be the erection of a bronze statue of Benjamin Waite leading little Sarah Coleman out of captivity, with a pedestal representing in bas-relief Ashpelon, the chief, emerging with her from the waters of Lake Champlain, it would be quite as much as we expect.

I shall touch lightly upon those themes which naturally fill the minds of this assembly. The orator of the day will doubtless satisfy the demand for a full history of the events of that disastrous morning we meet to commemorate. That he has been an industrious and faithful student, I can bear testimony, and question not the results he brings you will be a truthful presentation of facts; facts which may be new to many of this generation. Do not, therefore, shake your heads with doubt, and do not be excited to wrath if some cherished family traditions are found to have been varied a little, in passing from mouth to ear, as one generation followed another in the vanished centuries; nor even if they should turn out to have had no foundation in fact, being pure romances from the brain of some yarn telling, fun loving ancestor. Such things are not unknown to modern research. Traditions are valuable beyond price, but they must often be accepted with a pennyweight of allowance—yea, sometimes with a whole pound.

The later student has always this advantage. He has not only the benefit of all former research, but also what dust encrusted or mouldy manuscript from trunk, and closet, and leaky garret, will yield up to his careful original scrutiny. I shall not be surprised if before I leave this stand I am tripped in some of *my* theories; if some of *my* conclusions are found untenable. Nor shall I be grieved. Truth in history, before all things, is my aim and end. If new matter be brought to light in the ransacking which this meeting has prompted, let us hope no conservative hand will withhold it from the public. In the case of *very* old papers, have not the public, in a broad sense, a sort of joint ownership in them, as trustees for future generations? If not restrained by excessive modesty, I might remark, in a quiet aside, that *we* are the representatives of that future, and that Memorial Hall is a safe and permanent place of deposit—but I refrain.

Thanking you again for your kindly greeting, I would add that it was no more than we had good reason to expect. Our fore-fathers in the day of their need, found the people of Hatfield most generous. Hospitable homes opened the doors wide to shelter them, when forced to flee from the wrath of the Indians in Philip's war; and again in the devastation of Feb. 29, 1704. To the promptness and bravery of Hatfield men on that fateful morning, it was largely due that a remnant of our people needed any shelter, save that in the bosom of mother earth.

The events of that day are not likely to be treated by others, and I trust it will not be considered an unfitting time, to speak of those Hatfield men, who, warned of our distress, took their lives in their hands, mounted in hot haste and rode to the rescue. We have no need to analyze the motives of these brave men. As they rode with headlong speed up the snowy Pocumtuck path, the lurid light reddening the northern sky, and reflecting on the white openings in the woods through which they sped, told too well the dire disaster befalling their neighbors and their kin; and that was all they had need to know.

Faster and faster the panting steeds were urged, until in the morning light, their riders saw a horrible scene of desolation and woe. Tall chimneys, with fire-place and oven standing naked, amid the glowing cellar, where had stood

the settler's home. Ruins of heavy timbered barns lay smoking about the blackened hay-mows, which still sent out fitful flashes of flame with every eddy of the troubled air. Carcasses of cattle, sheep and swine scattered about upon the trampled and bloody snow, where they were killed in wantonness or slaughtered for food. And most ghastly sight of all, nude and mangled forms of men, women and children, their neighbors, friends and kindred, victims of a most hellish act of civilized France, lying where their murderers left them on wintry beds of snow, which now had taken on a crimson hue.

The foray of Ashpelon, in 1677, the last retiring wave of Philip's war, was an act of savages. It was a raid merely for plunder, and by the code of Indian warfare, conducted with humanity. The assault upon Deerfield was *not* an act of international warfare. It was *not* an attempt of the Pocumtucks and Naunawtucks to recover the homes of their fathers. Probably not one of their number was with the invaders. It was *not* an attempt to conquer territory. De Rouville, the commander, never for one moment thought of holding the captured town for France. No, it is established beyond doubt that Gov. Vaudreuil sent his trusty officers of the Line with a horde of blood-thirsty barbarians to surprise and sack a New England village, and murder its sleeping inhabitants, as a cold-blooded act of French policy. It was to show the Eastern Indians that the French were their friends, able and willing to give them opportunities for gratifying their natural propensity for blood and plunder, and thus to secure their alliance. All the sentimental stories about this bloody raid being a grand and patriotic attempt of the Indians to recover their old hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, are pure fiction, and must vanish into thin air before the facts of history.

Your ancestors and mine, seeing and hearing the dreadful sights and sounds, on their arrival at Deerfield, did not know—nor did they need to know—these facts, to awaken their manhood, inflame their hearts, and nerve their arms. At the time of their arrival, the main body of the enemy had drawn off with their captives and booty across the river. Scattered bands were engaged in wanton destruction of animals and property ; and a considerable body was still besieg-

ing the house of Benoni Stebbins. These flew towards the main body like chaff from the threshing floor before the charge of the infuriated men from below. Observing this charge, de Rouville hastily threw his army into an ambuscade. The reckless daring of the pursuers, led, doubtless, by Sergeant Benjamin Waite, carried them into the trap. Overpowered ten to one, our men retreated, fighting inch by inch, to the fort.

No plumed knight, coursing with lance in rest, or smiting with sword and mace a Paynim horde around the walls of Jerusalem, showed more chivalric fire or nobler daring than this brave band in homespun, fighting their pagan and Christian foes on Deerfield North Meadow, in the attempt to revenge the slain and rescue the miserable captives from the hands of the spoiler.

That my theme is not leading me so far as it might seem from the men and events of September 19, 1677, will appear, as a few words are said connecting in a remarkable manner the actors and victims of each occasion. What I have said of the Hatfield men applies as well to the men of Hadley and Northampton, their comrades in the ride; and to the men of Deerfield who joined them on their arrival. Limit of time compels a confinement in the brief personal notes which follow, to those Hatfield men, who were of that troop which rode up the dark valley, on the morning of February 29, 1704. As I cannot speak of them in order of merit, while each was eager to be foremost, they will be named alphabetically.

First. *Samuel Allis*.—He knew that his mother and two sisters were in the fated town, and the furious gallop was a lagging pace to his anxious fears; and the discovery that she lay dead and mangled among the ruins, and that they were captives in the hands of barbarians, may have aroused him to that pitch of fury which banished all prudence and carried him headlong to his death in the fatal ambuscade.

Samuel Belding.—He could not forget how the savages had murdered his mother at Hatfield, September 19, 1677; nor could his half brother, *Richard Billings*, who rode by his side, equally eager to be avenged on the destroyers. But they could not outride *Nathaniel Coleman*, son of Dea. John Coleman, whose wife was killed September 19, and whose daugh-

ter, Sarah Coleman, is the picturesque heroine of to-day's celebration.

Ebenezer, Nathaniel and Samuel Dickinson.—Their uncle, Obadiah Dickinson, was a captive of September 19, the man whom the savages, with a refinement of cruelty unknown to the Inquisition, compelled to lead his friend and companion, old Sergt. Plympton, to the stake, soon after their arrival in Canada. These young men could not be laggards in the race.

Neither could *Samuel Field*, remembering that his father had been shot by prowling Indians at Hatfield ten years before; nor *Benjamin Field*, a nephew of the murdered man. But Samuel Field could not know how his whole future life was to be shaped by the events of this day. While bravely fighting in the meadow by the side of David Hoyt of Deerfield, the latter fell. Two years later Samuel married his widow, settled in Deerfield, and became one of her most honored citizens. Mary Field, his sister, married Jonathan Hoyt, of Deerfield, a brother of David, and a young captive of that sad day, and in the course of events became my great-great-grandmother.

Samuel Foote.—His mother, Mary Foote, with two children, was taken in Ashpelon's raid. His little sister Mary, after enduring the hardships of the long, miserable march, was murdered in Canada. Was it the recollection of these cruel wrongs which urged him to the fore front, where he bravely fell, fighting with his face to the foe?

Samuel Gillet.—He was one of the three children of widow Hannah Gillet, who had been, on September 19, five months the wife of Stephen Jennings. She with two of her children was carried captive. All were brought back by her husband and Benjamin Waite the next spring, with the addition of her new born daughter—*Captivity Jennings*.

John Graves.—His father was one of the slain of September 19. John was now a man of mature age with a wife and six children. Prudent but brave, he was not backward in the contest. As he warmed up in the pursuit across the meadows, he threw off his belt, coat and waistcoat, which were lost in the retreat; but he was cool enough to pick up a blanket and a hatchet which had been dropped by the Indians whom they had driven northward in their first onset.

This man was the ancestor of him who, as your representative, welcomed us to Hatfield but now. I had some reason to suppose that this Indian hatchet would figure prominently in this welcome. To this we could take no exception, as it certainly figured prominently in the reception long ago given his ancestor at Deerfield. Had this hatchet appeared on this platform, with well established traditions how it had been preserved in the Graves of his ancestral line for nine score years and five, in spite of my reputation hereabouts as an iconoclast, I could not have the heart to send this to keep company with the "little hatchet" of G. W. But as I too "cannot tell a lie," only careful concealment would have been made of the fact that the hatchet picked up by John Graves was taken by the government and sold for one shilling and sixpence.

John Marsh.—Two of this name were living in Hatfield at this time, and our John cannot be certainly identified. But he was there and probably his double. A petition to the General Court gives the name of John Marsh as one of the band of fighters on the meadows. By another official list we find "John Marsh and Sarah Dickinson, two Hatfield persons," named as among the captives. Finding these two persons thus conjoined by those who knew the facts, I have looked for some romantic sequel to this untoward result of John and Sarah's unfortunate visit to Deerfield and consequently to Canada. So far the search has been fruitless, but I commend its continuance to Jonathan Johnson and the Marsh family.

Thomas Russell.—His mother and two brothers were killed September 19, when he was but four years old. The traditions of this event must have come to him this morning with a new reality, and nerved his arm for the desperate encounter. But he came off safe, only to be killed while on a scout near Deerfield the next year.

John and Joseph Smith were of the rescuing party, but of the *six* Johns and the *five* Josephs living at this date in Hatfield, these two cannot be identified, and credit must be given to the Smith family in general. The probabilities are, however, that Joseph was the son of that John Smith who was killed by Indians on your meadow May 30, 1676, and the husband of Canada Waite, daughter of Benjamin and Martha

Waite, born in captivity, January, 1678. In this case, Joseph must have witnessed the death of his father-in-law while fighting by his side.

Benjamin Waite.—Your adopted son, the hero of to-day. The trusted guide of Capt. William Turner, on his march to Peskeompskut, May 18, 1676. When his fellow guide, Experience Hinsdell, lost his head and his bearing, the next morning, and led one party to destruction in the dark morass, our cool-headed hero led Capt. Turner's main body through the swarming savages, mad for revenge, and brought it safe to Hatfield. The story of his peerless perseverance and his indomitable energy in the recovery of the captives of September 19, will be told in full by others.

John Waite, son of Benjamin, could not be far from the side of his father. Little could he anticipate, as he looked upon the desolation of Deerfield, that his daughter would marry one of the rescued boys, and that hundreds with his blood in their veins, would become prominent in the annals of reconstructed Deerfield.

Daniel, John and Samuel, sons of *Daniel Warner*, must have been full of anxiety for the safety of the family of their brother Ebenezer, and their sister Lydia, with her two weeks old baby. They found in the place of Ebenezer's comfortable home, a glowing chasm; and his whole family in the power of the red-handed foe. Their sister with her baby was safe, and her husband joined the brothers in the vain attempt to recover their kindred.

Ladies and gentlemen, you and I have a direct and personal interest in these men. Their blood flows in the veins of many I see around me, and doubtless many a heart-beat has quickened at the mention of their names and deeds. For myself I count among them two direct ancestors. Twelve of allied blood fought shoulder to shoulder with your ancestors on that fated day; two of whom left dead upon the field of honor, rest in the same grave which holds the ashes of their unfortunate companions in arms from Hatfield and Hadley. What wonder if our blood grows hot as we recall that day of horror. The life current of sixteen of my kindred crimsoned the snow upon which their mangled bodies had been ruthlessly flung, and twice that number

were captives in the hands of the marauders; forlorn, despairing, hopeless, destined to a march through the deep snows of the unbroken forest to far off Canada.

If these personalities seem obtrusive, bear in mind that I represent not myself alone. My story is but the duplicate of that which may be told by many who hear it. I speak for them also.

Mr. Chairman, Deerfield is indebted to Hatfield in other ways besides those already noted. Not only for help in times of sore need, but for reinforcements of men who became permanently part of the home guard, our bulwark against our Northern foe in later wars. Who among us can boast of better blood than that which came with the Hatfield contingent? We took from you your last Hope of an Atherton family, and your whole stock of Arms, and left not an Amsden; we drew largely on your tribe of Allis; also your Bardwells, Barnards, Beldings, Billings and Browns; of Clarys, Cowles and Crafts we took not a few. Your Dickinsons made many a mark among us, but enough were evidently left for seed. We took your last Evans, a strong delegation of Frarys and divided your Fields. If we robbed your Graves there was certainly a spared monument, but of your Hawks we took every bird in the nest. Our Hoyts, Hinsdales and Plimptons tarried awhile in Hatfield, but whether they found you too good or too bad does not appear. We drew but sparingly on the families of Kellogg, Nash, Scott and Selden, but largely on that of Smith; however, this name did not become extinct here. We took and so did the Indians, Quentin Stockwell, who figures so prominently in the events we commemorate. Our Warners and Whites were of your stock, and of Wells we left you a scanty supply, but we took your whole stock of Beers.

The advance of civilization in New England with a single and marked exception—the movement from the Bay to the Connecticut, in 1635—has been up the valleys of her rivers. Is there any other explanation for this migration from Hatfield to Deerfield, with no returning current? For I do not recollect a single family which went back. We are too modest to claim any advantage of our town over yours, and it appears that in one thing essential we were lacking.

Now, sir, I stand ready to couch a lance in defence of the women of Deerfield, against all comers, to maintain their beauty and grace, their intelligence and industry to the last. Still, it is a noticeable fact that Deerfield men of old, in making matches were in a habit of wooing and winning wives from Hatfield, and I am not prepared to say that they could have done better by staying at home—I mean the women. Whether this historic fact be a reflection on the men of Hatfield or the women of Deerfield—whether the women of Hatfield had a habit of following after the men, or whether the men of Deerfield naturally went back for “the girl I left behind me,” may be considered as open questions.

In your grand welcome to our Association, as we come among you to hold our annual Field Meeting, and in the great crowd here gathered we see an awakening of that historic spirit it is our mission to stimulate and encourage, and we take it as a compliment on our success. Yours is an old, historic town, your citizens have taken a leading part among the “River Gods,” in both politics and war, and I am glad to find a revival among you concerning “Old times in the Connecticut valley.”

In closing I beg indulgence for still another allusion to my personal interest in this occasion. As we recall and commiserate the sorrows and sufferings of those involved in the event we celebrate, you will all remember the hard lot of Obadiah Dickinson, the Hatfield captive who was forced to lead Sergt. Plympton to the fiery torment in Canada. In the greetings of to-day I shall doubtless clasp hands with many of his descendants. I can claim a kinship with each and all, for I also am a descendant of Obadiah Dickinson.

I have done to-day what I should allow no other one to do, I have brought from Memorial Hall this little relic. It was placed there for safe keeping by Edwin Bardwell of Whately, whose life of usefulness and honor has since closed. It is what remains of a little shoe, the eye sees nothing more—a little worn, ragged shoe, its sole of leather, its top of stout red serge, now torn and faded. How many a small shoe down at the heel and with holes where the rosy toes have peeped out, has been wet with the tears of a sorrowing mother, when taken from its soft wrappings among her sacred

treasures. But no mother ever wept over this little shoe. Its wearer was motherless from the hour our tale begins. What *is* the story held in trust by this precious ragged relic? How the heart swells and the eyes fill at its relation. This is the one tangible object, so far as I can learn, connecting this day directly with September 19, 1677. The pathetic tale it tells is of the long and terrible march of little Sarah Coleman, daughter of Dea. John Coleman, a child of four years and seven months, snatched from your midst two hundred and twelve years ago this day at about this hour. It tells of pattering footfalls on the bare floor of Dea. Coleman's house which made glad a mother's ear as she was busy about her household cares on that bright—that *dark* September morning. It tells of little laggard feet shuffling through the brown leaves of October. Little feet entangled with briars or held fast in the half frozen mire of bleak November; little stumbling feet benumbed by the frost of December. And when nature refused longer to endure the strain, and the worn waif sank exhausted on the snow or ice, of little helpless feet dangling by the sides of the burly savage who bore her, while her fingers froze as she clung to the straps fastening his pack to his shoulders. What mother can keep back the tears at the thought of *her* four-year-old darling being in the place of Sarah Coleman? But how little can she, or we, realize the actual condition of the poor orphan child. Stunned by the fierce war-whoop, torn by a hideously painted Indian from the arms of her mother, the last sight of whom as she lay weltering in her blood, must ever haunt her sad eyes by day and by night fill her dreams with horror. Exhausted by travel and sleeping under the broad canopy of heaven on the cold ground, with the noisome things of night creeping or flying about her. What but the blessed sleep of childhood and the brave heart and the sound body inherited from her father, carried her through each day's march of loneliness, longing, and suffering, and gave her strength for endurance to the end?

If there is any blood in my veins besides that of Ensign John Sheldon, that should give me vigor and endurance and a realizing sense of what is meant by a march through the winter wilderness to Canada, it is that which carried the wearer of this little shoe over the long, wearisome miles

stretching away between Hatfield and Canada.—For I, too, inherit the blood of Deacon John Coleman.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY SILAS G. HUBBARD.

The great mass of interesting material contained in the town records, the colonial records of Massachusetts and New York, together with documents, legal and ecclesiastical, and private papers relating to events which occurred in Hatfield and men who lived there, would make a large volume of material of great interest and value. We have met to celebrate on this 212th anniversary, an event which enlisted the interest and sympathy of every town of the Massachusetts colony in the year 1677.

Before proceeding with the story of September 19th, it will be proper to say a word about the first settlement of the town. About the year 1635 a few brave, God-fearing and enterprising men left their new and peaceful homes and settlements in the vicinity of Boston and struck out boldly a hundred miles into the western wilderness, taking with them their wives and children. They planted settlements on the banks of the Connecticut, which soon after became the towns of Wethersfield, Hartford and Windsor. It was the first bold movement of the Puritans to leave their secure position on the sea-girt shores of Massachusetts Bay,—the actual advance guard of the Anglo Saxon race, who turned their faces toward the setting sun, and commenced that grand march of civilization that was destined never to stop until it had spanned a continent and established a nation, the growth and the result of the principles and ideas of the New England settlers, that long since has become the wonder and admiration of the world.

Of the fifty-nine men who signed the agreement to settle the unoccupied plantations in the Naunawtuck Valley (now Hadley and Hatfield), thirty-two lived in Hartford, twenty-one in Wethersfield and six in Windsor. Those who wished to settle on the west side of the river, signed an agreement for themselves to be dwellers there before September 29, 1661. The west side for the first ten years was a part of the town of Hadley. Rev. John Russell was the first pastor of

the Hadley church. The settlement west of the river had, in a few years, so increased that a division of Hadley appeared necessary, but it was not accomplished until after a long contest with the Hadley people. The town of Hatfield was incorporated in May, 1670. Town officers were first chosen the following year. About the same time liberty was granted by the Hampshire Court to enter into church state. The Rev. Hope Atherton, a graduate of Harvard College, became the first minister and continued in the pastoral relation until his death in 1677, at the age of thirty-three. He died from disease contracted by exposure and hardship in the celebrated "Falls Fight."

The Hatfield lands were mostly purchased from the Indian chiefs Umponchalla and Quonquont of the Naunawtuck tribe. Each family here possessed a home lot containing from three to eight acres, had lots assigned them in the meadows, and had individual rights in all the undivided lands of the township.

The church, the school and the town meetings were their cherished institutions. The By-laws of the town imposed a fine on all the people for non-attendance at the church and the town meetings. The first house was erected by Richard Fellows in 1660, where the house of Samuel Fellows Billings now stands. Thomas Meekins built the first gristmill the same year, where the mill of Mr. Larkin now stands. The site of the first sawmill is now occupied by Shattuck's fire-arms factory. The first child born in Hatfield, May 1, 1663, was a son of Nathaniel Dickinson. The first meetinghouse was built in 1670. Mr. Atherton's house was built in 1671.

From April, 1673, until July, 1677, a period of more than four years, there is a blank in the town records. This is unfortunate, from the fact that the missing records must have included important action of the town relating to grant of homesteads, establishment of a school, disposal of the fund set apart for the establishment of a college, appropriations and action of the town on account of King Philip's war, and the three great fights with Indians which occurred in 1675 and 1676, within the town limits.

Unlike other towns in the colony at that early period, the people of Hatfield made provision for the education of girls together with boys in the town schools.

I find the following record:—"Jan. 13, 1678. The town voted to give Thomas Hastings twenty pounds per year to teach all such children in the town that shall be sent to him to school, to read and write according as their parents or masters shall see cause, the money to be raised upon boys that are between six years and twelve years old, and upon such girls as shall be sent to school, and if at three pence per week by the head, there arise not sufficient to make the twenty pounds, the remainder shall be raised as other rates of the town are raised." Similar votes were passed in the town meeting from year to year. In the Assessors' record of sixty-six scholars in 1711, the names of eighteen girls are given as school attendants with the boys.

It appears by the record that the first negroes who attended school were named "Tobe Negro and Hampshire Negro." Their names are recorded in the school list of 1713, and also in 1714. The town records show that the early settlers had ideas of popular education in advance of the times in which they lived. They made provision for the education not only of boys, but of girls, and negro slaves, in the town school that was common to all alike, certainly a leveling of all distinctions in the school. It appears also upon the town records that the ideas of the settlers in regard to the importance and value of education to their children, led them seriously to consider the matter of establishing a college, as the following remarkable action of the town appears to indicate;—January 16, 1671. "The town hath generally voted and agreed that the money given by the town with an intent to the promotion of the college, should be distributed to three ends—first, the promotion of the college aforesaid; secondly, for the relief of some Christian friends in necessity; and thirdly, for the furtherance of gathering a church amongst us, and have left the power of distributing the same to the counsel to receive the distribution for the college." February 7, 1671. "Voted, that the town have manifested that they are willing that the money engaged to be given toward the promotion of the college, notwithstanding any former vote, should be still put to the said work of promoting of the college."

What college, and whether to be located in Hatfield or some other town, the record does not say. It none the less

reveals a lofty ideal of duty, a spirit that has been developed by their descendants also to establish institutions of learning for the benefit of coming generations, and give facilities for a higher education in this new world. During the period of fifty years from the settlement of the town it is a fact worthy of remark that more boys born in town acquired a college education than at any subsequent time of equal length. Hezekiah Dickinson educated a son, Jonathan, who became President of Princeton College, and *his son*, a merchant in New York, endowed the college. Moses, another son of Hezekiah, graduated at Yale and became a settled pastor in New Jersey. William and John, sons of Col. Samuel Partridge, graduated at Harvard College. William, Solomon and Elisha, sons of Rev. William Williams, were college graduates and the latter became President of Yale College. The number of settlers who each sent one son to college are quite numerous. John Hubbard sent one son to Harvard and he became a settled minister at Concord, ancestor of Hon. E. A. Hubbard. Four, at least, of his grandsons received a college education.

By the settlement of the people in villages better means were available for the concentration of social influences. The convenience thus afforded for schools and religious worship have no doubt had a powerful influence in moulding New England character.

The town was a miniature commonwealth, where affairs of the colony as connected with interests of the town, were discussed and acted upon. The dangers by which they were surrounded served to unite the people by mutual interest in the common welfare.

Hatfield Main street was partly surrounded by a line of palisades, which afforded protection against the sudden attack of savages.

In August, 1675, the Indian tribes living upon the Connecticut river began openly to show their desire to aid Philip of Mt. Hope, then making war upon the colonists. The boldness and success of his efforts tended to induce the river Indians to unite their fortunes with him to destroy if possible all the settlements in Hampshire County.

I shall have barely time to mention the three fights which occurred in Hatfield during Philip's war. The first was called the "Swamp fight." The location was Hopewell

Swamp, now in Whately. In this fight nine soldiers were slain. Azariah, son of Nathaniel Dickinson, and Richard Fellows of Hatfield, were among them.

Deerfield and Northfield were soon after attacked and desolated, and Springfield became an object of vengeance; but although the scheme was favored by the treachery of Indians who professed to be friendly to the English, their plans were detected in season to prevent their full accomplishment.

Deerfield having been mostly burned was abandoned, and a number of its settlers removed temporarily to Hatfield. Anxious to secure the grain stacked in the Deerfield meadows which escaped destruction, Capt. Lathrop with a party of men and teams was sent to thrash the grain and bring it to headquarters. When the party were returning they were ambuscaded on the 18th of September at Bloody Brook by about 700 Indians, and the captain and seventy-six men were killed.*

The success of the Indians made them eager to continue the work of destruction, and on the 19th of October they made a second attack on Hatfield in great numbers. The town was garrisoned by Captains Moseley and Poole, while a body of troops at Hadley under Capt. Appleton, and another at Northampton under Major Treat, hastened to Hatfield, and after a few hours of sharp fighting, the Indians were forced to retire, after losing great numbers. The loss of the English was ten men slain, of whom Hatfield lost two—Thomas Meekins and Nathaniel Collins. After this defeat in Hatfield the great body of the Indians withdrew from this part of the country.

In May, 1676, word was received that the Indians were planting at Deerfield and fishing at the Great Falls above that place, since known as Turners Falls. After obtaining information through Thomas Reed, an escaped prisoner at the Falls, it was determined to attack them with what soldiers could be raised in the river towns. This expedition was an effort to dislodge the Indians from that threatening position, which was the base of their supplies of food. About 160 men from all the towns of Hampshire assembled at Hatfield, May 18, 1676, under Capt. William Turner and Capt.

*Historians have varied as to the number slain. Recent investigations indicate sixty-four as the number. See Sheldon's History of Deerfield.

Samuel Holyoke. Rev. Hope Atherton of Hatfield attended the troops as chaplain. Benjamin Waite and Experience Hinsdale of Hatfield were the guides. The general facts about the successful attack and the disastrous retreat from the Falls are so familiar that it is unnecessary at this time to give the details. Thirty-eight of the English, including Capt. Turner, were killed, all excepting one on the retreat. Among the slain of Hatfield men were Samuel Gillet, John Church, William Allis, Jr., and Experience Hinsdale. The Indian loss was very great; as to the number, historians differ. From what I know of the Bardwell accuracy, I am inclined to accept the count of their ancestor, Robert Bardwell, who made the number of Indians killed 230. Hatfield soldiers bore an honorable part in this battle, and Benjamin Waite was successful in avoiding the ambuscades of the enemy and led the soldiers that followed him to a place of safety on the retreat. In commemoration of the battle the *Falls* were afterwards called Turners Falls.

This event was followed in twelve days by a third Indian attack on Hatfield by from four to five hundred Indians. Most of the men were at work in the meadows, but the few that remained made a spirited resistance. As many of the Indians were occupied in plundering and destroying property, it gave the settlers a good opportunity to rally within the fortifications. A party of twenty-five resolute men came across the river from Hadley, who fought their way from the ferry at Indian Hollow up to Hatfield, losing five of their number killed near the south end of Main street. The enemy were finally repulsed with heavy loss, and this was the last engagement in the war in which the Indians appeared in numbers, or showed their accustomed bravery. In this attack they burned twelve houses and barns outside the fortifications, killed many cattle, and drove away nearly all the sheep. John Smith, one of the Hadley party who so nobly came to the rescue of Hatfield, was killed. He was in the Falls fight twelve days before, and was considered a young man of bright promise. His son, Joseph, settled in Hatfield and married *Canada*, the daughter of Benjamin Waite. The famous Hatfield Smiths were their descendants.

After the Falls fight the fortunes of war went hard with the Indians, and on the 12th of August King Philip was hunted

down and killed. This important event was soon followed by a peace with all the New England tribes, and the colonies were left to realize the hardship of their losses, strengthen their fortifications, rebuild their ruined homes, and cultivate their wasted fields.

A year had passed since the close of King Philip's war, and the people of the settlement, relieved from their fears of a savage foe, had in the early spring resumed their usual occupations. Seed time and harvest had come and gone. Providence had smiled upon their efforts, and their well filled barns contained the substantial rewards of their labor. Nothing remained to be done in the meadows but to harvest the golden corn and prepare the ground for the crops of another season. It is natural for us to picture that 19th of September a bright, autumnal morning, with the landscape made glorious with brilliant colors crowning the hillsides and the valley—a grand panorama of beauty to feast the senses, such as are found at no other season of the year. A season conducive to peace and quiet enjoyment. Suddenly a shrill, prolonged and unearthly sound breaks upon the villagers. They have heard it before, and know well what that blood-thirsty, savage cry means. It curdles the blood—it paralyzes the brain as it wildly rends the very air. It is that most dreaded of all sounds, the *warwhoop*. See how it benumbs the senses and rivets the child to the spot where the horrid sound arrested him, to fall an easy prey to the terrible savage arrayed in war paint and feathers. None near to guard and protect the home—to save the helpless mother and her little ones. The father in the meadow has heard those ominous sounds and now sees the smoke of his burning buildings as he hurries on to those terrible scenes of fire and blood. Too late. The frightful work of butchery and ruin is accomplished. The assailants have made good their retreat with the captives northward through the swamps, ready to employ their old tactics to ambuscade any pursuing party. Benjamin Waite with others reached the scene of desolation, to find his house and barn smoking ruins, but of his wife and children he could find no trace.

The attack was made about 11 a. m., when the greater part of the men were dispersed in the meadows, while several were employed but a few rods distant from the house of

Benjamin Waite, in building the house of John Graves, Jr., which he was to occupy after his marriage to Sarah White, daughter of John White, Jr., a few months later. The attack was so sudden that his father, John Graves, and uncle, Isaac Graves, with two other workmen were shot from the building. All the other victims of this savage butchery were stricken down at or near their own homes.

That afternoon of September 19th was a time of terrible excitement and overwhelming sorrow to the remaining inhabitants of the town. They beheld the smoking ruins of three houses and four well filled barns, which was but a small matter in that day of horrors. While some were caring for wounded women and children, the bodies of twelve others were found mutilated and stiffened in death. Among the number was Sergt. Isaac Graves, one of the selectmen, and his brother John Graves, a leading citizen. Mary, wife of Selectman Samuel Belden, Hannah, wife of Dea. John Coleman, Sarah, wife of Samuel Kellogg, Elizabeth, daughter of John Wells. Thirteen homes had been invaded, and from one to four of the inmates of each had either been killed or carried away captives. Seventeen captives were taken: Sarah Coleman, four years, and another child of Dea. Coleman; Martha, wife of Benjamin Waite, and her daughters, Mary six, Martha four, and Sarah two years; Mary, wife of Samuel Foote, with an infant son, and Mary, a daughter of three years; Hannah, wife of Stephen Jennings, and her two children by Samuel Gillet, a former husband killed at the Falls fight; Obadiah Dickinson and one child; Samuel Kellogg, Jr., aged eight; Abigail, six, daughter of Capt. John Allis; and Abigail Bartholemew formerly of Deerfield.

It was soon learned that the savages marched to Deerfield that afternoon, and attacked the few settlers who were there to rebuild their homes made desolate during the late war. John Root was taken and killed; Sergt. John Plympton, Quintin Stockwell, Benoni Stebbins, and Samuel Russell aged nine, were taken prisoners. After gathering such plunder as they could carry, the savages withdrew and joined the Hatfield captives on the East side of Deerfield mountain, camped for the night, and in the morning took up their slow and painful march northward. The party that surprised Hatfield numbered twenty-six Indians under the command

of Ashpelon, a chief, who evidently possessed some of the noblest traits of the red men, and some of the captives had feelings of gratitude for his kind and humane intervention to prevent the cruel tortures that the other chiefs were disposed to inflict on the captives. Sheldon in his history of Deerfield, says: "When Ashpelon left Canada a party of Nipmunks were in company. At some point on the route they parted from him apparently fixing upon Nashua Ponds as a rendezvous. The same day on which Ashpelon struck Hatfield, these Nipmunks reached the place where Wonalonset, with eight men and some fifty women, lived. He was a Pennacook sachem, who had remained neutral through Philip's war. Partly by persuasion and partly by force, he was induced to remove to Canada, and the whole party moved towards Lancaster. Meanwhile Ashpelon sent messengers to notify the Nipmunks to come to him on the Connecticut; with these went Benoni Stebbins. On the return of this party, Stebbins escaped about Oct. 2d, from a point near Templeton and reached Hadley on the 4th. As a consequence of this act the English prisoners were all in danger of torture, and it was only through the kindness and policy of Ashpelon that this fate was averted. A short time before, the Indians taken and released at Hadley had returned; and the question of the meeting at Hadley for which they had arranged was under discussion. The captives urged it, Ashpelon was in favor of it, and it was proposed to send Wonalonset as agent, but the Nipmunk sachems were opposed to the policy. 'They were willing to meet the English indeed, but only to fall upon them and fight and take them.' The peace policy being overruled, Ashpelon advised the captives 'not to speak a word more to further that matter, for mischief would come of it.'"

At this period there was trouble between the Mohawks and the Christian Indians on account of the neglect of the latter to pay tribute to the warlike lords of the Mohawk Valley. Six Mohawks, fully armed, had been seized while hunting in the vicinity of Charles river and thrown into prison. A party of Mohawks with a scalp and two Natick squaws, on their return, passed the night of September 18th in Hatfield. The Natick Indians had been allies of the English during the late war. Taking these circumstances together, the con-

clusion was quite natural that the massacre in Hatfield was the work of Mohawks. Benjamin Waite, although distracted with grief over the loss of all he held dear on earth, did not give up to despair. He acted promptly. He immediately hastened to Albany to learn what he could. He returned with the assurance that the Mohawk Indians were innocent of the affair, and he so reported to Maj. Pyncheon of Springfield. The news of this Hatfield raid spread rapidly through the Colony, and when Benoni Stebbins escaped and returned with intelligence from the captives, interest in using the best method to rescue the prisoners was greatly increased. Stebbins brought definite information. The Indians under Ashpelon were, he said, "Norwoolucks"—river Indians that had fled to Canada after the late war. Major Pyncheon promptly wrote a letter and sent it by post to Albany. He urged the commander to incite the Mohawks to pursue Ashpelon's marauding party, "their old enemy and ours," with a promise of reward for the service. "Ben. Waite" he says, "has gon home before the intelligence cam to me. He talkt of goeing to Canada before, & I suppose will be rather forward to it now, than backward." This grim humor of Pyncheon embodies a high tribute to Waite's sagacity in deciding upon the right course of action, even before Stebbins had been heard from. It was the plan which he afterwards carried out so successfully. Waite's plan for visiting Canada to recover the captives was soon arranged. In answer to a petition from the town of Hatfield for aid in this enterprise, the General Court on the 22d of October issued an order for the purpose, and resolved that the expenses attending it should be defrayed by the Colony. (Records of Mass. vol. 168.) Waite carried the petition to Boston and was commissioned by the governor and council to carry out the scheme.

With this one object in mind, neither distance, climate, an unknown pathway through the wilderness, nor savage foe had any terrors for him. Stephen Jennings, a kindred spirit, bereaved also of wife and children, joined Waite in the knightly expedition, the forlorn hope, and they were the first to attempt the rescue of captured settlers in Canada.

With letters for the authorities in Albany and Canada, these men left Hatfield October 24 and reached Albany the 30th. They were coldly received by Captain Salisbury, the com-

manding officer, and directed to wait upon him again. The impatient men could not delay, besides they were armed with superior authority from the governor of Massachusetts. Not thinking of giving offence they immediately pushed on to Schenectady to procure an Indian guide. Here the old jealousy of New England appeared, and upon a stupid pretext, they were arrested, sent back to Albany and thence sent to New York for examination before the governor of the New York Colony.* After hearing the explanations and story of Waite and Jennings, the complaint was dismissed, the sympathy of the officials was enlisted, and they were sent back with instructions to Capt. Salisbury at Albany not to interfere with them again, but rather aid them on their way. This cruel delay prevented their progress beyond Albany until December 10. Four weeks at least of their precious time had been sacrificed to smooth the ruffled dignity of the Albany captain.

Securing with some difficulty a Mohawk guide, upon whom they could rely, they proceeded to Lake George, where the Indian guide left them after making, [on birch bark] a rude sketch of the way through a wilderness which was then unknown to the English. They found a canoe at the head of the lake and crossed to its outlet in three days and carried their craft three miles across the portage to the west shore of Lake Champlain. This path led across the spot where Fort Ticonderoga was afterwards built.

This point was reached on the 16th of December. The ice had not yet formed sufficiently to support them, and after trying to advance in this manner, they returned after one day's journey, and carried their canoe forward to the open waters of the lake. Here they were wind bound six days, and unable to make any progress. Their provisions were now exhausted and had they not found some raccoons in a hollow tree near the shore, they would have suffered the utmost extremity of want. On their way they found a bag of biscuit and some brandy in a deserted wigwam that had probably been left by a Canadian hunter, and at length on the 6th of January, they arrived at the frontier French town of Chambly, then a settlement of ten houses. They found Jen-

*See official letters, post.

nings's wife on their way to Sorel and five others of the captives at that place, several of whom had been pawned to the French for liquor. They learned here that the remaining prisoners were with the Indians not far distant excepting a little daughter of Mrs. Foote, and Samuel Russell, who had been put to death by the savages, the latter after their arrival in Canada. Mrs. Waite had added a little daughter to the number of captives, whom she called Canada. Sergeant Plympton of Deerfield had been burned at the stake near Chambly. Obadiah Dickinson of Hatfield, another captive, had been compelled to lead him out to his terrible death. From the surviving prisoners they learned the details of the hardships of the march, the horrible scenes and the torture of forebodings that this band of mothers and children had witnessed and felt. During the whole of this period they were in imminent danger and in constant fear of suffering the worst tortures that savage ferocity could inflict. All this they were repeatedly threatened, and had witnessed their infliction upon an aged man who had been their fellow prisoner.

The captives were often upon the point of starvation, and towards the close of the journey were exposed without adequate clothing to the rigors of a northern winter. About 200 miles above Northfield the party had divided and crossed over to Lake Champlain, arriving after intense suffering at the frontier settlements of the French. Waite and Jennings found it necessary to secure the assistance of the French governor to obtain the prisoners, and accordingly pushed on to Quebec, where they were kindly received and assisted in getting the surviving captives together. They were ransomed from the Indians by the payment of 200 pounds, but remained in Canada until the approach of spring. In the meantime Mrs. Jennings added a daughter to the little company, and she called her name Captivity.

The cruel sufferings of the captives during that painful journey of over three months have been graphically detailed in the following narrative of Quintin Stockwell, one of the Deerfield captives, published by Increase Mather in 1684:—

In the year 1677, Sept. 19, between Sun-set and dark, the Indians came upon us ; I and another Man, being together, we ran away at the outcry the Indians made, shouting and shooting at some other

of the English that were hard by. We took a Swamp that was at hand for our refuge, the Enemy espying us so near to them, ran after us, and shot many Guns at us, three Guns were discharged upon me, the Enemy being within three Rod of me, besides many others, before that. Being in this Swamp that was miry, I slumt in, and fell down, whereupon one of the enemy stept to me with his Hatchet lift up to knock me on the head, supposing that I had been wounded, and so unfit for any other travel. I (as it hapned) had a Pistol by me, which though uncharged, I presented to the Indian, who presently stept back : and told me, if I would yield, I should have no hurt, he said (which was not true) that they had destroyed all Hatfield, and that the woods were full of Indians, whereupon I yielded myself, and so fell into the Enemies hands, and by three of them was led away unto the place whence first I began to make my flight, when two other Indians come running to us, and the one lifting up the Butt end of his Gun to knock me on the head, the other with his hand put by the blow, and said, I was his Friend. I was now by my own House which the Indians burnt the last year, and I was about to build up again, and there I had some hopes to escape from them ; there was an Horse just by, which they bid me take, I did so, but made no attmpt to escape thereby, because the Enemy was near, and the Beast was slow and dull, then I was in hopes they would send me to take my own Horses, which they did, but they were so frighted that I could not come near to them, and so still fell into the Enemies hands, who now took me, and bound me, and led me away, & soon was I brought into the Company of Captives, that were that day brought away from Hatfield, which were about a mile off ; and here methoughts was matter of joy and sorrow both, to see the Company ; some Company in this condition being some refreshing, though little help any wayes ; then we were pinioned and led away in the night over the Mountains, in dark and hideous wayes, about four miles further, before we took up our place for rest, which was in a dismal place of wood on the East side of that Mountain. We were kept bound all that night. The Indians kept waking and we had little mind to sleep : in this night's travel, the Indians dispersed, and as they went made strange noises, as of Wolves and Owls, and other Wild Beasts, to the end that they might not lose one another ; and if followed they might not be discovered by the English.

About the break of Day, we Marched again and got over the great River at Pecumptuck River Mouth, and there rested about two hours. There the Indians marked out upon Trays [trees ? Ed.] the number of their Captives and Slain as their manner is. Here was I

again in great danger; a quarrel arose about me, whose captive I was, for three took me. I thought I must be killed to end the controversy, so when they put it to me, whose I was, I said three Indians took me, so they agreed to have all a share in me; and I had now three Masters and he was my chief Master who laid hands on me first, and thus I was fallen into the hands of the very worst of all the Company, as Ashpelon the Indian Captain told me; which Captain was all along very kind to me, and a great Comfort to the English. In this place they gave us some Victuals which they had brought from the English. This morning also they sent ten Men forth to Town to bring away what they could find, some Provision, some Corn out of the Meadow they brought to us upon Horses which they had there taken. From hence we went up about the Falls, where we crossed that River again; and whilst I was going, I fell right down lame of my old Wounds that I had in the War, and whilst I was thinking I should therefore be killed by the Indians, and what Death I should die, my pain was suddenly gone, and I was much encouraged again. We had about eleven Horses in that Company, which the Indians made to carry Burthens, and to carry women. It was afternoon when we now crossed that River. We travelled up that River till night, and then took up our Lodging in a dismal place, and were staked down and spread out upon our backs; and so we lay all night, yea so we lay many nights. They told us their Law was, that we should lie so nine nights, and by that time it was thought we should be out of our knowledge. The manner of staking down was thus: our Arms and Legs stretched out were staked fast down, and a Cord about our neck, so that we could stir no wayes. The first night of staking down, being much tired, I slept as comfortably as ever; the next day we went up the River, and crossed it, and at night lay in Squakheag Meadows; our Provision was soon spent; and while we lay in those meadows, the Indians went an Hunting, and the English army came out after us; then the Indians moved again, dividing themselves and the Captives into many Companies, that the English might not follow their tract. At night having crossed the River, we met again at the place appointed. The next day we crost the River again on Squakheag side, and there we took up our quarters for a long time. I suppose this might be about thirty miles above Squakheag, and here were the Indians quite out of all fear of the English; but in great fear of the Mohawks; here they built a long Wigwam. Here they had a great Dance (as they call it) and concluded to burn three of us, and had got Bark to do it with, and as I understood afterwards, I was one that was to be burnt, Sergeant Plimpton another, and Benja-

min Wait, his wife, the third; though I knew not which was to be burnt, yet I perceived some were designed thereunto, so much I understood of their Language; that night I could not sleep for fear of next dayes work, the Indians being weary with that Dance, lay down to sleep, and slept soundly. The English were all loose, then I went out and brought in Wood and mended the fire, and made a noise on purpose, but none awaked, I thought if any of the English would wake, we might kill them all sleeping, I removed out of the way all the Guns and Hatchets; but my heart failing me, I put all things where they were again. The next day when we were to be burnt, our Master and some others spake for us and the evil was prevented in this place. And hereabouts we lay three weeks together. Here I had a Shirt brought me, to make, and one Indian said it should be made this way, a second another way, a third his way. I told them I would make it that way that my Chief Master said; Whereupon one Indian struck me on the face with his Fist, I suddenly rose up in anger ready to strike again, upon this hapned a great Hubbub, and the Indians and English came about me; I was fain to humble myself to my Master, so that matter was put up. Before I came to this place, my three Masters were gone a hunting, I was left with another Indian, all the Company being upon a march, I was left with this Indian, who fell sick, so that I was fain to carry his Gun and Hatchet, and had opportunity, and had thought to have despatched him, and run away; but did not, for that the English Captives had promised the contrary to one another, because if one should run away, that would provoke the Indians, and indanger the rest that could not run away. Whilest we were here, Benoni Stebbins going with some Indians to Wachset Hills, made his escape from them, and when news of his escape came; we were all presently called in and Bound; one of the Indians, a Captain among them, and always our great Friend, met me coming in, and told me Stebbins was run away; and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our Fingers by and by. He said there would be a Court, and all would speak their minds, but he would speak last, and would say that the Indian that let Stebbins run away was only in fault, and so no hurt should be done us, fear not: so it proved accordingly. Whilest we lingered hearabout, Provision grew scarce, one Bear's Foot must serve five of us a whole day; we began to eat Horseflesh, and eat up seven in all; three were left alive and were not killed. Whilest we had been here, some of the Indians had been down and fallen upon Hadley, and were taken by the English, agreed with, and let go again; and were to meet the English upon such a Plain, there to make further Terms. Ashpelon was much for it, but Wachuset Sachims when they came

were much against it; and were for this, that we should meet the English indeed, but there fall upon them and fight them, and take them. Then Ashpelon spake to us English, not to speak a word more to further that matter, for mischief would come of it. When those Indians came from Wachuset, there came with them squaws, and children about four-score, who reported that the English had taken Uncas, and all his Men, and sent them beyond the Seas, they were much outraged at this, and asked us if it were true; we said no, then was Ashpelon angry, and said, he would no more believe English-men. For they examined us every one apart, then they dealt worse by us for a season than before. Still Provision was scarce. We came at length to a place called Squaw-maug River, there we hoped for Sammon, but we came too late. This place I account to be two hundred Miles above Deerfield; then we parted into two Companies; Some went one way and some went another way; and we went over a mighty Mountain, we were eight dayes a going over it, and travelled very hard, and every day we had either Snow or Rain; we noted that on this mountain all the water ran Northward. Here also we wanted Provision; but at length met again on the other side of the Mountain, viz. on the North side of this Mountain at a River, that run into the Lake, and we were then more than half a day's journey off the Lake, we staid here a great while to make Canoes to go over the Lake; here I was frozen, & here again we were like to starve: All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powow'd but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could do nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the Englishman's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears; then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, and return Thanks at Meals; after a while they grew weary of it, and the Sachem did forbid us.

When I was frozen they were very cruel towards me, because I could not do as at other times. When we came to the Lake we were again sadly put to it for Provision; we were fain to eat Touchwood fried in Bear's Greace, at last we found a company of Raccoons, and then we made a feast; and the manner was, that we must eat all. I perceived there would be too much for one time, so one Indian that sat next to me, bid me slip away some to him under his Coat, and he would hide it for me till another time: this Indian as soon as he had got my Meat, stood up and made a speech to the rest, and discovered me, so that the Indians were very angry and gave me another piece, and gave me Raccoon Grease to

drink, which made me sick and vomit. I told them I had enough; so that ever after that they would give me none, but still tell me I had Raccoon enough; so I suffered much, and being frozen was full of Pain, and could sleep but little, yet must do my work.

Then they went upon the Lake, and as they came to the Lake, they light of a Moose and killed it, and staid there till they had eaten it all up; and entering upon the Lake there arose a great Storm, we thought we should all be cast away, but at last we got to an Island, and there they went to Powawing. The Powaw said that Benjamin Wait and another Man was coming, and that Storm was raised to cast them away. This afterwards appeared to be true, though then I believed them not. Upon this Island we lay still several days, and then set out again, but a Storm took us, so that we lay to & fro upon certain Islands about three Weeks; we had no Provision but Raccoons, so that the Indians themselves thought they should be starved. They gave me nothing, so that I was Sundry dayes without any Provision; We went on upon the Lake upon that Isle about a dayes journey; We had a little Sled upon which we drew our Load; before Noon I tired and just then the Indians met some Frenchmen; then one of the Indians that took me came to me and called me all manner of bad Names; and threw me down upon my back; I told him I could not do any more, then he said he must kill me, I thought he was about it, for he pulled out his Knife, and cut out my Pockets, and wrapped them about my Face, helped me up, and took my sled and went away, and gave me a pice of Biscake as big as a Walnut, which he had of the Frenchman, and told me he would give me a Pipe of Tobacco; when my sled was gone, I could run after him, but at last I could not run but went a foot-pace, then the Indians were soon out of sight, I followed as well as I could, I had many Falls upon the Ice; at last I was so spent, I had not strength enough to rise again, but crept to a Tree that lay along, and got upon it and there I lay; it was now night and very sharp Weather; I counted no other but that I must die there; whilst I was thinking of Death, an Indian Hallowed, and I answered him; he came to me, and called me bad names, and told me if I could not go he must knock me on the head; I told him he must then so do; he saw how I had wallowed in that Snow, but could not rise; then he took his Coat and wrapt me in it, and went back, and sent two Indians with a sled, one said he must knock me on the Head, the other said no, they would carry me away and burn me; then they bid me stir my Instep to see if that were frozen, I did so, when they saw that, they said that was Wurregen; there was a Cherurgeon at the French that would cure me; then they took me upon the Sled and carried me to the fire, and they then made much

of me, pulled off my wet, and wrapped me in dry Clothes, made me a good Bed. They had killed an Otter, and gave me some of the Broth, and a bit of the Flesh; here I slept till towards day, and then was able to get up and put on my Clothes; one of the Indians awaked, and seeing me go, shouted as rejoicing at it; as soon as it was light I and Samuel Russell went before on the Ice, upon a River, they said I must go where I could on foot, else I should friese. Samuel Russell slipt into the River with one Foot, the Indians called him back and dried his Stockins and then sent us away; and an Indian with us to Pilot us; and we went four or five miles before they overtook us; I was then pretty well spent; Samuel Russell was (he said) faint, and wondered how I could live, for he had (he said) ten meals to my one; then I was laid on the Sled and they ran away with me on the Ice, the rest and Samuel Russell came softly after. Samuel Russell I never saw more nor know what became of him; they got but half way, and we got through to Shamblee about midnight. Six miles of Shamblee (a French town) the River was open, and when I came to travail in that part of the Ice I soon tired; and two Indians run away to Town, and only one was left; he would carry me a few rods, and then I would go as many, and that trade we drove, and so were long a going six miles. This Indian now was kind, and told me that if he did not carry me I would die, and so I should have done sure enough; and he said I must tell the English. how he helped me. When we came to the first House there was no Inhabitant; the Indian spent, both discouraged; he said we must now both die; at last he left me alone and got to another House, and thence came some French and Indians and brought me in; the French were kind and put my hands and feet in cold Water, and gave me a Dram of Brandy, and a little hasty pudding and Milk; when I tasted Victuals I was hungry, and could not have forborn it but that I could not get it; and then they would give me a little as they thought best for me; I lay by the fire with the Indians that night, but could not sleep for pain; next morning the Indians and French fell out about me, because the French as the Indian said, loved the English better than the Indians. The French presently turned the Indians out of doors, and kept me, they were very kind and careful, and gave me a little something now and then; while I was here all the Men in that Town came to see me; At this House I was three or four dayes, and then invited to another, and after that to another; at this place I was about thirteen dayes, and received much civility from a young man, a Batchelour, who invited me to his House, with whom I was for the most part, he was so kind as to lodge me in the Bed with himself, he gave me a Shirt, and would have bought me but could not, for the Indians asked a hun-

dred pounds for me. We were then to go to a place called Surril, [*Sorel. Ed.*] and that young man would go with me because the Indians should not hurt me; this Man carried me on the Ice one days Journey; for I could not now go at all; then there was so much Water on the Ice, we could go no further; So the French-man left me, and Provision for me; here we staid two nights and then travailed again, for then the Ice was strong; and in two dayes more I came to Surril; the first house we came to was late in the night, here again the People were kind. Next day being much in pain I asked the Indians to carry me to the Chirurgeons as they had promised at which they were wroth, and one of them took up his Gun to knock me; but the French-men would not suffer it, but set upon him and kicked him out of doors; then we went away from thence to a place two or three miles off, where the Indians had Wigwams; when I came to these Wigwams some of the Indians knew me and seemed to pittye me, while I was here, which was three or four dayes, the French came to see me, and it being Christmas time, they brought cakes and other Provision with them, and gave to me, So that I had no want; the Indians tried to cure me, but could not, then I asked for the Chirurgun, at which one of the Indians in anger struck me on the face with his Fist, a French-man being by, the French-man spoke to him, I know not what he said to him and went his way. By and by came the Captain of the place into the Wigwam with about twelve armed men, and asked where the Indian was that struck the English-man, and took him and told him he should go to the Bilboes, and then be Hanged: the Indians were much terified at this, as appeared by their Countenances and Trembling. I would have gone too, but the French-man bid me not fear, the Indians durst not hurt me. When that Indian was gone, I had two Masters still, I asked them to carry me to that Captain that I might speak for the Indian, they answered, I was a Fool, did I think the French-men were like to the English, to say one thing and do another? they were men of their words, but I prevailed with them to help me thither, and I spake to the Captain by an interpreter, and I told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me, he told me he was a Rogue, and should be hanged; then I spake more privately, alledging this Reason, because all the English Captives were not come in, if he were hanged, it might fare the worse with them; then the Captain said, that was to be considered; then he set him at liberty, upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his House to eat Victuals. I percieved that the common People did not like what the Indians had done and did to the English. When the Indian was set free, he

came to me, and took me about the middle, and said I was his Brother, I had saved his life once, and he had saved mine (he said) thrice—Then he called for Brandy and made me drink, and had me away to the Wigwams again. When I came there, the Indians came to me one by one, to shake hands with me, saying *Warregen Netop*; and were very kind, thinking no other, but that I had saved the Indians Life. The next day he carried me to that Captains House, and set me down; they gave me my victuals and Wine, and being left there a while by the Indians, I showed the Captian my Fingers, which when he and his Wife saw, he and his wife run away from the sight, and bid me lap it up again, and sent for the Chirurgeon, who when he came, said he could cure me, and took it in hand, and dressed it; the Indian towards night came for me, I told them I could not go with them, they were displeased, called me Rogue, and went away; that night I was full of pain, the French did fear that I would die; five Men did Watch with me, and strove to keep me chearly: for I was sometimes ready to faint: Often times they gave me a little Brandy. The next day the Chirurgeon came again, and dressed me: and so he did all the while I was among the French. I came in at Christmas; and went home May 2. Being thus in the Captains House, I was kept there till Ben. Waite came; & My Indian Master being in want of money, pawned me to the Captain for 14 Beavers, or the worth of them, at such a day; if he did not pay he must lose his Pawn, or else sell me for twenty-one Beavers, but he could not get Beaver, and so I was sold But in God's good time set at liberty, and returned to my friends in New England again."

It fortunately happened at this juncture that Count de Frontenac, governor of Canada, had occasion to ask a favor of the English governor at Boston. When the arrangement for ransoming the captives was completed, Frontenac sent two messengers to Albany, who arrived there March 2d, with intelligence of the safe arrival of Waite and Jennings, their success, the condition of their captives, and their probable return in May. This intelligence was forwarded to Major Pynchon by Timothy Cooper of Albany, early in March and sent to Hatfield.

On the return of the agents with the ransomed captives, they were furnished with an escort of eleven men under the command of Capt. De Lusigny. They set out on the 19th of April, 1678. Traveling slowly, stopping to hunt as occasion required, they occupied sixteen days in going through the lakes. Two days more brought them across the portage

to the Hudson, and on the 22d of May they arrived safely in Albany.

From Albany the following letters were written and forwarded by messenger :—

STOCKWELL'S LETTER.

Albany, May 22, 1678.

"Loving Wife:—Having now opportunity to remember my kind loue to the and our child and the rest of our freinds, though wee met with greate afflictions and trouble since I see thee last, yet now here is opportunity of joy and thanksgiving to God, that wee are now pretty well and in a hopeful way to see the faces of one another before we take our finall farewell of this present world. Likewise God hath raised us freinds amongst our enemies, and there is but 3 of us dead of all those that were taken away—Sergt. Plimpton, Samuel Russell and Samuel Foot's daughter. So I conclude being in hast, and rest your most affectionate husband till death makes separation.

QUINTIN STOCKWELL."

BENJAMIN WAITE'S LETTER.

Albany, May 23, 1678.

To my loving friends & kindred at Hatfield:—These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany now with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance for my charges is very greate and heavy, and therefore any that hath any love to our condition let it moove them to come and help us in this straight. 3 of y^e captives are murdered—old Goodman Plympton, Samuel Foot's daughter, Samuel Russell. All the rest are alive and well now with me at Albany, namely, Obediah Dickenson and his child, Mary Foote and her child, Hannah Gennings and 3 children, Abigail Ellice, Abigail Bartholomew, Goodman Coleman's children, Samuel Kellogg, my wife and four children and Quintin Stockwell. I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth greate hast. Stay not for y^e Sabbath, nor shoeing of horses. We shall endeavour to meete you at Canterhook it may be at Housetonock. We must come very softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten them, stay not night nor day, for y^e matter requireth great hast. Bring provisions with you for us.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

At Albany written from myne own hand. As I have bin affected to yours all that were fatherless, be affected to me now, and hasten y^e matter and stay not, and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies."

The company tarried at Albany from Wednesday until Monday, when they set out on foot, and at Kinderhook, about twenty miles distant, were relieved by horses that had been sent forward from Hatfield upon receiving news of their approach. At Westfield they were met by their friends and neighbors from Hatfield and their passage homeward was nothing short of a triumphal procession. Every neighborhood turned out to welcome the returning captives and shared with enthusiasm in the general rejoicing. Five of the French escort went on with the party, and continued their journey to Boston, having business with the government respecting some of their own nation who were said to have been brought into that port as prisoners. The other six of the escort remained in Albany awaiting the return of their companions, and were in the meantime enjoying the hospitalities of the town.

The letters of Waite and Stockwell were copied by Samuel Partridge (then a young man of thirty-two) and forwarded to Medford, and the Rev. John Wilson of that town immediately sent them to Gov. Leverett at Boston. The 6th day of June had been previously appointed as a day of fasting and humiliation. After receiving these letters, the governor issued an additional notice to the public May 30th. He stated that great charges would arise for the redemption of the captives, commended the case to the people of the several towns, and invited them to make contributions in all the churches on that day. "For the quickening of this work we do hereby remit a copy of Benjamin Waite's letter to be read on that day."

This touching appeal was generously responded to, and the contributions on that day amounted to 345 pounds, one shilling and four pence, raised in forty-six towns and places of the Massachusetts Colony.

Benjamin Waite first appears on the records of Hatfield in 1663. That year he was elected to keep the West side pound. In 1664, he received a grant of four acres in North meadow. He married Martha Leonard of Springfield, June 8, 1670. He was born probably in the eastern part of the Colony, or perhaps in Rhode Island. He evidently received advantages of education.

The name of Benjamin Waite will go down in history in

connection with this thrilling event as its leader and his leadership is but another example of the truism, that in every crisis of human affairs God raises up a man for the emergency.

HATFIELD'S HERO, 1677.

BY MARGARET MILLER [NOW OF DEERFIELD].

Struck with woe and consternation were the hearts in Hatfield town
When the fierce and fearful red men from the north came swooping down.
For all the heavy timbered gates were standing open wide,
As peace had reigned a twelvemonth now along the river side.
The many stalwart farmers were stooking up the maize
To the southward, where the Capawonk pursues her winding ways.

The fiendish work was quickly done. The men returned to find
Their houses smoking ruins—twelve dead were left behind—
And a silence that was anguish rested heavy over all.
Friends and kin were taken captive, far beyond their reach and call.
Seventeen were numbered missing, yet among those stricken men
Only two had heart to follow, seek and bring them back again.

A month they talked and counselled, spoke of rescue, then drew back,
For quick slaughter, lingering torture, followed in the savage track.
Awhile they feared the worst had happened, then, with courage high,
Benjamin Waite rose like a hero, going forth to save or die.
With him Jennings, both sore smitten, robbed of wives and little ones,
Started eastward, unattended, armed but with their trusty guns.

First to Boston for assistance. But the state, of money drained,
Could provide no guard of soldiers. Yet the men, by faith sustained,
With written vouchers for their need, thro' thick woods took their way,
Ever hastening, pressing forward, young hearts brooking no delay.
When the weary march was ended, winter treading on their heels,
To the colony at Albany they made impetuous appeals.

Still no help, but further hindrance. Down the Hudson they are sent.
Governor Andros heard their story and his tardy aid he lent.
Reinforced with timely letters, past the jealous Dutch again,
Northward still in toilsome marches plodded on the steadfast men.
To Lake George a trusty Indian journeyed with them as a guide,
Then on alone, with rough chart only, thro' the wilderness untried.

Who can paint their untold trials, who can picture them in thought,
Ere to heart-sick, hopeless captives, late deliverance they brought ?
January's storms were raging, yet they safely crossed Champlain,
And,—encamped a few miles northward,—there they found their own again.
Found their own, these venturous heroes, and surprises, too, in store;
Each brave wife a new-born daughter in her shelt'ring arms upbore.

Like the fragile flowers that blossom 'neath the freezing Alpine sky,
The little maids survived and flourished—of hardy stock, they could not die.

Shall we follow still the true hearts, in their labors not yet done,
Struggling onward thro' the snow-drifts, storm and wind, and wintry sun,
To Quebec, the northern fortress, off'ring ransom full and sure
Not for kindred, but for every captive freedom to procure ?

So lordly was Quebec, 'twas like the court of sunny France,
Where ladies whiled the time away with song and merry dance,
And many were the young knights there to win a soldier's fame,
That should add its luster to some ancient and historic name.
With manly heart Waite told his tale to Lords and ladies gay;
His words, though plain, were diamonds unadorned to win their way.

'Twas not till welcome spring arrived with all her myriad train,
And 'gan unlock the icy barriers of the wood and plain,
That Waite and Jennings started on their joyful homeward route
Victorious, accredited, with a soldier guard about,
And of the many gifts they to the ransomed captives bore,
But one remains, the little shoe that Sally Coleman wore.

Now we follow their returning "softly" with their little band,
Pausing oft to rest the children, firm of courage, strong of hand,
In expedients fertile, making every wild thing serve their end,
Till at length arrived at Albany, home the joyful news they send.
Hark the tidings! Hear the heart-beats, when along the village street
Rings report of Waite's glad letter, borne by messenger so fleet.

"To my Loving Friends and Kindred," thus his thrilling word we read,
"Safe thus far we've brought our charges, and your help we greatly need.
Any, therefore, who do love us, come and help us in this straight,
For we much do need assistance and our care is very great."
Then he names the rescued captives—three only fallen by the way—
Nineteen people ransomed. Now the letter speaks to say:

"Pray you hasten, for the matter much requirerh speed from you.
For the Sabbath pray you stay not, nor for any horse to shoe;
Come provisioned. Time is urgent. Let not night your footsteps stay.
At Kanterhook we'll meet you, if no cause our march delay;
Of enemies about your path no danger will there be,—
As I unto your fatherless, be ye affected now to me."

'Twas Hatfield's "Great Calamity" on that September morn,
When the village stood unguarded and the men were stooking corn;
'Twas Hatfield's "Day of Jubilee." the brightest in her crown,
When our heroes, 'mid rejoicing, through the street came marching down.
It was a touching sight to see that little way-worn band
Coming homeward to their own, their well-beloved land.

Sturdy women, tender children, brave as made of Spartan clay,
Let honor wait on all who toiled that fearful, frozen way.
From lip to lip the story ran; the fame spread thro' the land
Of him who fought a winter long, steel true in heart and hand,
Courageous, strong and resolute to meet his unknown fate,
And came a conqueror home at last, our hero, BENJAMIN WAITE.

LETTER OF SAMUEL D. PARTRIDGE.

READ BY C. K. MORTON.

S. G. Hubbard, Esq.—Dear Sir:—In my whole life I do not remember to have received any invitation which afforded me greater pleasure than the one from your Committee to be present at the anniversary of the 19th of September, 1677.

I have not the vanity to suppose that my presence would add to the interest of the occasion, or my absence detract from it; but my personal gratification and longing draw me strongly to visit once more my native town. In my absence of forty years, I have seen something on both sides of the Mississippi, but I have found nothing that equals in beauty the Valley of the Connecticut, or excites any rivalry in the affection which I bear for the place of my birth.

In response to the request made in the communication I received from Hatfield, I have embodied in this paper all that I know respecting the stockade, erected by the first settlers for their defence against the Indians. About fifty years ago, Mr. Sylvester Judd of Northampton called upon me at my home in Hatfield, with a request to join him in an effort to ascertain the precise location of this stockade; with which request I readily complied, and we proceeded forthwith to give our attention to the business. We commenced in the home-lot of Col. Erastus Billings, and soon found the object of our search. We traced it from Col. Erastus Billings's lot through that of his brother, Mr. Roswell Billings, into the lot of my father—and I recollect that there it passed through the site of an old tan-yard; we then followed it into the Dea. Partridge lot, at that time owned by Miss Lois Dickinson, thence through the lot of Charles M. Billings, thence through that of Capt. Elijah Smith, and through Dr. Lyman's home-lot. We knew that we had not reached its northern limit, but for some cause, now forgotten, we followed it no farther, being satisfied that we had found the right location. It ran parallel with the street, and I should think about 200 feet distant from it. There was, in those days, a small orchard directly in the rear of Mr. Roswell Billings's garden, and this orchard was enclosed on the west by a fence running across the home-lot, and my impression is that the line of the stockade passed from twenty to thirty feet west of the line of this fence. It may be that this fence remains, but if

not, I am sure that Mr. Erastus Billings can point out its precise location. I think there can be no doubt that the stockade extended south far enough to include whatever buildings may have stood on the allotment of Ozias Goodwin on the west side of the street, and those of Daniel Warner on the east side. And I think, also, that it extended north to a point not far from the line between the allotment to Daniel White, Jr., and that to John Allis—something less than one hundred rods in length—and would include the lot of Daniel White, Jr., on the west side, and that of Samuel Dickinson on the east side, whose north line was two rods farther north, than the north line of Daniel White, Jr. This line, between Allis and White, would be twenty-four rods from the Middle Lane, and one hundred and two rods from the highway to Northampton; and would in all probability include all the houses in existence at the time of its erection, except those of Richard Fellows and John Cowles south of the Northampton road.

It is quite evident that the Indians, on the 19th of September, 1677, met with no resistance from the inhabitants of the town, and that they did not even see any white man, except the four whom they killed at the upper end of the street, and Obadiah Dickinson whom they took captive. It does not even appear that they were or need have been in any hurry in making their retreat; but it would seem that they met with some obstacle which arrested their progress and prevented any further ravages toward the south, and there can be no reasonable doubt that this obstacle was the stockade.

It may be thought that under such circumstances they could easily have broken through the stockade; but it is said that on one occasion in Northampton they had made their way inside such an enclosure, but in consequence of a rally of the inhabitants they found it very difficult to get out, and from that time were careful not to repeat the attempt.

I believe that William Gull's allotment was just without the stockade on the east side of the street, and as it does not appear that any outrages were committed there, I conclude that either it had no inhabitants, or that they had made good their escape within the palisades. It will therefore follow that the two most northerly houses within the enclosure were those of Daniel White, Jr., and Samuel Dickinson.

The homestead of Mr. S. G. Hubbard now occupies the whole of the John Allis lot and a part of the Daniel White, Jr., lot. The place was occupied by a member of the Allis family about the beginning of this century, and passed from him to Lieut. Rufus Smith.

There is a tradition—and it certainly has an air of probability—that the Indians entered the street through the Middle Lane. With the exception of the three places at extreme north end of the street on the west side, all the houses visited by them seem to have been in this immediate vicinity. The three houses on the west side of the street, between Middle Lane and the stockade, were taken by house-row; and the five visited by them on the east side, were all adjacent to each other. No violence seems to have been done on the east side above the house of Philip Russell, nor on the west side between the Middle Lane and the three houses at the north end of the street. The fact that this murderous band of Indians, unpursued, left no traces of violence above the points mentioned, might raise a suspicion that there were no other buildings above the palisades.

A daughter of John Allis was taken captive and his barn burned. The next house north, the same as that occupied by the late Israel Morton, was that of Obadiah Dickinson, whose wife was wounded and he with one child was taken prisoner, and his house burned. The house and barn of Samuel Kellogg on the corner of Middle Lane, where the Academy now stands, was burned, and his wife and child were killed. Mary, wife of Samuel Belding, who lived on the opposite side of the street, in the house next north of William Gull's, was killed. Next north of Samuel Belding, and not far from opposite the Middle Lane, was the house of John Coleman, whose wife and infant child were killed, two young daughters taken captive, another child wounded, and his barn burned. Next above John Coleman, was the house of John Wells, whose daughter two years old was killed, and his wife and another daughter wounded. I think the lot of John Wells was the same with that of Remembrance Bardwell. Next above was the lot of Samuel Gillett, but was then occupied by Stephen Jennings, who had married his widow. His wife, with her two children was

taken captive. This lot was the same occupied by the late Ebenezer Morton. Next, was the house of Philip Russell, whose wife and young son were killed. I think the Russell place is the same as that formerly owned by Lieut. Samuel Smith. No further outrages seem to have been committed on the east side of the street, and none on the west side between the Middle Lane and Deerfield Lane; but on the second lot above the latter and—if my memory serves me right—on the lot owned by the late John D. Brown, was the house of Samuel Foote, from which his wife and two children were taken captive. The next lot north was owned by John Graves, Jr., and it is here, probably, where the men were killed who were “at work on the frame of a building.” Two of these men were the father and uncle of John Graves, Jr., and the other two—“Atchisson and Cooper from Springfield”—were probably at work on the building. It is evident that John and Isaac Graves were not in their own houses, for those were within the palisades; and as the record shows that John Graves, Jr., was married a few months later, it is reasonable to suppose that he was then preparing a house. Hubbard, in his history, says they were raising the building, but that is improbable, as he also says, “the men of the town were dispersed in the meadows.” The next house was that of Benjamin Waite, sixteen rods from the north end of the street. This I suppose to be the place now owned by the heirs of Jeremy Morton. As long ago as I remember, the place was occupied by David Waite. The house was old, of one-story, and when Mr. Morton built the house which now stands there, he did it by enlarging the old one. At this place Benjamin Waite’s wife and three children were taken captive, and his house and barn were burned. Of Abigail Bartholomew, who was taken prisoner, I know nothing, except what Mr. Judd says in his *History of Hadley*, “that William Bartholomew lived in Deerfield before the war.”

There are two names among the foregoing which are worthy of a more extended mention than can be given in this communication—Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings. These men by an effort of courage and patient endurance, which has seldom been surpassed, succeeded in rescuing and bringing safely home their own families and all the captives who still remained alive. We know that their

contemporaries held them in the highest honor for their perseverance and bravery, and their names are so identified with the early history of Massachusetts that they cannot be forgotten.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug., 1889.

REPORT OF THE ADDRESS OF BISHOP FREDERICK HUNTINGTON.

Bishop Huntington began with a reference to his personal relations with Hatfield through his residence in Hadley, the mother town, just across the river. He alluded to the ancestral homestead he occupies, a commodious residence built in 1752 by his maternal grandfather, Capt. Moses Porter, whose father was captured by Indians and burned at the stake. Some very interesting reminiscences of Rev. Dr. Lyman, the old pastor of the Hatfield church, followed, comprising some circumstances not generally familiar to residents in this vicinity. From this point the talk branched off upon the Noble Connecticut the glory of Western Massachusetts, the beauty of its scenery, its influence in determining the location of the settlement and its influence upon the settlers and their descendants. The associations connected with the stream, the fertility of the valley and the changes in its course, formed a fruitful theme. When Hatfield, the daughter of old Hadley, wished to set up housekeeping for herself, the separation of the two portions by the river was given as a chief pretext for that separation. Hadley, of course, loving her daughter, as what mother does not, objected to the separation and the argument was brought forward that it was inconvenient to cross the river to go to church, that the screams and noises of the women and children while crossing the stream rendered them unfit for ordinances. The fisheries of the stream before its great dams were built were a fruitful source of revenue. It abounded so in salmon, that shad were put to shame and excluded from the tables as not sufficiently aristocratic fish and were even plowed into the fields for manure.

"The other side of the Indian question" was taken up and a masterly plea made for the savage. The historical incidents related during the day have had a tendency to present the red man in his worst aspect. We have had the dark pic-

ture of massacre and arson reproduced without a redeeming circumstance. Yet there is another point of view that should not be forgotten. For the first thirty years after the advent of the white man peace reigned between the two races, and relations were most harmonious. In order to disturb this fair state of affairs there must have been error upon both sides; the white man must have been to blame as well as the Indian, as had been shown by John Eliot and others who had faith in the Indians, that they were not altogether irredeemable. True, the praying Indian sometimes went back, but are there no backsliders among ourselves at the present day?

"My own personal relations with the Indian in some respects have been such that if any one should cherish animosity I would have the right to, my great grandfather having been tortured and burned at the stake. For the last twenty years I have been thrown into close spiritual relations with Indians upon the Onondaga reservation, engaged in the work of educating, civilizing and spiritualizing them and have formed a high opinion of them. I am at present engaged in an effort to have them raised to the rights of citizenship, allowing them to hold lands in severalty, etc., privileges that will do much toward elevating them. I am familiar with their better traits and their worse traits, particularly their indolence and slowness of apprehension and singular inaptitude for mathematics."

Bishop Huntington related some amusing instances of the exhibition of these traits and then proceeded to relate a few circumstances in connection with the conversion of Albert Cusick, by right of descent the head chief of the Six Nations, who renounced that chieftainship, as much to him as the crown of England to the Prince of Wales, and embraced Christianity, forfeiting all right to tribal eminence. The conduct of other Indians was noted and their careers as ministers, etc., partially traced.

The circumstances lying back of the two races received attention, as having a great bearing upon the question. The Puritan had behind him 6,000 years of history, example and precedent, the New Testament of fifty generations, the Gospel of 1600 years. Back of King Philip, Uncas and the other Indians was naught but complete hopelessness and Cimme-

rian darkness. The greater the obstacles in the way of civilizing and Christianizing a race, the greater the duty of Christianity to put forth its efforts,—the more hopelessly a spot is sunk into ignorance, the more necessity that Christianity should lift it up—the more helpless the ward of the nation the greater its need of being lifted into the light of civilization. In this contrast have not justice, fairness and Christianity something to say?

The alleged decline or decadence of the country towns was reviewed by the speaker in conclusion. He thought the reason for the desertion of the farms and country homes by the young people lies not so much in any exhaustion of country places as in the awakening within the last fifty years, and the promise of great opportunities in trade. Yet those who leave the country for the city are not the gainers in health, in character, in mind, body or spirit, and not one in ten secures the coveted fortune. The power of changing this state of affairs rests in the hands of those who were born in these places, and to them must these towns look for their regeneration and enlarged prosperity. There are many plans that could be of use; the establishment of reading clubs, evening lectures, etc., will have a strong influence. The effort to make the best of old Hatfield, not wandering far from her, will be effectual in creating a common life, good for all needs. An allusion was made to Smith College, an offspring of Hatfield, and he thought that much could be expected from its influence. One generation of earnest effort to make the most of Hatfield will result in producing a real republic, a Christian democracy, a kingdom of God on earth.

THE SQUAW SACHEM OF 1632.

BY GEORGE BRADFORD BARTLETT.

The Sudbury and the Assabet unite in fond embrace
Around the rocky throne of her who ruled the dusky race,
And named the promontory rough, when but a merry maid,
EGG ROCK, because in that soft nest it happened to be laid.

Their legend says "that Indian Queen," with firm and gentle sway,
Governed the tribe that dwelt along OLD MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
Certain it is beyond a doubt, fair woman's gentle hand
Rules o'er the present manly race who occupy the land.

The noble red man, Coopered well, bursts out in song and story,
 So let us in the simple strain extol the female glory,
 The gentle Squaw, neglected long by every noted author,
 Excepting Pocahontas and the bride of Hiawatha.

The *woman's right to labor* to her was not denied;
 The good man smoked the pipe of peace, a helpmate was his bride.
 She cooked the food and built the lodge and brought the wood and water
 And patiently did all the work as every woman *orter*.

A plain brown front, no storied flat where city thousands swarm,
 No furnace fire, a hat sufficed to keep her old *wigwam*.
 Her *range* was in the forest wild, and, for a cheerful fire,
 A captive from another tribe was all she could desire.

Her costume always was in style; no belle with face so pale
 Excelled her in the mystic art of managing a *trail*.
 With moccasin soft shod, all wrought with cunning fingers deft,
 Her tender *sole* was tortured not with woman's *rights* and *left*.

No soothing syrup for her babes, she slung them on a tree
 To rock-a-bye to suit themselves so merry and so free.
 For them the sugar maple poured its very sweetest sap,
 Her brave papposes, strong and well, were not brought up on pap.

No organ or piano filled her lodge with frightful noise;
 She had a way of keeping still the noisy girls and boys,
 For, when the evening shadows fell, they sat upon the stoop,
 Chanting with all their might and main the musical war-whoop.

She taught him how to *raise the hair* with keenest tomahawk,
 Not like the *scalpers* now-a-days who kill a man with talk,
 To draw the long bow skillfully against the *bulls* and *bears*,
 To keep their wampum up to *pa* in midst of panic scares.

She never clamored for a place or tried to cast a vote,
 She never preached a sermon dull, or learned essays wrote,
 Contented with her daily round to fill her proper sphere,
 For woman's mission is to please her lord and master dear.

Yet she was queen and ruler of a race of mighty men,
 And what has been is sure to be, to happen once again.
 The time is surely coming, the ship of state is *she*,
 And she who long has ruled our hearts our governess shall be.

Ye timid souls, fresh courage take despite the arts of man,
 This prophecy the sachem makes, despise it if you can,
 Before the coming century its rapid course abates
 A woman may be PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

REMARKS OF JOSEPH L. PARTRIDGE, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Mr. President:—You have arrested me, hat in hand, with
 my face toward the door, and brought me to the platform.
 This I do not charge as impertinence on your part, but it

would be the height of impertinence for me to hold this great audience with the expectation of a speech.

I came nearly two hundred miles to enjoy this 212th anniversary occasion, and have not been disappointed. I have no manuscript in my pocket and no speech in my head. I am indeed one of you—an old citizen—born more than eighty-five years ago, and living more than twenty years near this very spot. I have not been disappointed in any of the presentations of these hours. The historical facts of the massacre, the sympathy for the tortured and the captured, the ecstatic joy for their recovery; with the magnanimous self-sacrifice of Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings, as their deliverers; as also many historical facts of the times of intensest interest, but never known before to many of this generation, have been eloquently and impressively depicted to our highest satisfaction. Those were indeed times that tried men's souls. But they developed in the men of the times the traits that made the nation; and the perpetuity of the nation has been the product of the same. Given the same environments and we see the blood of the fathers has not deteriorated in the veins of the sons.

We have been entertained also with many reminiscences of olden times, before and within the memory of the oldest of us. Bishop Huntington has done us a pleasing service, for which we ought to be grateful. Not exactly one of us, but separated only by the breadth of the Connecticut, he has shown that he has not been unobservant of what we are, and of what we have done. In his happy diversity of topics, many things are included of which I should like to speak. He has alluded to the staid character and the denominational unity of our town from the beginning. The town had its origin, in part at least, in the religious controversies of the lower towns on the river and in its vicinity; especially in that upon the "Half Way Covenant," as involving the "rights of suffrage." The complications of the religious with the secular were ever very divisive. Even down to my own memory, Massachusetts laws required every man of whatever religious sentiment or of none to pay taxes for the support of the "Regular Denomination."

The unbroken unity of this people, for two hundred years, in its religious organization, is a marked comment both upon

their character and upon the successive clerical influences which have directed them.

REMARKS OF REV. R. M. WOODS.

Our fathers were rich in homely virtues,—diligence, cheerfulness, patience, courage, self-sacrifice, godliness. Accomplishments are not to be despised, but they are not the materials out of which to build character. You must have sterner stuff behind and beneath them. Paintings, vases, musical instruments beautify a home, but these of themselves cannot make a healthy, happy home. This has its beginning in a firm foundation wall, a dry cellar, a tight roof, sunny windows, and an ample chimney with a good draught. Children cannot make choice of their parents, but if any selection were possible, the wise child would make choice of such parents as were our fathers of 1677.

Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings are honored by us, to-day, not merely for what they were in themselves, or what they did. We delight to glorify them because we see in them representative men of Hatfield, and this Connecticut Valley, in 1677. They were representative men in the spirit of self-sacrifice which marked the whole story of their achievement. They belonged to an age of self-denial. The times in which they lived were times, not of conquest over the wilderness and the savage merely; they were times pre-eminently of self-conquest.

The basis of this capacity for sacrifice was an iron will. Strength of will is said to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Saxon race. The eloquence of John Adams was will. How power of will stands out in those portraits of Lieut. Billings and his wife which are on exhibition! To avert the Revolutionary War our fathers sent remonstrances and petitions to the government of King George. I would have sent instead a few such pictures as these. He would have been a king more stupid even than George III., who would have attempted to subjugate people put together with such straight backs and set mouths and massive jaws.

What a succession of victories Waite and Jennings achieved to accomplish their mission to Canada! There was a victory over discouragement and lack of sympathy, a victory over delay and approaching winter, a victory over the increasing

cold and the hunger which was caused by the exhaustion of their supplies. And every victory they won was a victory over self. To my mind not the least of all their victories was the victory they won over themselves, when as unlettered men, they made bold to plead the cause of the captives before the French governor and the court at Quebec.

But the heroism we honor to-day is made radiant to me by its religious spirit. In all that has been read and spoken in my hearing, nothing has moved me more than the letter of appeal for help which Benjamin Waite sent before him from Albany to Massachusetts on his return with the ransomed captives. That letter is eloquent with pathos and faith. That letter still speaks. It is speaking now to you and to me, and this is what it is saying: "You children, who to-day glory in your fathers, should not be satisfied until a suitable memorial is erected to their virtues and their achievements." We may not complete such a work in one day, in one year, but we can start. We can plan, and purpose, and set our faces thitherward, as Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings so promptly set their faces toward Canada when Hatfield was still in the desolation left by the torch and the tomahawk.

Until that memorial is completed, we shall never cease to hear the words Benjamin Waite wrote in his memorable letter:—"As I have been affected to you all * * * be affected to me now."

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM H. ALLIS.

Mr. President, kinsmen and friends: I gladly accepted an invitation from your worthy and efficient chairman to take a part in this memorial exercise in honor of those who fought, bled and died in planting this town. To refuse to pay tribute to their deeds of sacrifice and valor—"verily the stones would cry out." It gives me courage and inspiration to see your faces; veterans of three score and ten, four score, comrades, and school-mates of my own age; young men and maidens, whose privilege it is to live in this good old town of Hatfield.

This 19th of September comes with peculiar significance to me, as just forty years ago to-day I left the old hearth-stone to find a new home in a distant town, now an infant city, with its numerous lines of railroads and street cars, tel-

ograph and telephones, and where one thousand electric lights turn midnight to the glare of a noonday sun, and many other devices and inventions of man surround us in these modern times. All these I gladly leave behind to be with you on this memorial day, when all the sons and daughters of Hatfield meet here on common ground to honor that faithful band who planted this town in honor (buying their land of the Indians); dedicated it by faith, works and prayer and later christened it with their blood. Two hundred and twelve years ago both my paternal and maternal ancestors with others were stricken with grief worse than death when the red savage entered the home, dragging away as captives the mother with her helpless children; but this did not satisfy their mortal hate of Benjamin Waite; they set fire to his house and barn; everything they did not carry away was consumed; they stole Abigail, daughter of Capt. John Allis, and burnt his barn and many others.

Our forefathers, who were they? I answer, a band of congenial spirits, men of mark, men of heroism and deep toned piety, intelligent and brave, who planned, toiled and suffered beyond what is or ever can be known; they were a race of warriors who could never be conquered; they fought with the "Sword of the Lord and Gideon." They were not bigots or doubters, but men of common sense; they represented the best blood in the country; they were patriots, soldiers and statesmen every one.

What have they done for us their descendants? They established the common school, the cradle of liberty; the church, the safeguard of morals; they laid the foundation for the high social, moral and religious privileges we this day enjoy; they were men of principle guided by the overruling hand of Providence; principle, for which one might be proud to die.

What shall we do for them? Men are known by their deeds, true exponents of character. Is it presuming too much to say those worthy pioneers are with us to-day as witnesses of our devotion to duty, the tribute and honor we this day pay to them as worthy sons of noble sires? The inspiration and enthusiasm manifested here to-day cannot be all our own, if it be true that we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. What cause for rejoicing to see this great as-

sembly of sons and daughters paying tribute and honor to those who deserve it and doing ourselves the highest honor by honoring them.

While monuments costing thousands are being erected over the graves of modern heroes to immortalize their names, those invincible patriots, heroes and soldiers were buried without a stone to mark their resting place; though they are dead yet shall they speak.

I am glad to be with you to assist on this memorial day in laying the foundation for a monument more enduring than brass or stone, that shall preserve the records of this ancient town from oblivion. This shall be the day that marks a new era in your history now unwritten, except in fragments by different authors.

Our venerable president well represents the importance of the letter S used by railroads and marines as a connecting link in a broken chain. Every one present can be a letter S, large or small, to connect the past to the present, a record of passing events; this is history. I ask myself the question—each one of you can do the same,—what can I do on this memorial day towards handing down the record of the manners and customs of our fathers and of our own time? The fittest shall survive. Shall this be the “Handful of corn on the top of the mountain, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon?” I hope none of us will incur the reproach of those who come after us for having neglected so important a duty as that of securing a complete memorial of our ancestors or ourselves, or to have it said of each one of us,

“Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man and who was he?
Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown,
His name has perished from the earth.”

James M. Crafts of Whately gave a brief history of Benjamin Waite, who came from Rhode Island, owned land in Hatfield in 1659, and mortgaged it the same year. He probably got his Indian fighting qualities in the Pequot wars. He did not tell how Benjamin used to sell rum to the Indians, and how he was fined for being too active after sunset on the sacred Saturday night. He urged the town to secure the writing of its history.

Rev. J. H. Temple of Framingham, historian of Whately, told of the old Indian trails, whose location he had traced throughout the valley. The Indians did not frequent the hills much, but lived near the great river, at whose falls they fished.

Dr. Searle, of Syracuse, N. Y., who descended from our pioneers, with a trace of the Indian fighting blood in his veins, told how he was drawn to the Connecticut valley for the first time, two years ago, to trace out the location of places mentioned in certain deeds in his possession. He described the last attack on the settlement near Mt. Tom, in which his great-grandmother was struck with a tomahawk and left for dead, being saved by the wearing of a large hair comb. He eulogized the grand aims and deeds of the fathers and set forth the mighty results as shown by the institutions they founded, and by society built on the rock of education, free thought and free action. Then he told of the dangers of immigration, and said while he welcomed English, Irish and Italians, he wanted England, Ireland and Italy abandoned when they came.

Jonathan Johnson, of Greenfield, recalled the time when President Sheldon and he discussed the formation of the association, and his eyes were now delighted with the results. He wished Hatfield people would write up their history. He told of the Indian trails up and down the valley, and was positive that there could be found to-day indisputable evidence of their course.

COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES.

ARRANGED BY DR. C. M. BARTON AND JOHN H. SANDERSON.

In the town hall, next the church, were gathered enough relics of the early settlers to form a very attractive exhibition, and it must have been wished by many venerationers of antiquities that this display would lead to the beginning of a common and a permanent abiding place for them, where they might be removed from danger of fire and open to the sight of all. Each family will cherish most those articles descended from its own, but of greatest interest must have been the gun which the hero of the day, Benjamin Waite, carried over two centuries ago. Its flint and lock are gone; its muzzle is battered and jammed; but its wood-work of over five feet in length remains. It is now owned by William H. Dickinson. Waite's chair was there, too.

Col. Israel Williams's chair was loaned by Samuel P. Billings. A sword used by Capt. Perez Morton in the war of 1812 was shown.

Dea. John White's gun, loaned by J. Doane.

There was the old hotel sign which hung when George the III was king. It bore the honored name of "S. Partridge," and the word "Entertainment."

Chair, 1705, J. H. Sanderson.

Cloak, eighty years old, loaned by Mrs. J. Warner.

A rusty blade with unguarded handle. "This sword belonged to a crown officer, and is over 200 years old; loaned by C. D. Bartlett."

Tape loom loaned by C. Wilkie, and beside it a flax iron.

Painting of old elm in front of church, by John Wilkie.

A high backed "settle" from the old Hastings place.

A stove of Israel Williams.

An oaken chest, beautifully carved and very well preserved, belonging to Rev. William Williams, pastor of the church fifty-six years. An oak inlaid secretary belonging to Col. Israel, son of above, loaned by S. P. Billings, whose grandmother, Jerusha Billings, was a daughter of Col. Israel Williams.

Fire screen of Rebekah Dickinson, loaned by Mrs. D. Billings.

A little wood-bound foot stove with sheet iron box, loaned by W. H. Dickinson, and near it a vast array of warming pans, huge frying pans suggestive of great camp fires, and other culinary utensils.

Looking glass brought to Norwich, Ct., by Sir Thomas Leffingwell, one of the first settlers, said to have come over in the Mayflower, loaned by Miss A. Dickinson.

Bottle used to carry communion wine by Dea. Jonathan Morton, 1720, loaned by Mrs. J. Warner.

Two fine dresses, sleeveless, worn by Bethiah Dwight, who married Erastus Knight, 1810.

A case full of ancient deeds, flint bag of smoked buckskin, loaned by Mrs. J. Brown.

Here also were abundant arrow heads, stone axe heads, a stone gouge, and a lot of fine arrow heads found in an Indian grave by M. J. Proulx. In other cases were a large number of old books.

A powder horn used in King Philip's war, loaned by Mrs. William Dougherty.

Portion of bed draperies belonging to Hon. Ezra Starkweather, member of Gov. Caleb Strong's council.

Baby's wool blanket 140 years old, of Mrs. Elisha Dickinson, great grandmother of Miss Hattie Billings, by whom loaned.

Powder horn of Henry Wilkie, a Hessian in Burgoyne's army, loaned by Charles Wilkie.

Spread worked by Rebekah Dickinson and Polly Wright, in 1675, with their names wrought thereon, loaned by Mrs. David Billings.

Table over 200 years old, brought from England loaned by Thaddeus Graves.

GENEALOGY OF SOME HATFIELD FAMILIES.

BY JAMES M. CRAFTS.

WAITE.

The early records of the Mass. Bay Colony contain many allusions to the Waite families under various spellings of the name, as Waight, Waite, Wayte, Wayt, &c.

Richard Waite came from England and was admitted to the church in Boston, Aug. 28th, 1634. He was sheriff of the colony in 1647, went on an expedition against the Narragansetts in 1654; in 1658, was rewarded for services in the Pequot war and also for his diligent pains in hunting out those who harbored Quakers.

Gamaliel Waite, of Boston, was brother of Richard; and Thomas Waite, of Seconet, R. I., supposed to be the father of Sergt. Benjamin Waite, is believed to be brother of Richard. Benjamin Waite is known to be of Rhode Island stock, and Richard Waite of Springfield, and William Waite of Northampton, are believed to be brothers of Benjamin.

Sergt. Benjamin Waite was born perhaps as early as 1640. He was in Hadley in 1663 and in Hatfield in 1669. In 1670 (June 8th), he married Martha Leonard, who was born May 15th, 1649. He had a home lot granted him on the west side of Main street, fourth lot north of the Deerfield road, and where lately resided J. D. Brown.

For his children with records of births, marriages and deaths, of his own, as well as the families of three sons—John, Jeremiah and Joseph—we can add but little to that given in Judd's history of Hadley. Lucy Waite, dau. of Joseph, m. Reuben Bardwell of Deerfield. Reuben dying soon she m. (2) Asahel Wright of Deerfield, and bore him 9 children.

It is our purpose of the 24 grandchildren named Waite, to follow but one, viz :

1. Elisha, son of John, b. in Hatfield, Oct. 10, 1725, d. June 29, 1816, aged 91 years. He m. 1749, Martha, dau. of John and Martha (Allis) Wells, of Hardwick, Mass. She was b. June 12, 1731, and d. Feb. 2, 1817, aged 86 years. He resided in Hatfield on the road leading from Hatfield street to Whately. The place now owned by Edwin Brainard. Here his son Elisha resided, and grandson George, and perhaps some of the sons of George.

- Ch.*: Lucy, b. Nov. 2, 1749, m. Lt. Noah Bardwell of Whately, and she bore him 15 children. She d. Sept. 11, 1833, aged 84 years.
- Irene, b. Jan. 3, 1752, m. Jan. 1, 1778, Gad Smith, of Whately. She bore him 7 children. She d. May 5, 1842, aged 90 years.
- Mary, b. July 15, 1755, d. Dec. 5, 1781.
- Elihu, b. Aug. 15, 1757, m. Rebecca Graves of South Hadley, and resided in Whately.
- Martha, b. March 25, 1760, m. Nathan Gerry.
- Consider, b. March 25, 1762, m. (1) Perses Lull, (2) Elizabeth Weson, and resided in Whately.
- Sally, b. June 25, 1765, d. Oct., 1776.
- Daniel, b. Aug. 5, 1766, m. Jan. 10, 1805, Mary Hastings of Hatfield.
- Elisha, b. April 2, 1769 (2).
- Electa, b. Sept. 16, 1771.
- Jonathan, b. April 20, 1775, m. (1) Betsey Brown, (2) Nancy Robinson, and resided in Whately.

2. Elisha Waite, Jr., son of Elisha, b. 1769, d. March 3, 1843, m. 1796, Rhoda Field, dau. of Eliakim and Esther (Graves) Field, of Hatfield. She was b. Oct. 26, 1758, and d. Jan. 19, 1819, aged 60 years, (2) Hannah Graves. She d. Oct. 15, 1825, aged 47 years. They resided on the old homestead.

Ch.: Justin, b. Jan. 2, 1797 (3).
George, b. Nov., 1798 (4).

Dolly, b. Jan. 24, 1801, m. Justin Hastings of Hatfield.

3. Justin, son of Elisha (2), b. 1797, d. Feb. 3, 1851, m. Dec. 6, 1821, Olive Cooley, dau. of Jonah and Ziriah (Allis) Cooley, of Somers, Conn. She was b. Feb. 5, 1795, d. Jan. 9, 1875. Resided in Hatfield, a farmer.

Ch.: Angelina, b. Oct. 14, 1822, m. Nov. 30, 1842, Wm. H. Dickinson.

30, 1854, Alden P. Beals, and d. May 24, 1855.

James Otis, b. Apr. 23, 1825 (5).

Augusta O., b. Nov. 18, 1836, m. June 14, 1856, Alden P. Beals.

Emma Z., b. Dec. 25, 1831, m. May

4. George, son of Elisha (2), b. 1798, d. Nov. 8, 1869, m. March 2, 1820, Mary, dau. of Elijah and Mary (Smith) White, of Hatfield. She was b. Dec. 13, 1795, d. Nov. 6, 1827, aged 32. (2) 1832, Melissa Preston, dau. of Joel and Aphia (Stebbins) Preston, of Granby, Mass. She was b. Nov. 5, 1802, d. Oct., 1878.

Ch.: George W., b. July 12, 1836. Supt. of schools at Oberlin, O.

Henry L., b. March, 1840. Resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Charles P., b. July 26, 1838. Killed in the army in 1863.

John E., b. Oct. 24, 1841. Went to the West.

5. James Otis, son of Justin (3), b. 1825, m. May 13, 1851, Louisa Lyman, dau. of Jeremiah and Orpha (Bush) Lyman, of Easthampton. She was b. Dec. 31, 1824. He resides in Hatfield and is held in high esteem by his townsmen.

Ch.: Justin L., b. June 28, 1862.

Emma A., b. July 26, 1856.

Clara Z., b. Aug. 2, 1854, d. June 4, 1860.

Mary L., b. Sept. 26, 1858.

Ellen A., b. May 20, 1861.

Frederic H., d. June 27, 1860.

DICKINSON.

A large and influential family have descended from Nathaniel and Ann Dickinson. He was in Wethersfield, Conn., in 1637, or during the Pequot war, and tradition makes him one of the followers of Capt. Mason against the Pequots. He was town clerk of Wethersfield in 1645, and member of the Conn. legislature from 1646 to

1656. He and his sons, John and Thomas, engaged to go to Hadley, April 18, 1659, and he was one of the committee of five who went in advance of the others to lay out home lots on "Old Hadley Street." He served as selectman in Hadley. He approved and voted for the settlement of Hatfield, and two of his sons, Nathaniel and Samuel, were among the twenty-five persons engaging to come to the West Side. Of his children, we only follow Joseph.

1. Joseph Dickinson, son of Nathaniel, b. in Wethersfield, Ct. Freeman, of Conn., 1657, removed to Northampton, 1664, where he remained until 1674, when he removed to Northfield and was killed the next year while in service with Capt. Beers, Sept. 4, 1675. He m. before his removal to Northfield, Phebe Bracy, and by her had 6 children, 5 of them sons. Among them was Nathaniel (2).

2. Nathaniel, son of Joseph (1), b. in Northampton, May 20, 1670, d. 1745; m. Hannah, dau. of Lt. Daniel and Sarah (Cross) White, of Hatfield. Resided in Hatfield, had 9 children. Among them was Obadiah (3).

3. Obadiah, son of Nathaniel (2), b. July 28, 1704, sett. in Hatfield, d. June 24, 1788, aged 84 years. Dr. Lyman preached his funeral sermon from the text in Eccl., 7:1—"A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth," to a large congregation. He was much in office, a very prominent citizen. He was the owner of an immense quantity of land, situated in Hatfield and contiguous towns. A deacon in the church. He m. May 26, 1726, Mary, dau. of John and Sarah (Waite) Belding, of Hatfield. She was b. July, 1705, d. Feb. 10, 1747. She bore him 10 children. m. (2) Martha, dau. of Joseph and Mary (Warner) Waite. She was b. Oct. 7, 1724, d. Nov. 18, 1785. She bore him 19 children, as we learn from his own records, still extant, though the history of Hadley only enumerates 12 of them.

Ch.: Elijah, b. July 31, 1727, d. probably Jan. 26, 1813, aged 86 years.

Elihu, b. Oct. 11, 1729, d. Aug. 31, 1742.

Lucy, b. Nov. 10, 1731, m. Eleazer Allis, of Hatfield.

Lois, b. Dec. 9, 1733, d. Aug. 27, 1742.

Israel, b. Feb. 21, 1736, m. Nov. 20, 1764, Mercy Partridge.

Hannah, b. Oct. 4, 1738, m. Nov. 14, 1755, Julius Allis, of Conway.

Obadiah, b. Dec. 6, 1740, d. at 20 months.

Submit, b. Oct. 21, 1742, m. 1766, Samuel Gaylord, of Hadley.

Lois, b. Aug. 5, 1744, m. 1770, John C. Williams of Hadley.

Mary, b. Jan., 1746, d. the next year.

Mary, b. Jan. 6, 1748, m. Jan. 27, 1774, Elisha Allis, of Whately.

Obadiah, b. March 27, 1751, d. Oct. 11, 1755, aged 4 years 7 months.

Infant, b. April 12, 1753.

Elihu, b. Sept. 4, 1755 (4).

Obadiah, b. Aug. 31, 1757, m. June 28, 1787, Sophia Pomroy of Northfield.

Martha, b. Sept. 14, 1759, d. same day.

Martha, b. Oct. 26, 1761, m. Oct. 29, 1790, John Barrett, of Northfield, a famous lawyer of his day.

Silas, b. April 3, 1764, d. Aug. 26, 1775.

Sylvia, b. May 6, 1766, d. at 6 weeks.

4. Elihu, son of Dea. Obadiah (3), b. in Hatfield, Sept. 4, 1755, d. Aug. 8, 1809, aged 54 years; m. 1779, Mary Smith, dau. of John and Mary Smith, of Hatfield. She was b. 1751, d. May 23, 1820, aged 69 years. A farmer and resident at Hatfield on the old Homestead of his Fathers.

Ch.: Cotton, b. Sept. 13, 1779, d. 1873, aged 87 years.
 Sept. 27, 1799. Clarissa, b. April 11, 1788, m. Edmund Longley of Boston.
Israel, b. Sept. 23, 1781, m. Polly Son, b. May 19, 1791, died May 24, Dickinson. 1791.
William, b. June 13, 1783 (5). Daughter, b. Jan. 11, 1792, d. same day.
Pamela, b. June 21, 1785, m. Joseph Longley, of Shirley.
Silas, b. Oct. 20, 1786, d. unm. Oct. 7,

5. *William*, son of *Elihu* (4), b. 1783, d. Dec. 29, 1870, aged 87; m. *Fannie*, dau. of Lieut. Samuel and Sarah (White) Smith. She was b. in Hatfield, 1787, d. Feb. 21, 1853. A farmer by occupation, lived on the old Dea. Obadiah Dickinson homestead in Hatfield.

Ch.: *John S.*, b. Oct. 11, 1814, d. Jan. William Henry, b. March 4, 1820 (6).
 23, 1853.
Mary Smith, b. Aug. 26, 1816, d. Sept. 21, 1838.

6. *William Henry*, son of *William* (5), b. 1820, m. Nov. 30, 1842, *Miss Angelina Waite*, dau. of *Justin* and *Olive* (Cooley) *Waite* of Hatfield. She was born in Hatfield Oct. 14, 1822. He is a farmer, bank director, and prominent in town and county. His children were all born on the old homestead that was for so long a time occupied by his ancestors.

Ch.: *James Waite*, b. Oct. 24, 1844 (7). *Wm. Henry*, b. Oct. 14, 1847, d. Aug. 13, 1849.
Mary Smith, b. Oct. 14, 1847, d. Aug. 13, 1849.
Sarah Emma was 3d child of *Wm. Henry*. *Sarah Emma*, b. Nov. 23, 1851, m. Dec. 13, 1871, *Elijah Ash-*
ley Bardwell, of Hatfield. He was b. Feb. 1, 1846. She had son, *James Dickinson*, b. at Hatfield, May 10, 1875. She d. Aug. 10, 1876.
William Cooley, b. Sept. 18, 1853, unm.

7. *James Waite*, son of *Wm. H.* (6), b. 1844, d. Nov. 10, 1868; m. Nov. 14, 1867, *Avie M. Wood*, dau. of *Eliphas H.* and *Sarah* (Bartlett) *Wood*, of *Whately*. She was b. Sept. 5, 1844; res. in Hatfield.

Ch.: *Mary J.*, b. at Hatfield, Sept. 26, 1868.

BARDWELL.

Little is known of the Bardwell ancestry in England. The Gazetteer of the World, 6 Vol. 8vo., Edinburgh, 1856, mentions Bardwell parish, Suffolk Co.; and Beauties of England and Wales, 18 Vol., London, 1813, on Suffolk, says Bardwell is said to have given name to the family of Bardwells, who were here as early as the time of William the Conqueror. Sir William Bardwell, a celebrated soldier, whose effigy still adorns the window of the parish church, died in 1434 "seized of this manor." The coat of arms of the family indicate warlike proclivities.

1. *Robert Bardwell* came to this country from London, England, in 1670, being then twenty-three years old. He became an "Indian fighter" and carried dispatches from Boston to Hadley in 1675, during King Philip's war. Remaining and becoming a resident of Hatfield, on May 19, 1675, he led the Hatfield boys under Capt. Turner, at the Turners Falls fight. He lived on the place which forty years

ago was known as the Alpheus Longley place; he m. Mary, dau. of Wm. Gull, of Hatfield, Nov. 29, 1676. Killed Jan. 9, 1726, by a falling timber at the raising of a barn; aged 79 years. She d. Nov. 12, 1726. They had 11 children. For dates of birth, see Judd's History of Hadley, p. 450.

2. Ebenezer Bardwell, son of Robert (1), b. in Hatfield, October 19, 1679, d. July 13, 1732; m. April 25, 1706, Mary dau. of Joseph and Joanna (Wyatt) Field, of Hatfield. She was b. July 18, 1684. They resided on the estate that descended from Robert.

Ch.: Ebenezer, b. Sept. 10, 1707, m. Elizabeth Gillett and removed to Whately.

Hannah, Jan. 24, 1709.

Joseph, 1711.

Remembrance, 1713 (3).

Esther, 1715, d. soon.

Jonathan, Jan. 5, 1718. We have no knowledge of what ever became of Jonathan or Joseph; they were liv-

ing in 1732, because the widow Mary was appointed guardian of Joseph, who was 21 years old, and of Jonathan and of three other younger children. They probably died soon or were of weak minds.

Abigail, b. Oct. 14, 1722, m. Noah Wells and rem. to Whately.

Esther, b. Dec. 16, 1723, m. 1743, Daniel Morton, and rem. to Whately.

3. Remembrance, son of Ebenezer (2), b. 1713, d. Nov. 19, 1779, m. 1742, Hannah, dau. of Ebenezer and Hannah (Frary) Dickinson, of Hatfield. She was b. Feb. 17, 1715, and d. March 16, 1788; resided on the old homestead, a man of much prominence and influence.

Ch.: Sarah, b. Aug. 30, 1743, m. March 14, 1770, Jesse Billings.

Noah, b. April 28, 1748, m. Lucy Waite and rem. to Whately.

Hannah, b. Aug. 4, 1750, m. Aaron Dickinson of North Hatfield.

Seth, b. Dec. 23, 1752 (4).

4. Seth, son of Remembrance (3), b. 1752. Killed by lightning, June 16, 1795, aged 43 years. M. May 31, 1773, Hannah Dickinson, dau. of Salmon, of Hatfield. She was b. 17— . He settled on the old Bardwell homestead; an active business man.

Ch.: Elijah, b. Nov. 12, 1775 (5).

Silas, b. April 27, 1777, m. Pamela, dau. of Wm. Morton.

Lois, b. Nov. 7, 1779, m. Oct. 18, 1808, Alpheus Longley.

Remembrance, b. Feb. 17, 1782, m. Sophia, dau. of John Allis.

Seth, b. May 18, 1784, m. Ann Warner of Williamsburg.

Hannah, b. July 31, 1786, d. soon.

William, b. Aug. 21, 1788, m. Jan. 21, 1814, Sabro Swift.

Oliver, b. April 25, 1791, d. Dec. 17, 1802.

Jeremiah, b. May 5, 1793, m. Rosamond Harris.

Salmon D., b. Feb. 29, 1796, m. Lucy Ann White.

5. Elijah, son of Seth (4), b. 1775, d. Feb. 16, 1857, aged 82 years; m. Jan. 2, 1800, Miriam Dickinson, dau. of Joseph, of Hatfield. She was b. Aug. 30, 1781, and d. Oct. 8, 1841. They lived and died in their native town, respected by all.

Ch.: Hannah, b. 1801, d. Jan. 2, 1893.

Elijah, Sept. 13, 1802 (6).

Hannah, May 7, 1812, m. Nov. 27,

1837, Asahel Wright, of Deerfield, and she d. May 4, 1874.

6. Elijah, son of Elijah (5), b. 1802, sett. in Hatfield, d. March 28, 1883, aged 81 years; m. Dec. 12, 1833, Cynthia Field, dau. of Lucius, of Leverett. She was b. July 28, 1810, d. Feb. 14, 1878. He was an active business man, much in public life.

Ch.: Martha Jane, b. July 5, 1838.
 Caleb Dickinson, Jr., b. Sept. 28,
 1840, m. Sarah A. Warner.
 Henry Field, b. Nov. 6, 1842, m. Al-
 lice L. Brown.
 Elijah Ashley, b. Feb. 1, 1846, m.

Sarah E. Dickinson.
 Asabel Wright, b. May 28, 1848,
 drowned July 28, 1864.
 Frederick Harrison, b. Feb. 12, 1854
 (7).

7. Frederick Harrison, son of Elijah (6), b. 1854, m. Dec. 4, 1879, Maria Irene Curtis, dau. of Lucius, of Hatfield. She was b. Sept. 23, 1857. They reside on the homestead of his father.

Ch.: Ruby Irene, b. March 14, 1883. Homer Frederick, Dec. 19, 1887.
 Arthur Curtis, Jr., b. Aug. 10, 1885.

GRAVES.

Thomas Graves came to America 1644 or 1645. He had lands granted him in Hartford, Conn., March 14, 1649—see London Records, Vol. 2, p. 18. His sons, Isaac and John, were among those who agreed to remove to Hatfield before Mar. 25, 1661. Thomas came with them. He had by his wife, Sarah, five children, viz., Isaac, John, Samuel, Nathaniel, and a daughter, probably named Elizabeth. Isaac and John were among the slain at Hatfield, Sept. 19, 1677, Nathaniel died at Wethersfield, Sept. 28, 1682. Six days after the massacre, Sept. 25th, the Northampton Court records show the appointment of John Allice, of Hatfield, to the office of clerk of the writs for that town in place of Isaac Graves, deceased.

1. Isaac Graves m. Mary Church; 10 children were born to them. For names and dates, see History of Hadley p. 501.

2. John, son of Isaac (1), b. in Hatfield, in 1664. His wife Sarah bore him 9 children. For records see History of Hadley. So far as our purpose is concerned we will only follow Elnathan.

3. Elnathan, son of John (2) b. in Hatfield, Aug. 20, 1699, d. Feb. 17, 1785, aged 85 years; m. March 2, 1727, Martha, dau. of Dea. Nathaniel Dickinson, of Hatfield. She was b. Dec. 25, 1701, d. Jan. 9, 1756. (2) m. Dorothy Belding, a dau. of Ebenezer Morton, of Hatfield, a widow of John Belding. Res. in Hatfield.

Ch.: Seth, b. Dec. 27, 1727, m. Mary,
 dau. of Col. John Dickinson.
 Perez, b. April 26, 1730 (4).
 Silas, Feb. 8, 1732, m. Hannah Field,
 dau. of John and Editha Field.

Lucy, b. May 8, 1734, m. Benjamin
 Wells.
 Martha, Feb. 26, 1739, m. John Nash,
 of Williamsburg.

4. Capt. Perez, son of Elnathan, (3) b. 1730; m. May 16, 1754, Martha, dau. of Samuel Gillett, of Hatfield; m. (2) Zeruah, widow of Lt. Elihu White and dau. of Ebenezer Cole of Hatfield. She was b. Nov. 30, 1741, d. Dec. 13, 1820. Res. in Hatfield.

Ch.: Samuel, b. May 4, 1755, d. 1818,
 m. Abigail Edgerton of Sterling.
 Elisha, b. Sept. 2, 1757, m. Catherine
 Parsons, of Northampton, where
 he resided, and his descendants are
 quite numerous there; among them
 is H. B. Graves.
 Martha, b. April 28, 1759, m. Moses
 Montague.

Perez, b. Jan. 2, 1761, d. 1856, aged
 82 years, m. Miss Bryant of Ches-
 terfield, (2) Catherine Parsons, of
 Northampton.
 Elnathan, b. Feb. 2, 1763, d. June,
 1827, m. Lydia Pomroy, of North-
 ampton. At an early period of the
 settlement of Williamsburg, Elna-
 than bought a large tract of land

there and subsequently three sons of Capt. Perez Graves settled on this land viz.:—Samuel, Perez, Jr., and Elnathan. This last named was the father of Dea. Elnathan Graves, of Williamsburg, the long time County Commissioner of Hampshire County.

5. Solomon, son of Capt. Perez (4), b. in 1768, d. Oct. 8, 1843, aged 75 years; m. 1793, Esther Bliss, dau. of Ebenezer and Sarah (Cooley) Bliss, of Longmeadow. She was b. 1763, and d. May 26, 1839. Resided in Hatfield, a farmer.

Ch.: Thaddeus, b. Sept. 11, 1794, m. Polly Gerry, of Hatfield, b. Sept. 3, 1797.

Eliza, b. June 26, 1796, m. John Wells, of Williamsburg.

William, b. Feb. 11, 1766, a clergyman, settled in Woodstock, Ct.

Solomon, b. March 12, 1768 (5).

Levi, Jan. 12, 1772, m. Nov. 20, 1799, Mary Smith of South Hadley.

Timothy, b. April 30, 1775, m. Lydia Graves, dau. of Amasa Graves of Middlefield, Mass.

6. Solomon, son of Solomon, (5) b. 1798, d. June 25, 1867, aged 68 years, 7 months; m. Nov. 25, 1821, Pamela Osborne of Hadley; d. Dec. 27, 1825. He m. (2) 1831, Sophia, dau. of Consider and Mercy (Clark) Morton of Whately. She was b. Nov. 5, 1801, and d. June 15, 1880. He was a farmer and res. at Hatfield.

Ch.: William, b. Dec. 22, 1825, m. Louise Smith.

Thaddeus, Nov. 1, 1834 (7).

Sophia, June 4, 1836, m. March 29.

1859, E. J. King. She d. Jan. 11, 1872, had one dau. *Mary A.*, b. June 14, 1860.

7. Thaddeus Graves, son of Solomon, (6) b. 1834; m. Nov. 2, 1866, Mary A., dau. of John and Clarissa (Clapp) Hubbard of Hatfield. She was b. Aug. 16, 1834. They reside in Hatfield. He is a graduate of Amherst College, a member of the Hampshire County Bar, and is a very successful farmer, occupying the farm formerly owned by his father.

Ch.: Clara L., b. Oct. 9, 1867.

Laura H., June 24, 1869.

Mary Augusta, May 27, 1871.

Anna M., Sept. 17, 1873.

Thaddeus, May 27, 1874.

SOME OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE IN RELATION
TO THE WAITE AND JENNINGS' RANSOM
OF CAPTIVES.

FROM THE BRADFORD CLUB PAPERS.

MAJOR JOHN PYNCHON TO CAPTAIN SYLVESTER SALISBURY.

[Addressed : "These ffor his Honored ffriend Capt. Salisbury :
Commander in Chiefe at ffort Albany. Hast. Post hast. for his
Maties Special Service."]

Springfield October 5th 1677

Capt. Salisbury.

Worthy Sr Yastarday Morning I Recd yor kind lines by Benja Waite, whereby I vnderstand yor sympathy with vs in or sad disaster by ye Indians; & yor readiness in making Inquiry & greate forwardness to do what Possible lys in yor for vs wch I haue abundant cause to acknowledge & doe most thankfully accept frm yor hands, & as to yor opinion of the Maquas being free & assureing me of their Innocency, I doe fully concur wth you having sattisfaction frm what you wrot & from Ben Waites Relation. But to put it ont of all doubt, God in his P'vidence hath sent in one of 8 captivated men, Benoni Stebbings by name, wch is Ye occasion of these lines to yrselpe by Post, to give you an accot thereof & desire you to put ye Maquas vpon psueing their & our Enymys there being greate likelihood of ye Maquas overtaking ym.

Benoni Stebbings came into Hadly last night in ye night, whose relation was sent to me wch being but an houre since I had it, I psently resolved upon sending Post to you. Take his relation as followeth. The company of Indians was twenty only about sixe or 7 squas made 26 in all. They were this country Indians belonging to Nalwotogg all of ym but one a Narriganset. They came froe Canada 3 Months agoe, & had bin Hunting & were doubtfull whether to fall on Northampton or Hatfield, at last resolved on Hatfield & caryed away from Hatfield 17 psons & 3 from Deerfield, besides ys man that is come in, so yt they haue 20 captives with ym 3 of ym being men & all well as he says when they took ym at Deerfield after the Noise & Whoops were over at Deerefield, their first Inquiry was whether there were any Maqvas there abouts & vpon Information yt some had been there, & were supposed not to be farr off, they were all husht. & startled & greatly afraid & goeing silently away forth wth, they tooke vp their Lodging at Deerefield River mouth & next day crossed ye greate River vizt Conecticot to ye east side of it, the next day crossed ye River againe, afterwards they

Passed ye River many tymes having cannoes wherein they carryed ye women & children being about 2 days Journey above Squakheag [Northfield] they sent a company of ym about halfe of ym to Nashaway, to call of some Indians yt haue bin there all this tyme of ye war & took Benoni Stebbings along with ym thither. Coming to Nashaway ponds, there were 3 Indian men & about halfe a score of squaws wth there children these they went too to take along with ym having travelled from ye company they left 2 days to Squakheag & then from Squakheag somewhat more than thirty miles to ym Indians neere Nashaway who Pluckt up their stakes having plenty of fish especially eeles, & many dried huckleberrys but no corne: This Benoni being sent with 2 women to carry Huckle berrys Ran away from them, & was psently psued by some men & at one tyme was but a swamp between ym but night coming on he escaped from his psuers: He says yt one of ye Indians yt they had from about Nashaway Ponds, semes to be a counsellor & wth him they consulted much & spake of sending to ye English, but at last resolved for Canada, yet talkt of making a forte a greate way up the River & abiding there this winter, talked also of carying the captives to ye French & selling ym to ye French which he concludes they resolved on, but make but slow Passage, having so many women and children: He concluded it would be, It may be, 20 days er they get to ye Lake hunting by ye way. It was Tuesday morning last that he escaped from ye pty wch caryed him with them nere Nashaway, & they had above 30 miles to goe back to Squakheag, and then neere 2 d. Journey more to ye rest above Squakheag: Ye way he says vp this River is vnpassable for English men & their goeing is by Barken cannoes much of ye way & then to ye best side of ye River men foote it leaving ye worst way: The unpassableness of ye way renders it vnpossible for us to pfue or doe any good: But ye conveyiug speedy word to ye Maquas gives not only a Possibiliy of their overtaking ym wch Deare Sr is ye end of these lines to you: To request you (if none of ye Maqua Sachems be at Albany) to send at our chnage to ye Chiefe of ye Maqvas & give ym an occot of matters, & desire their speedy psueing these Bloody Villians & enamyys of ym & forthwith & without any delay, by which means I hope this Barbarous Crew (who are enemys to Religion Civility & all humanity & haue so deeply Imbrued their hands In most Innocent Blood) may be met with in their returne, before they come to ye Lake or at ye Lake & so our captives Recovered for wch we shall give ye Maquas suitable rewards. * * * Wth my endeared Love & Respects to you commending you to ye ptection of ye Almighty God, I remaine
Sr
Yor very loving ffriend & servant

JOHN PYNCHON.

Ben Waite is gon home before this Intelligence cam to me. He talkt of goeing to Canada before & I suppose will rather be forward to it now then backward. Possible he may be at Albany about a fortnight hence in reference to a going to ye French when If I be not gon to Boston (wch I have some thoughts to doe next weeke I) shall have some opportunity againe to write to you. Vale.

J. P.

NARRATIVE OF BENONI STEBBINS.

Benonie Stebbins which was taken captive by the Indians at Dearfield 12 miles from Hatfield related as followeth

That the Indians that took him weare al Norwooluck Indians saue only one which was a Naraganset. They were 26 in al 18 of them fighting men the rest 2 squas old men & boys. They told him that they had liued at the French & intended to return there again to sel the captiues to them wch had Incouradged them that they should haue eight pound peece for them and the french Indians did intend to come wth them the next time either in the spring or in winter if they had suces this time.

The manner of his escape was thus when they came 2 days journey aboue Squakheag they sent part of their company to Watchuset hills to fetch away 2 smal compeny of Indians that had liued there al this war time with whom they sent this captiue he being sent with 2 squas and a mare to fetch some hucleberies a little way from the company when he got vpon the mare and rid till he tired the mare & then run on foot & so escaped to Hadly, being 2 days & ½ without victuals.

This relation was taken from his mouth at Northampton 6th Instant.
P M Samll Eells.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK COUNCIL MINUTES.

At a Councell No. 10th 1677.

Lettrs from Albany by Claes Luck who brought down two Englishmen that were sent from the Gov. of Boston to Albany & Canada.

Benjamin Waite owne of the two men sente downe being called in and examined what there business was at Albany saith that they were sent by their Mastrs towards Canada and had directions to goe to Albany and brought a lettr from the Governor of Boston to Capt. Salisbury, they went that way to avoyd their enemies. Being demanded of the discourse between them and some at Schanectade they saying that place did belong to Boston, the wch he denyes pretending it some mistake, they not understanding one anothers Language.

Being askt why they went away without comming againe when Capt. Salisbury ordered them to come, sd they were not willing to be hindred but to make the best of their journey.

Stephen genning the other being askt why they went away without speaking again to Capt. Salisbury as he bad them. He saith they were sent by the Governor of Boston towards Canada & had orders to come to Albany, and that Capt. Salisbury gave them no encouragement whereupon being desirous to follow their directions, hoping to finde their wives & children they went on their Journey. Denyes saying Schanectade did belong to Boston &c but says they not understanding on another well Might Mistake.

The matter being taken into consideracon

Resolved that they be permitted to proceed on their voyage wch they shall think proper, for wch order to bee sent to the Commander at Albany.

LETTER TO MAJOR JOHN PYNCHON FROM TIMOTHY COOPER.

[Endorsed: "Copie of a letter from Mr Timo Cooper to Major Pinchon sent doune by Capt Salisbury: Capt Salisbury writt so by order of Councell Mar 18 1677."]

Most Worthy Major

Sr Having now this occasion by two french from Canady who arryved here the 14th Instant beeing about 12 dayes since they came from Canaday & now bound for Boston, I were willing to imbrace the occation to Informe you wee have by these ffrench intelligence of Benjamin Waitt and the others Save arryvell att Canada: and also thar wyves & children restored unto ym, the rest yt were living are redeemed from under the Indians, ther is three of the Companie dead that is 2 children & the old man the others are all in good health: Benj. Waitt and the other have vndergon much Troble & hard ship great pairt of which I will not say, it was only to satisfie some base minded persons. Though it hath now pleased God to mak up all the Trobles they have met wth by restoring to them thar wyves & children.

I pray God that they May find more favor and Civell respect from the peopell they are now among, then they have in some otherr plac, of which I conclud you have already hard, and therefor at present I shall not relait to you the cercumstance and Maner of their vsage. But it was such as I think it fare below Christianity, or common Civility. Sr I begg your pardon In what I omitt, in reference to other Concernes, not having tym to Inlarge, at present; But assure you, I am not unmyndfull of my Trust, but shall indevor wth Gods

assistance to discharge the same, to the good satisfaction of all. So with my humble service to yorself & good Lady, I take Leave to style my self Sr

Yor Most humble & obedient Servt

Timo: Cooper.

PASSPORT OF MONSIEUR DE LUSIGNEY.

[Translation from the French.]

The Count de Frontenac, Governor and Lieutenant General for His Majesty in Canada, Acadia, Newfoundland and other territories of New France.

We have given leave and passport to Sieur de Lusigny, one of the gentlemen of our household, to whom we have entrusted the command of an escort of English prisoners taken by the Sacoquis, and whom we send back, to go to Albany and Boston to negotiate with his Honor the Governor the business with which we have charged him. We command all those within our jurisdiction, and request all others, to allow the said Sieur de Lusigny with the escort and the English whom they conduct to pass without hindrance and to render them every aid and assistance.

In witness whereof we have signed this passport sealed it with our arms and countersigned it by one of our secretaries at Quebec this thirtieth day of April, 1678.

FRONTENAC.

By M. Barrios.

FROM CAPT. SALISBURY TO CAPT. BROCKHOLLS.

Sr Upon the 22th of this Instant came to this Place Benjamin Wayt & Stephen Gennings with 19 of those people yt were taken by ye Indians at Hadfield & Hadly & have for there convoy 11 french men 3 of them belonge to ye Gove of Cannada garde & those 3 with other 2 goeth with those people to Boston. The other 6 staye heere untill ye 5 doeth come backe hauing passes & leters of credence, and to detainee them I could not see any strength to doe it, therefore I desire you'l spedy answer by this expresse, wheather I shall detainee them and sende them down at there Returne for I would be punctiall in my Dewty, and not willing to committ any Errors, soe yor spedy answer of my laste as well as of this will be a very greate help to let me see how I shall Govern Myselfe.

I haue descourged with Benja Wayte Concerning there liueing in Canada & how strong in men & in there ffortyfycations & as to their liueing its very meaine for the Commonality are very much oppresed with greate taxes, but the Gour and ye reste of the greate ones, liues hy after the French manner and so their strength of men thay cane make 1000 or 2 but thay liue in littell villages haueing littell

plantations here and there som 20 & 30 miles from villadge to vil-
lidge & in som vil there is 20 & in some 30 houses. They liue as
Indians and gett there liuing by hunteing and there fortifications ar
not very stronge. I woulde know wheather I shall beare there Ex-
pences while there abroad is heer & I pray you let the bearers be
furnished with prouitions at ther Returne haueing not ffurther to in-
large but remaine your very humble servt

SILVES' SALISBURY.

ffort Albany ye 23th May 1678.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BROCKHOLLS TO CAPT. SALISBURY.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

Capt. Salisbury.

Sr I recd yours yesterday in the Evening of the 23th with the
enclosed copies of the passeports & letter from the Governor of
Canada, wherein you intimate the coming of 11 French men to Al-
bany to convey Benjamin Wait & Stephen Gennings with the people
that were taken prisoners by the Indysans the last fall at Hatfield &
Hadley (who without doubt are joyful to returne back to their hab-
itacons) withall that 5 of the 11 French were gone forward to Bos-
ton with those people, the other 6 remaining behind with you un-
till the returne of their Comerades concerning ye carriage to whom
you desire to bee advised I have communicated what you writ & * * *
Councell who are of opinion that [there was] no need to have con-
veyed those [men farther] than Albany, from whence you might
[have sent] persons with them to their homes.

The Comunicacon of the French with the Indysans as they passe
being to bee suspected, at that time of so great a likelihood of warrs
with them and it would haue beene well to have knowne what busi-
ness they had to negotiate with the Go: of Boston, but since they
are past it cannot bee helpt & it is hoped they will doe no greate
harne & there being as yet no declaracon of warre knowne to [have
been made and their] coming also upon so charitable an Acct as the
Redemption & bringing back of poore distressed captives of our na-
tion I know not well upon wt pretence they could bee stopt, so that
it is therefore the opinion of the counsell, that when the other 5
shall be returned back you use them with all civility & permit them
quietly to returne back to Canada about their occasions. As for
their Expences at Albany it is likewise thought fitt that you defray
them for the present & that they may be cleared from it onely that
you take [account of the expense] & send it hither where care will

bee taken [to send] it to the Go: of Boston, who ought to allow [the amount] it being for people of his Governmt. * * *

Yor Messenger being dispatcht returnes this afternoone Having not farther I remaine Sr. yor very humble servt.

A. B.

N. Y. Sunday, May 26, 1678.

LETTER FROM COUNT FRONTENAC TO CAPT. BROCKHOLLS WITHOUT
DATE; RECEIVED MAY 31, 1678.

[New York Colonial MSS., XXVII.]

Sr The letter you did mee the honor to write mee of the 28th of February last, is so civill & the offers you make mee are so obliging, that I am glad the sending back of the English taken prisoners by the Indyans (who I caused to be conducted to Orange) hath furnisht me with an opportunity to returne you my thanks sooner than I expected.

I understood by the persons I sent to Boston as also by the Letters from Go Leverett & the counsell, that the Frenchmen sent to enquire after were releast & by that from Capt. Salisbury that Go: Andros arrived well at London in 5 weekes timee. I wish him a returne as happy & that I may find means to shew both to him & you the desire I always haue to hold a good correspondence in testifying both to the one & the other how much I am

Sr Yor thrice humble servt

FRONTENAC.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BROCKHOLLS TO COUNT FRONTENAC.

[Translated from the French.]

Sir I have received yours by the hands of William Davy and Peter Monteray, two of your people who accompanied Captain de Lusingney to Albany on his way to restore the English taken prisoners by the Indians to their families and friends.

Your great kindness in the redemption of these poor unfortunates out of the hands of their enemies merits great praise and gratitude from all Christians and may God reward you for it. I have charged your people to return for me many thanks for the obliging and generous civilities which you were pleased to express in your letter.

We have received letters from Mr. Andros, our Governor at London, in which he states that he will soon return, so that we expect him daily. The desire you express for a friendly correspondence shall be reciprocated on our part, and if in any thing I may be able to render you service I shall have the pleasure of showing how much I am

Your very humble & obedient servt.

A. B.

New York, June 6, 1678.

LOCATION OF THE HOUSELOTS OF THOSE WHO SUFFERED BY THE MASSACRE OF SEPT. 19.

Mrs. S. F. Knight's place was the home of Benjamin Waite. His wife and three daughters captive, house and barn burned.

Elisha Hubbard now lives where Stephen Jennings' house was. His wife and two children captive.

The northerly part of Mrs. J. D. Brown's lot was the houselot of John Graves, Jr. Here his father John Graves, uncle Isaac Graves, Atchisson and Cooper of Springfield, were slain.

The southerly part of Mrs. J. D. Brown's lot was the home of Samuel Foote. His wife and two children captive.

The southerly part of Wm. H. Dickinson's lot was Philip Russell's home. His wife and son slain.

J. H. Howard lives on the John Coleman place. His wife and infant child slain, two children captive, child wounded and barn burned.

John McHugh's place was John Wells's houselot. Daughter slain, wife and child wounded.

Silas Porter lives on Samuel Belden's place. His wife was slain.

Where the Academy building now stands was the home of Samuel Kellogg. His wife and child slain, child captive, house and barn burned.

Fred Pease lives on the Obadiah Dickinson houselot. He and one child captive, wife wounded, house burned.

Silas G. Hubbard's homestead was the home of John Allis. His daughter captive and barn burned.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1870-1889.

[The date following the name is that of first election. The numeral appended gives the years of service. *Deceased.]

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HON. GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1870, 20 years.

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JAMES M. CRAFTS, Whately, 1870:4.
*Hon. ROGER H. LEAVITT, Charlemont, 1871:4.
SAMUEL O. LAMB, Esq., Greenfield, 1873:6.
*Mrs. HARRIET C. RICE, Leverett 1874:2.
*Rev. JOHN P. WATSON, Leverett, 1877:3.
AUSTIN DEWOLF, Esq, Greenfield, 1877.
Hon. JOHN M. SMITH, Sunderland, 1879:2.
Rev. P. VOORHEES FINCH, Greenfield, 1880.
*Rev. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1881.
*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1881:2.
*Hon. JOSEPH WHITE, Williamstown, 1882.
SAMUEL CARTER, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y., 1883:2.
JOSEPH P. FELTON, Greenfield, 1885.
*JAMES S. REED, Marion, Ohio, 1885:4,
FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esq., Greenfield, 1886.
ALLEN HAZEN, D. D., Deerfield, 1887:3.
Hon. JAMES S. GRINNELL, Greenfield, 1887.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer,

Dea. NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, 1870:20.

Corresponding Secretary,

*ROBERT CRAWFORD, D. D., Deerfield, 1870:13.
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Life Councillors,

*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.
Mrs. LYDIA A. STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1872.
Miss C. ALICE BAKER, Cambridge, 1876.
JONATHAN JOHNSON, Greenfield, 1878.
*GEORGE A. ARMS, Greenfield, 1882.
Mrs. MARY A. SAWYER, St. Albans, Vt., 1883.
Hon. GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1883.
*Mrs. MARY HEMENWAY, Boston, 1885.

Councillors.

- Adams, J. L., Sunderland, 1876.
 *Allen, Mrs. Julia A., D'f'd, 1877:2.
 *Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, 1872:2.
 Frances W., Greenfield, 1880.
 *Geo. A., Greenfield, 1877:6.
 Obed S., Deerfield, 1873:2.
 *Otis, Bellows Falls, 1882:2.
 Winthrop T., Deerfield, 1889.
 Avery, Walter T., N. Y. City, 1879:3.
 Baker, Catherine C., Cambridge, 1879.
 C. Alice, Cambridge, 1871:5.
 Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shel. Falls, 1873:2.
 *Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1886.
 *Brooks, Hon. Silas N., Chicago, 1871.
 *Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1873:2.
 Bryant, Chauncey, Greenfield, 1881:2.
 *Buckingham, Rev. Edgar, D'f'd, 1870:10.
 *Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1871:4.
 Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880:3.
 Champney, James W., D'f'd., 1880:2.
 *Childs, Dexter, Esq., D'f'd, 1873:3.
 *Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1883:2.
 Robert, D'f'd, 1873:12.
 Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1883.
 Corse, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1888.
 *Cowing, Julia A., 1874:2.
 *Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1880:5.
 James M., Whately, 1876:2.
 *Crawford, Robert, D.D., D'f'd, 1882:7.
 Crittenden, Hon. George D., Buckland, 1871.
 DeWolf, Austin, Esq., Greenfield, 1873:4.
 Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1885.
 *Field, Phinehas, Charlemon, 1870:4.
 Putnam, Greenfield, 1883:3.
 *Reuben W., Shelburne, 1887.
 Finch, Rev. P. Voorhees, G'f'd, 1870:7.
 *Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870:3.
 Griswold, Freeman C., Esq., G'f'd, 1889.
 *Hager, Charles, D'f'd, 1875:2.
 Hall, Hon. Eben A., G'f'd, 1873:5.
 Hammond, George W., Boston, 1889.
 Hawks, Frederick, G'f'd, 1871:3.
 *Susan Belle, D'f'd, 1872.
 Rev. Winfield S., Hadley, 1881:3.
 Hazen, Allen, D. D., D'f'd, 1885:2.
 *Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1879:2.
 *Hollister, Joseph H., G'f'd, 1876:2.
 Holton, Ezra L., Northfield, 1873:2.
 Hosmer, Rev. George H., Boston, 1880:2.
 Prof. James K., St. Louis, Mo., 1879:2.
 *Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882:2.
 Huntington, Eunice K., Cleveland, O., 1880.
 *Hyde, Hon. William, Ware, 1883:2.
 Johnson, Jonathan, G'f'd, 1870:8.
 Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1877-13.
 *Kimball, Mrs. Delancy C., Leverett, 1877:2.
 Lamb, Samuel O., Esq., G'f'd, 1874:7.
 *Leavitt, Hon. Roger H., Charlemon, 1873:2.
 Lincoln, Luther J. B., Hingham, 1879:3.
 *Moors, Rev. John F., G'f'd, 1880.
 *Munn, Philo, Deerfield, 1882:3.
 Parsons, Hon. Albert C., Northfield, 1872:4.
 Phillips, Hon. Henry M., Springfield, 1883:3.
 Simeon, Greenfield, 1880:3.
 *Smith R., Springfield, 1874.
 *Porter, Ransom N., M. D., Deerfield, 1873:3.
 Pratt, Frank J., 1881:3.
 *Martha G., D'f'd, 1876:2.
 *Reed, James S., Marion, Ohio, 1882.
 *Rice, David, M. D., Leverett, 1877:2.
 *Harriet C., Leverett, 1872:2.
 Levi W., Greenfield, 1870:3.
 Sarah C., Greenfield, 1882.
 Ryerson, Mrs. Julia N., New York City, 1882.
 Sawyer, Mary A., St. Albans, Vt., 1879.
 Sheldon, John, G'f'd, 1881:2.
 *William, D'f'd, 1876:4.
 Smead, Elihu, Newtonville, 1884.
 *Smith, James, Whately, 1881.
 Hon. John M., Sunderland, 1874-5.
 *Zeri, D'f'd, 1874:8.
 *Snow, Newell, G'f'd, 1880:4.
 Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1879:6.
 Mrs. Lydia A., D'f'd, 1872.
 *Moses, Deerfield, 1870:3.
 Stratton, Mary T., Northfield, 1876.
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 Thompson, Francis M., Esq., G'f'd, 1877:4.
 Tilton, Chauncey B., D'f'd, 1875:4.
 Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland, 1887:2.
 *Watson, Rev. John P., Leverett, 1876.
 Wells, Elisha, D'f'd, 1881.
 *Henry, Shelburne, 1883:2.
 *White, Hon. Joseph, Williamstown, 1885.
 Williams, Arthur, Brookline, 1885.
 Charles E., D'f'd, 1879:5.
 *Lucella E., D'f'd, 1888.
 *Wright, Hon. William W., Geneva, N. Y., 1883:2.

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 Laurinda C. Whitney, Brookline, 1872.
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 Nathaniel Hitchcock, D'd, 1876.
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 Alfred Henry [P. V. M. A.] Childs, Deerfield, 1877.
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 Samuel O. Lamb, Esq., Greenfield, 1880.
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 *James S. Reed, Marion, Ohio, 1882.
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